HYMNS OF THE FAITH

783
compiled & edited by
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AUTHOR
Hymns of the Faith
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Hymns of the Faith

Standard Hymns and Selected Gospel Songs with Responsive Scripture Readings for use in all departments of the Church and Bible School and in all kinds of Religious Services

Compiled and Edited by
E. O. EXCELL and A. C. SMITHER

783

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Foreword

"Hymns of the Faith" is presented to the public by its publishers in the confident conviction that it will supply a genuine need among our Bible Schools and Churches for a single book containing the choicest hymns and gospel songs.

The whole field of gospel melody has been gleaned, and the very choicest gospel songs find a place in the pages of this publication.

It contains practically all the great hymns of the church, both ancient and modern, that are ordinarily used in the public services of the church.

Its convenient size and moderate cost will most favorably commend it to churches and Bible schools that can advantageously use a combination gospel song and hymn book.

Its range of music will be amply sufficient for the entire needs of the average congregation. It will furnish Bible schools with a much higher grade of music than is now in use in many such schools.

It will be found especially desirable for use in churches and Sunday schools following the unified plan of service.

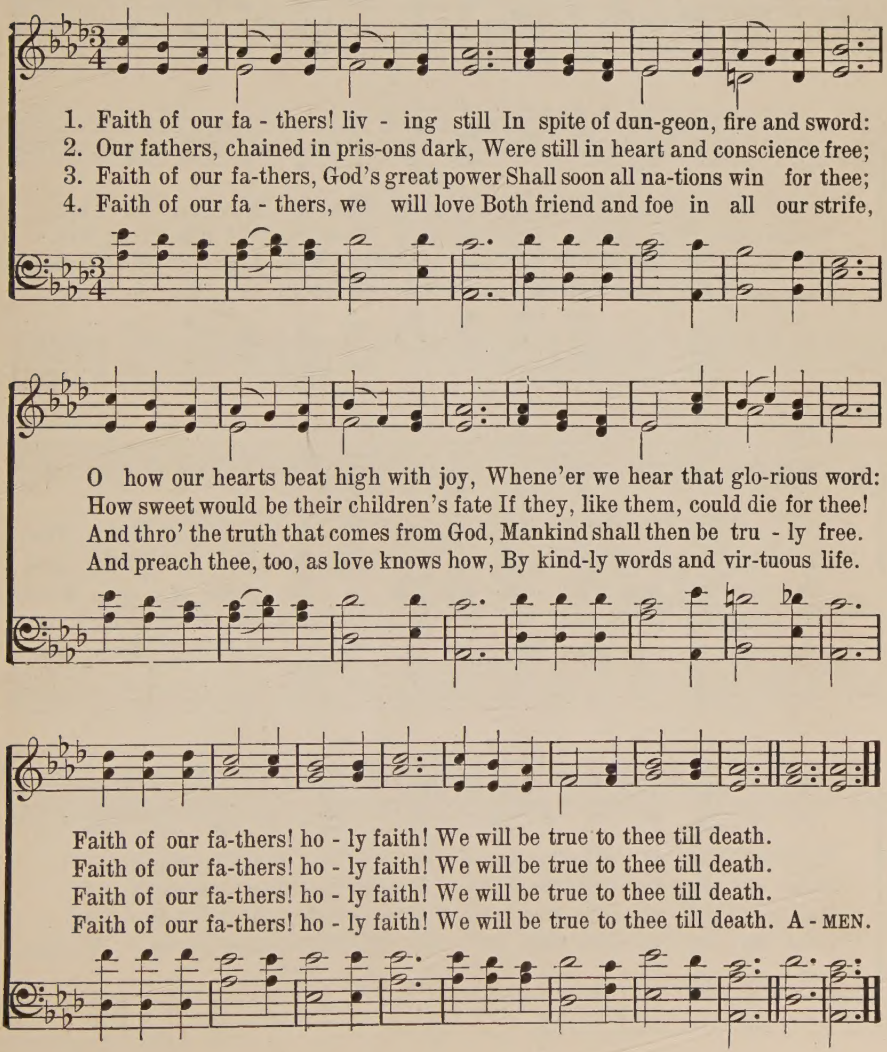
The Topical Index will be of great assistance in the selection of music suitable for the different services in the church and elsewhere.

The Responsive Scripture Readings have been selected with great care and it is believed will be well adapted for use in all religious services.

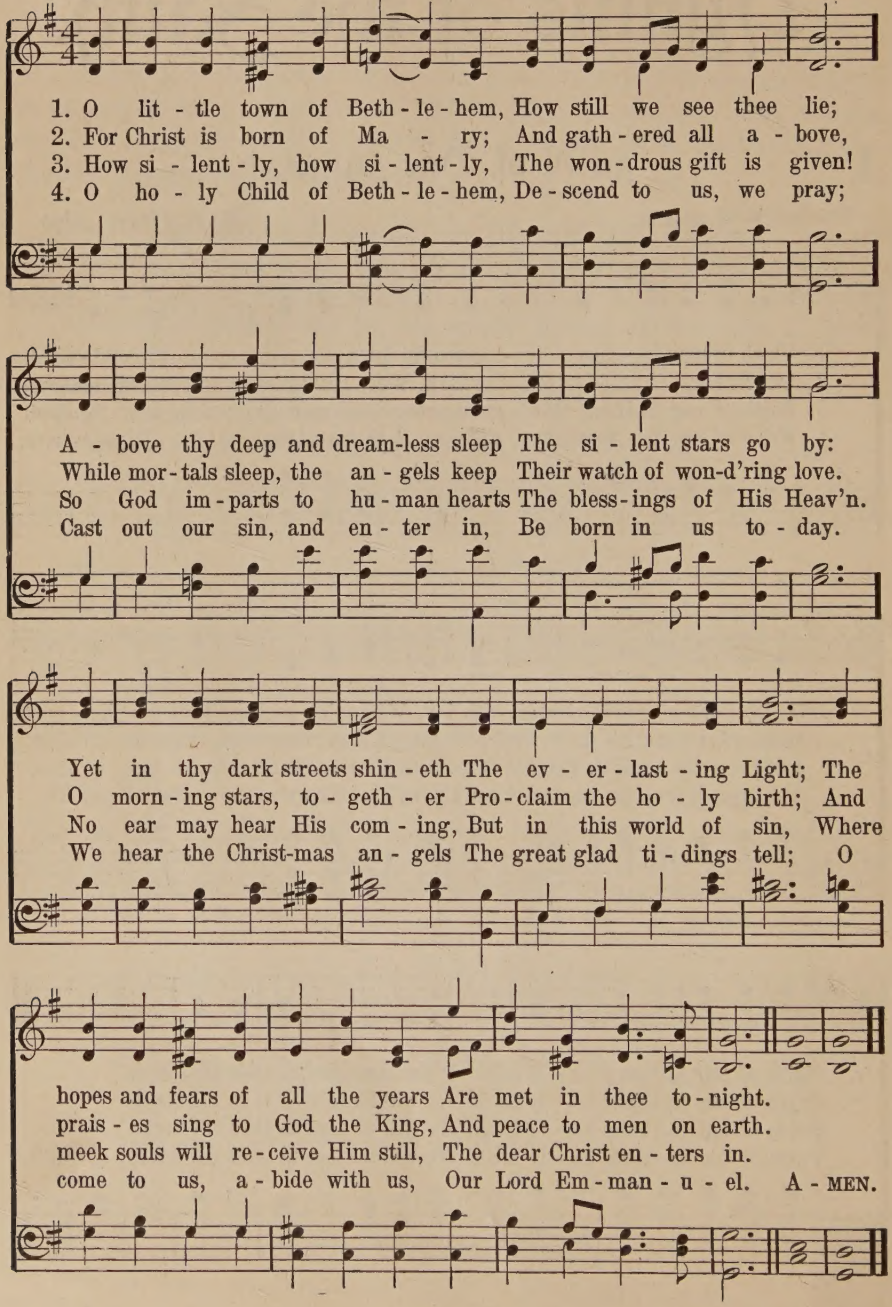
Hymns of the Faith.

1 Faith of Our Fathers!

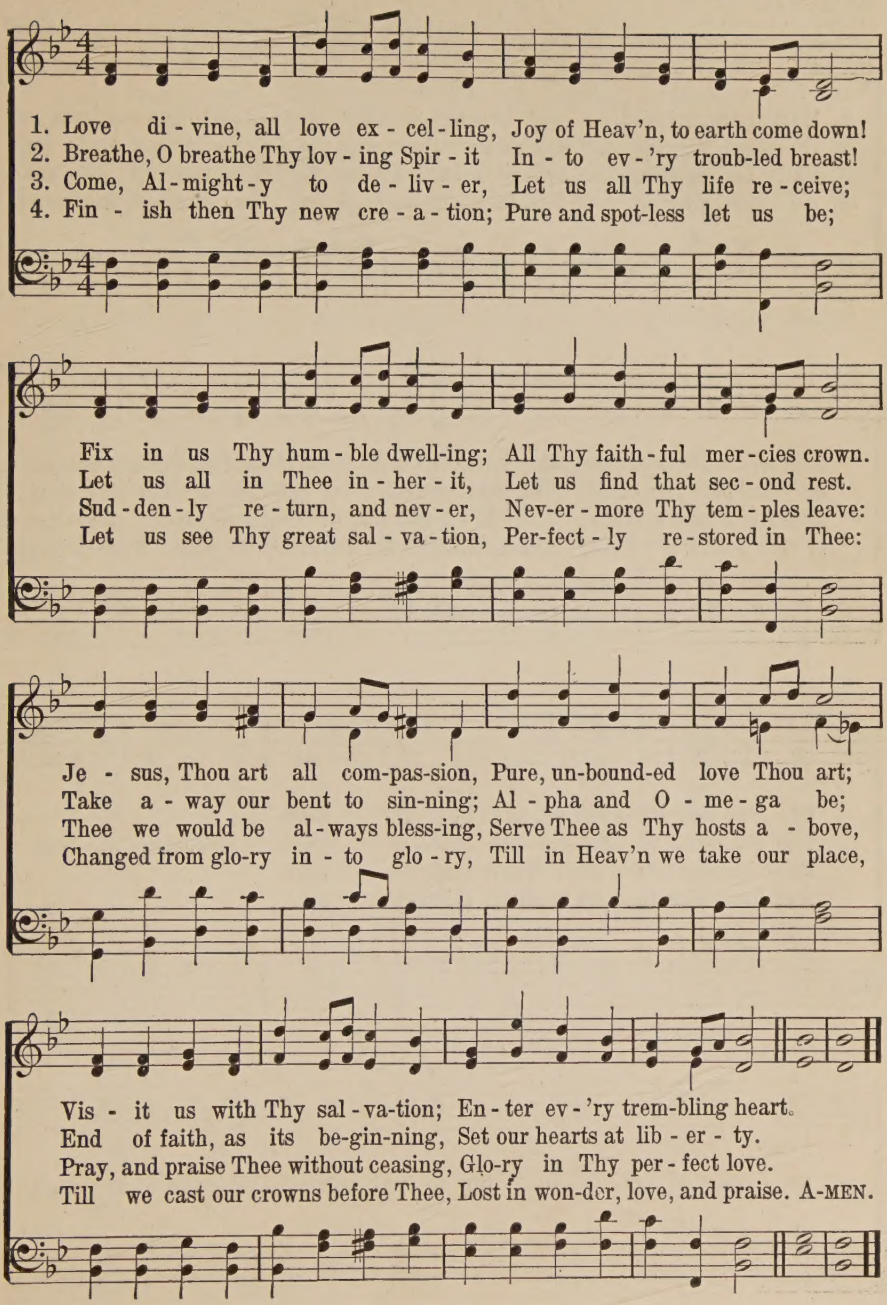
Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa-thers, God's great power Shall soon all na-tions win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God, Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death. A - MEN.

2 O Little Town of Bethlehem.

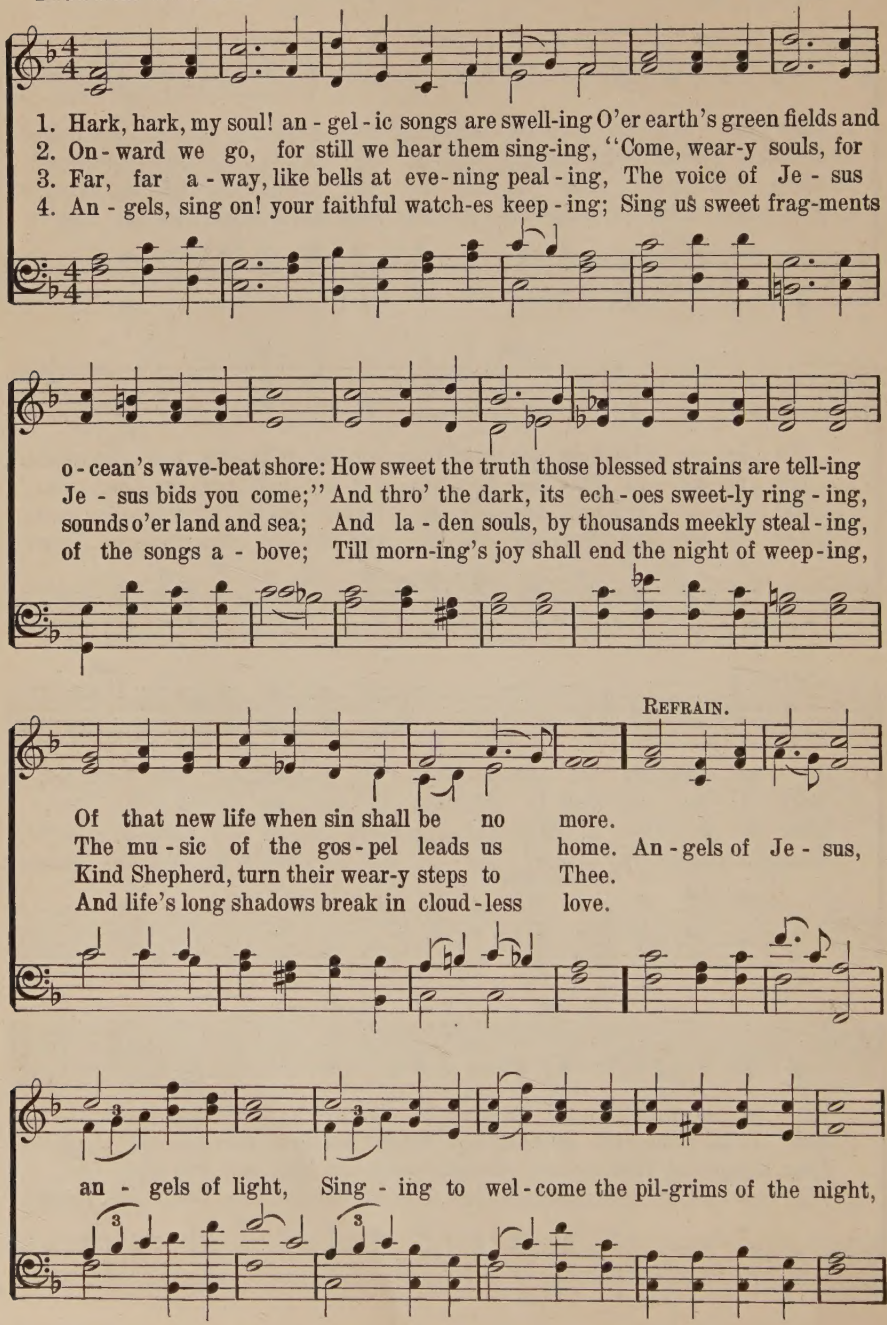
Phillips Brooks. *St. Louis. 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.* Lewis H. Redner.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by:
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His Heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth; And
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin, Where
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell; O
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. A - MEN.

3 Love Divine.

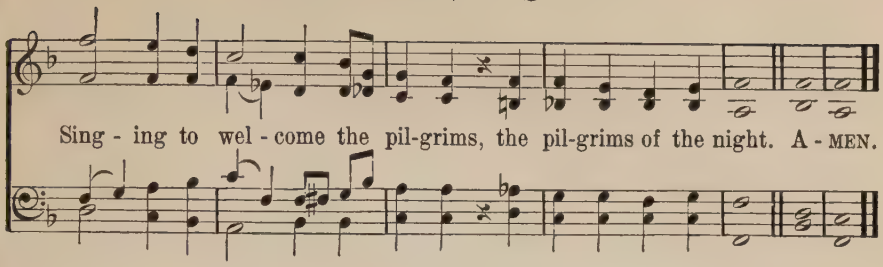
Charles Wesley. *Love Divine. 8s. 7s. D.* John Zundel.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev-er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

4 Hark, Hark, My Soul.

Frederick W. Faber. J. B. Dykes.

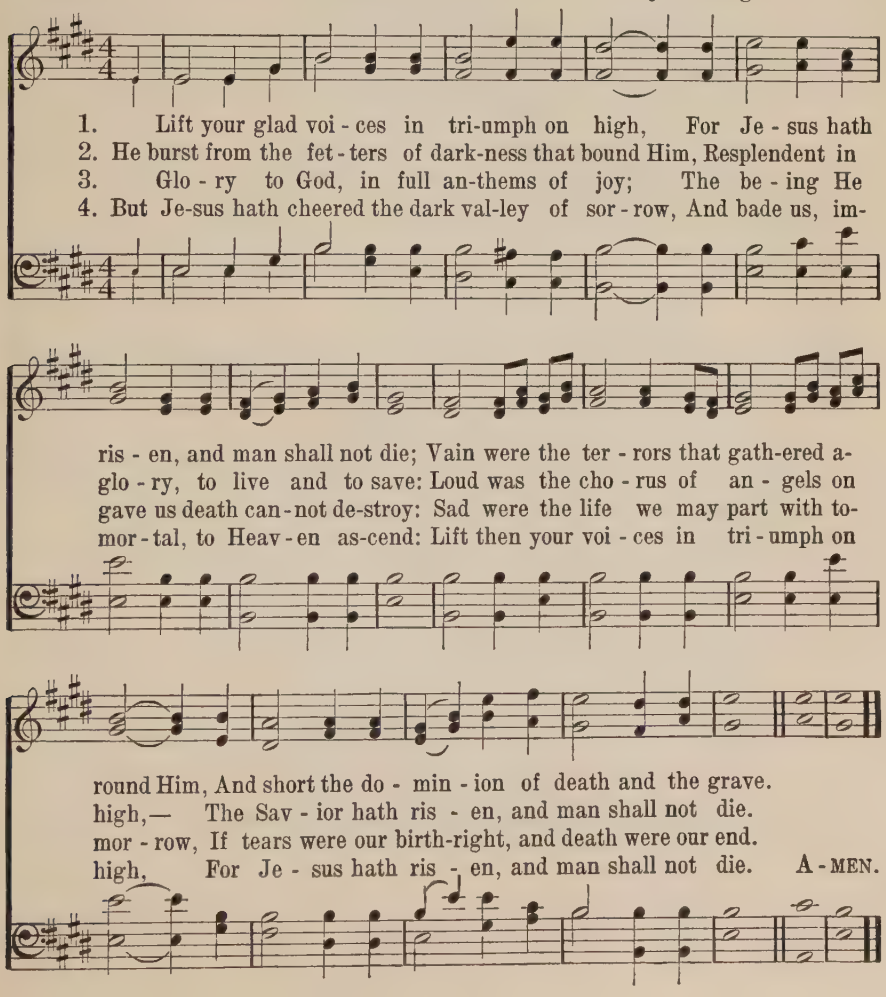

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wear-y souls, for
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing,
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments
of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,
Refrain.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their wear-y steps to Thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.
an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night,

Hark, Hark, My Soul.



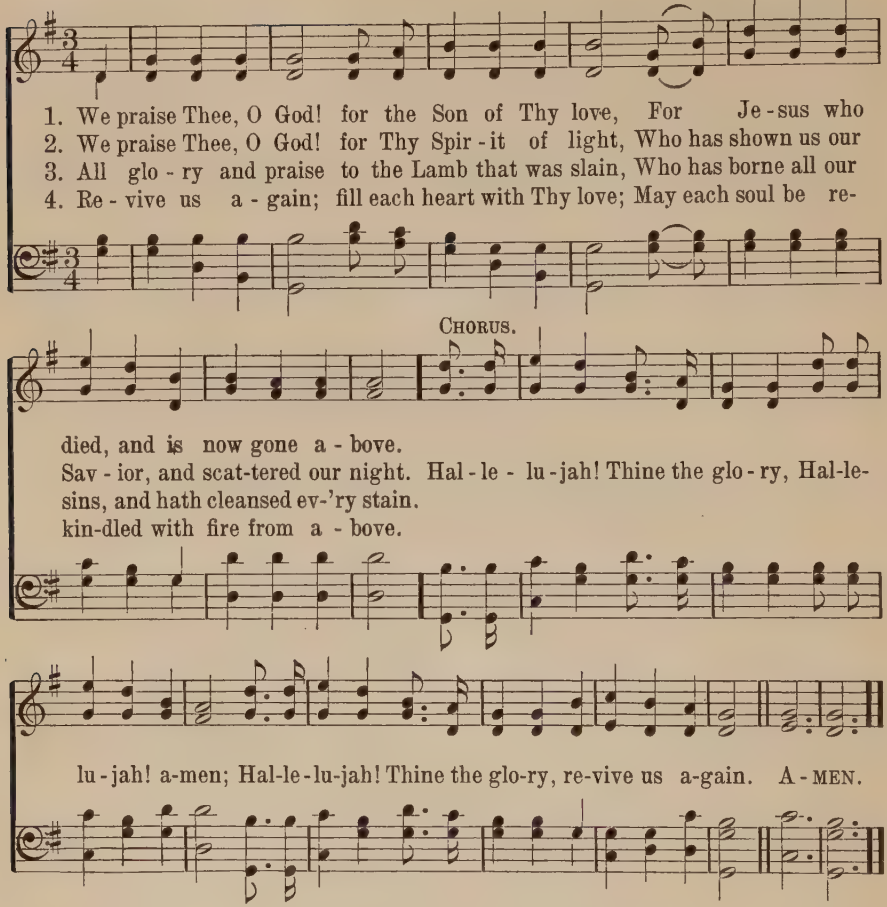
5 Lift Your Glad Voices.

Henry Ware, Jr. *Resurrection.* 10. 11. 12. John Edgar Gould.


1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath
2. He burst from the fet - ters of dark-ness that bound Him, Resplendent in
3. Glo - ry to God, in full an-thems of joy; The be - ing He
4. But Je-sus hath cheered the dark val-ley of sor - row, And bade us, im-
ris - en, and man shall not die; Vain were the ter - rors that gath-ered a-
glo - ry, to live and to save: Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on
gave us death can - not de-stroy: Sad were the life we may part with to-
mor - tal, to Heav - en as-cend: Lift then your voi - ces in tri - umph on
round Him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave.
high,— The Sav - ior hath ris - en, and man shall not die.
mor - row, If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end.
high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die. A - MEN.

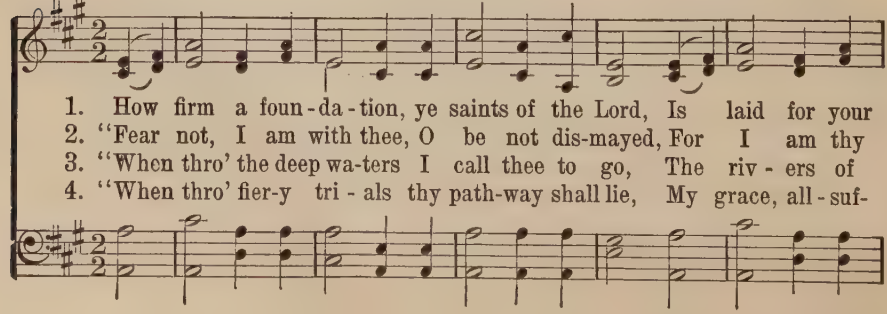
6 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. John J. Husband

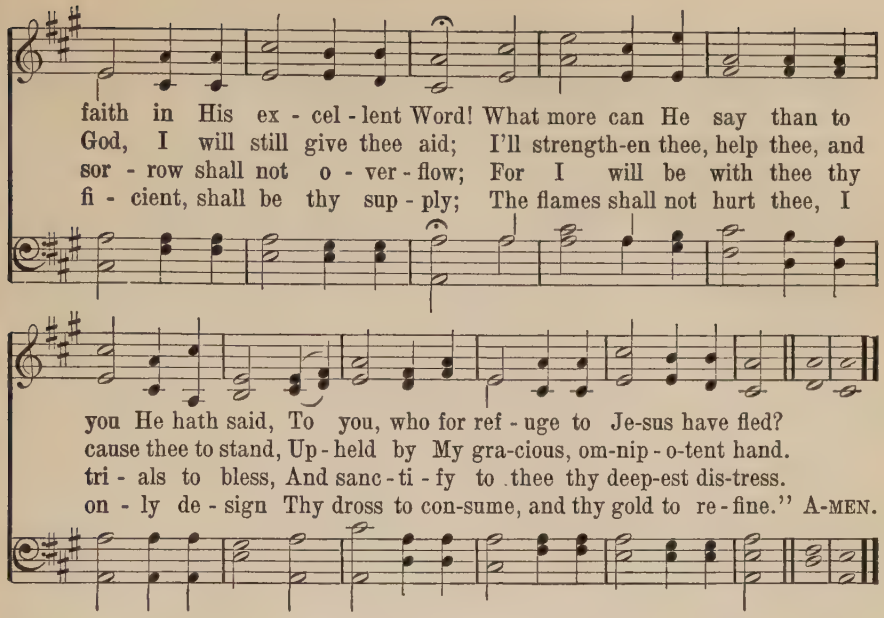

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
CHORUS.
died, and is now gone a-bove.
Sav-ior, and scat-tered our night. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and hath cleansed ev-'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a-bove.
lu-jah! a-men; Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, re-vive us a-gain. A-MEN.

7 How Firm a Foundation.

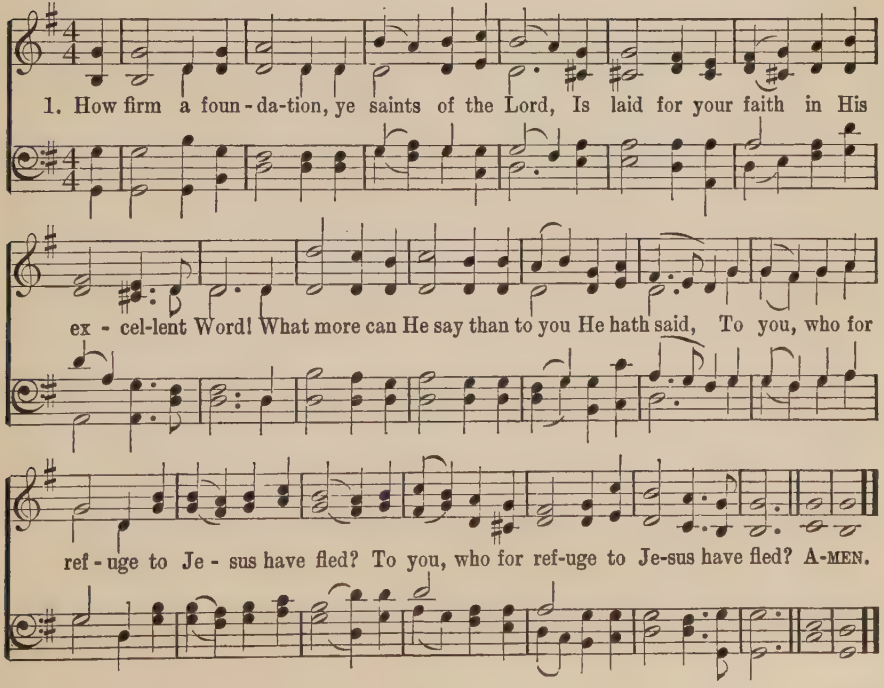
George Keith. *Foundation. 11s.* Anne Steele.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-

How Firm a Foundation.

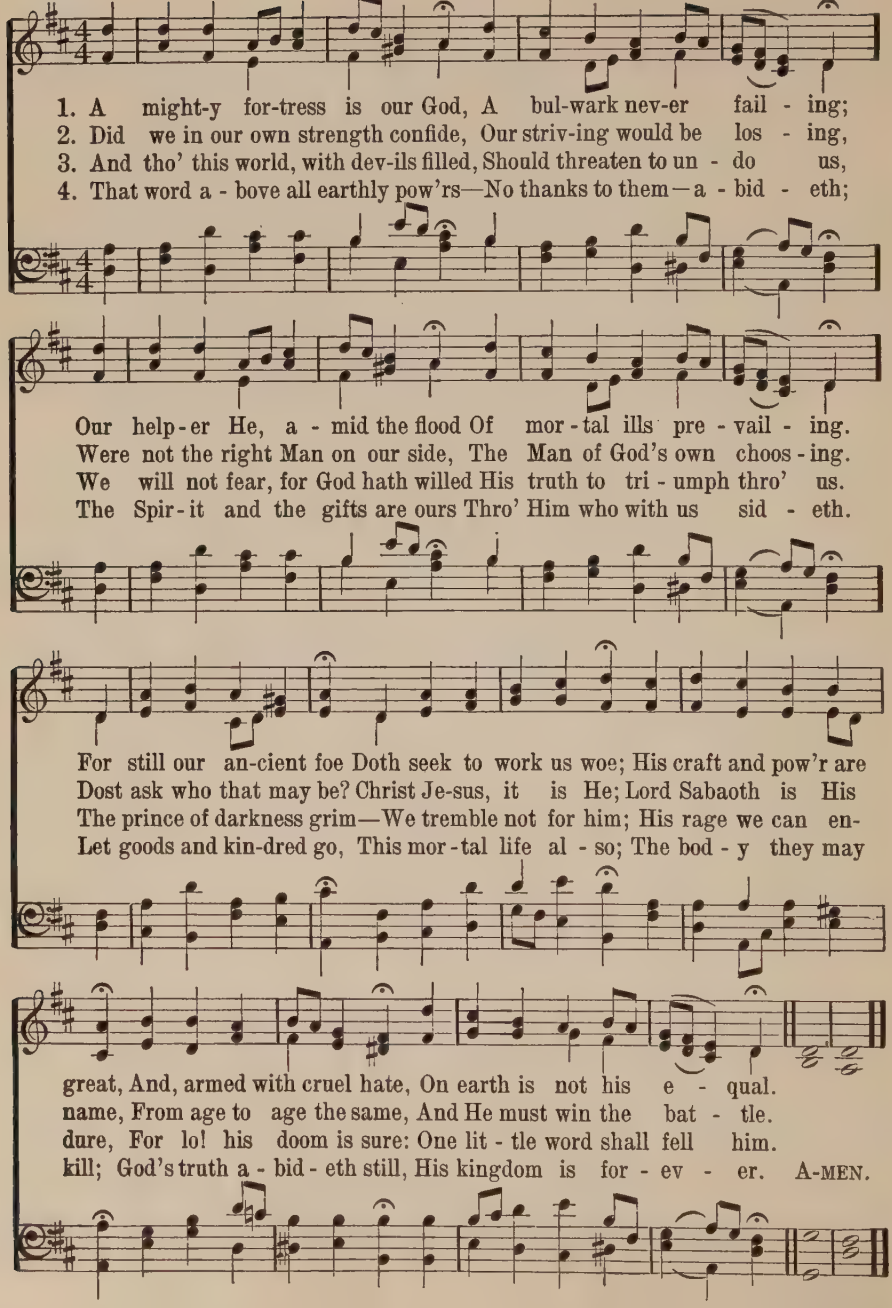

faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flames shall not hurt thee, I
you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je-sus have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra-cious, om-nip - o-tent hand.
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine." A-MEN.

[Second Tune.] *Portuguese Hymn. 111.* Unknown.

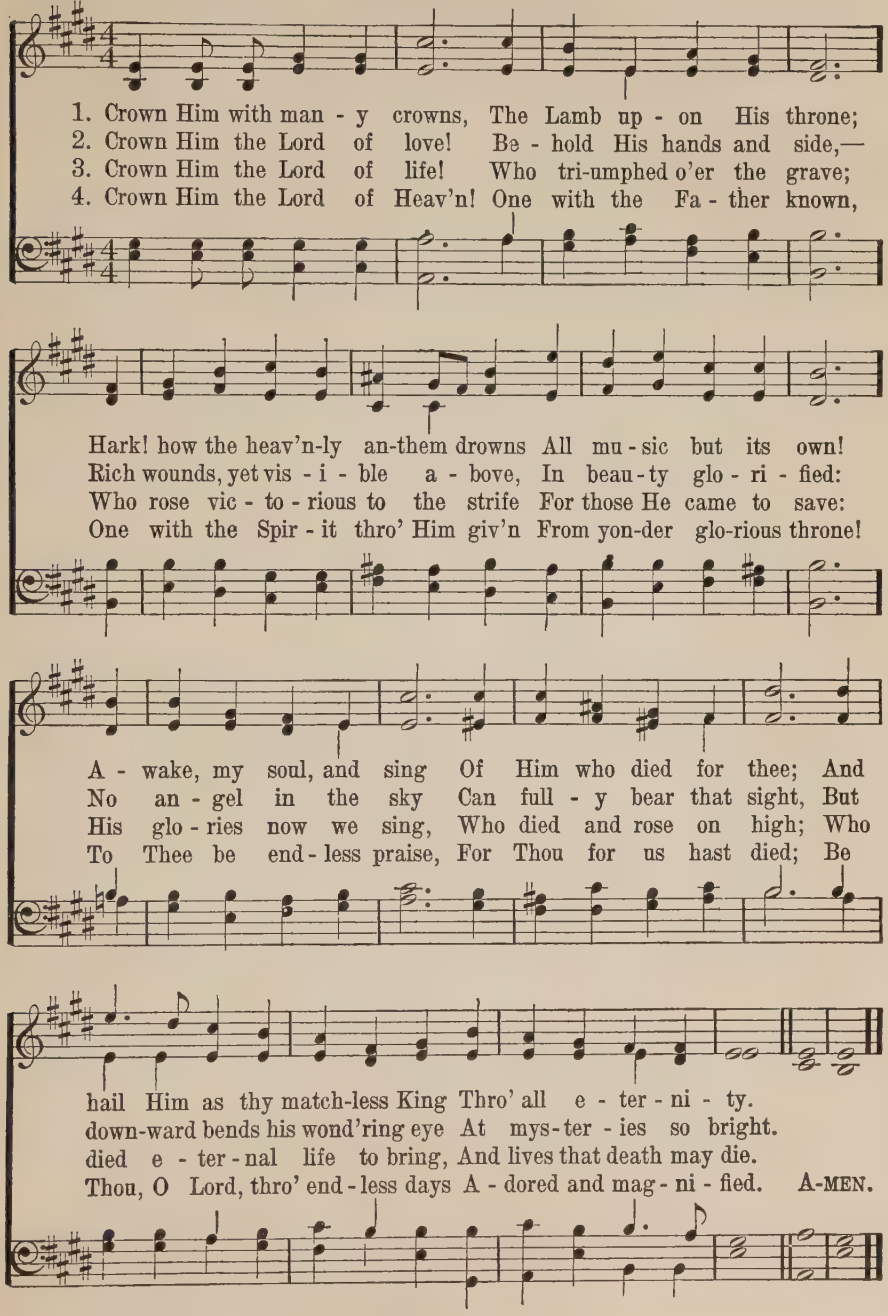

1. How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
ex - cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? A-MEN.

A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. *Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.* Martin Luther.

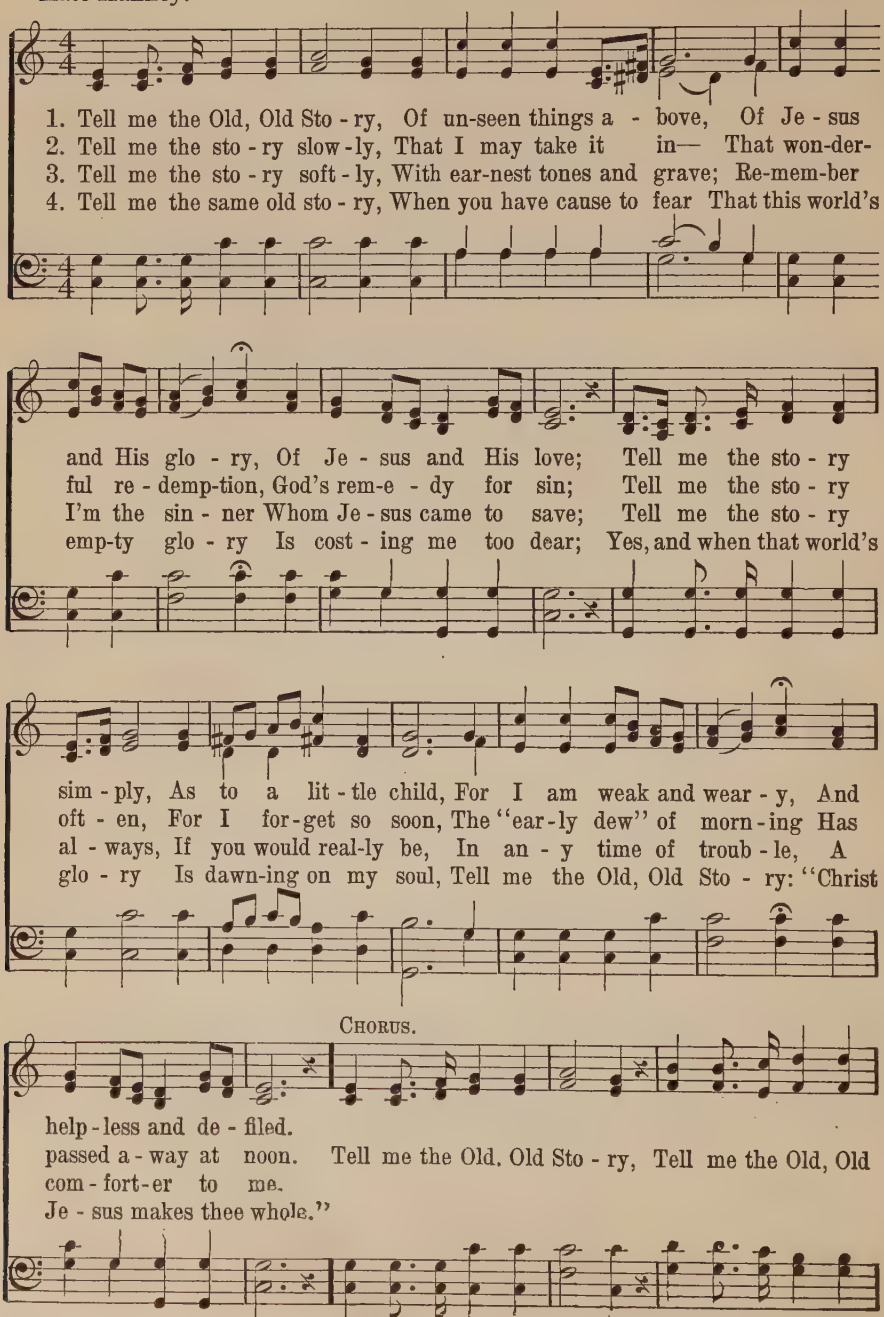

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;
Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may
great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.

9 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

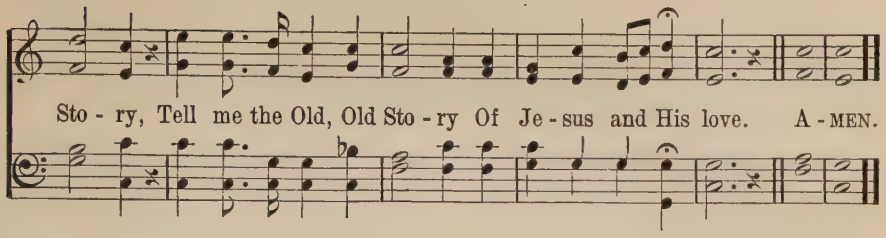
Matthew Bridges. *Diademata. S. M. D.* George J. Elvey.

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau-ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon-der glo-rious throne!
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight, But
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be
hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
down-ward bends his wond'ring eye At mys-ter - ies so bright.
died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A-MEN.

10 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.


1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn - ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ
CHORUS.
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort - er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



11 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

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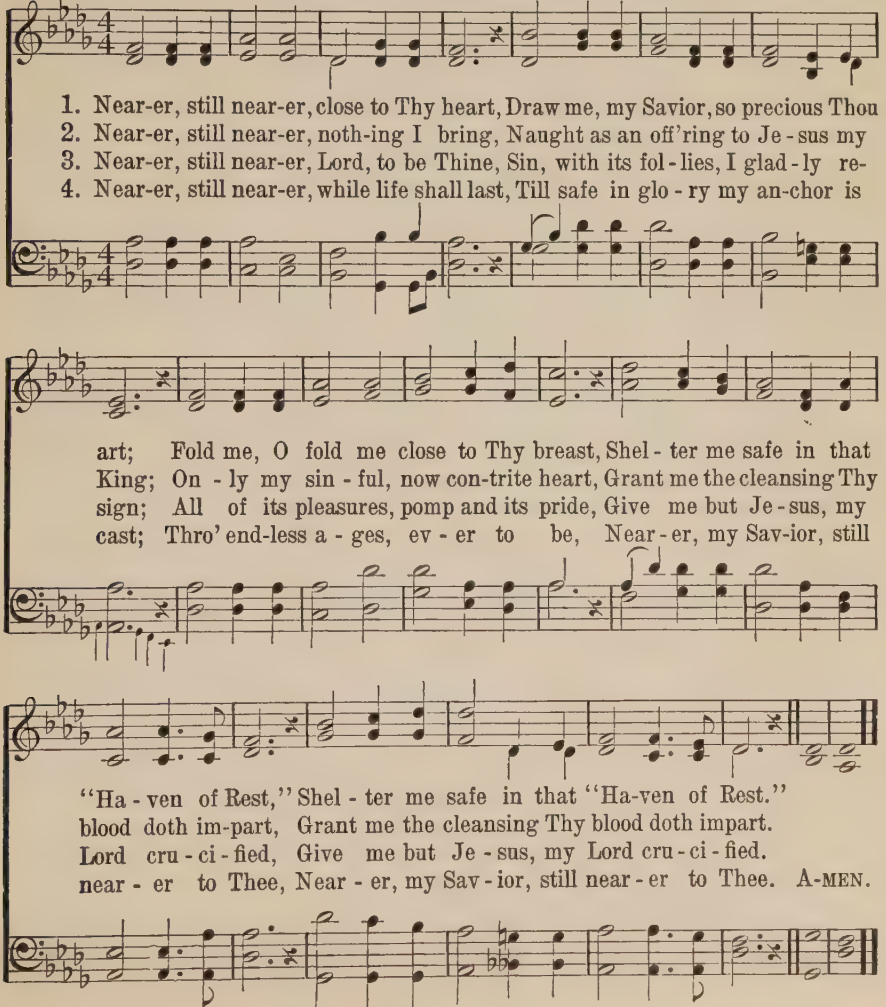
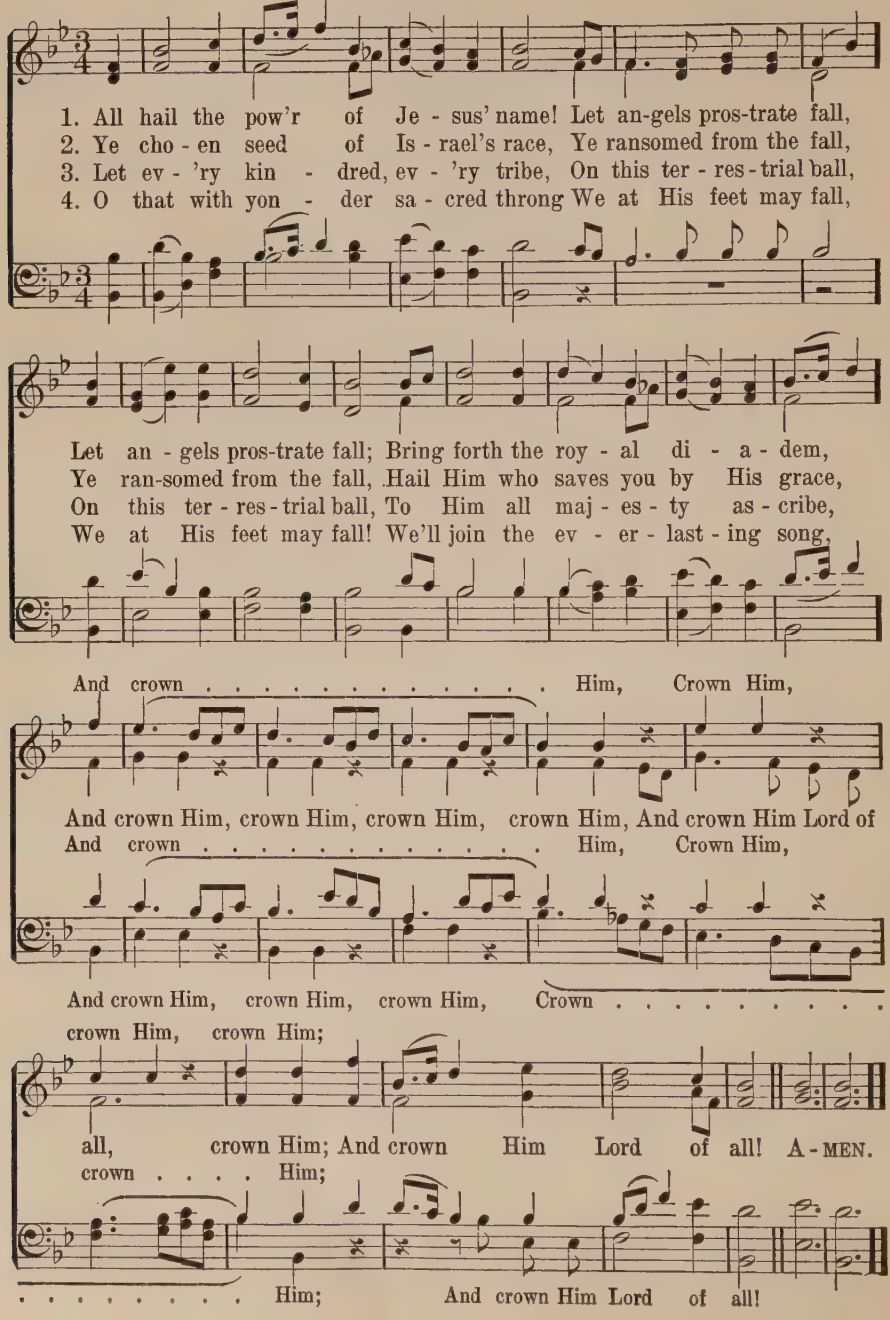
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

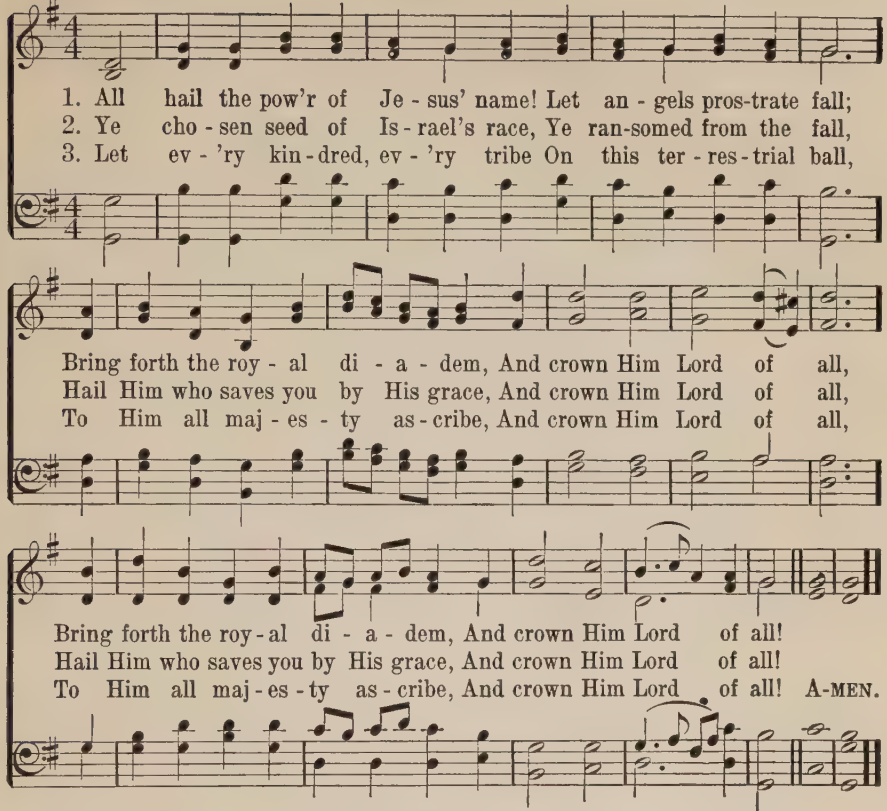

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Savior, so precious Thou
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to Je - sus my
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I glad - ly re-
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my an-chor is
art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that
King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the cleansing Thy
sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but Je - sus, my
cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav-ior, still
"Ha - ven of Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
blood doth im-part, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
near - er to Thee, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to Thee. A-MEN.

12 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

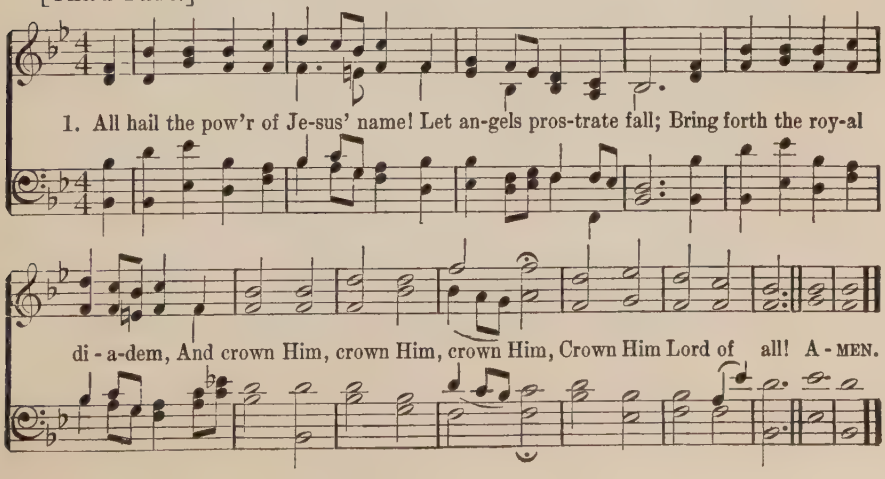
E. Perronet. *Diadem. C. M.* James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . . .
crown Him, crown Him;
all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.
crown . . . . Him;
. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

13 All Hail the Power.

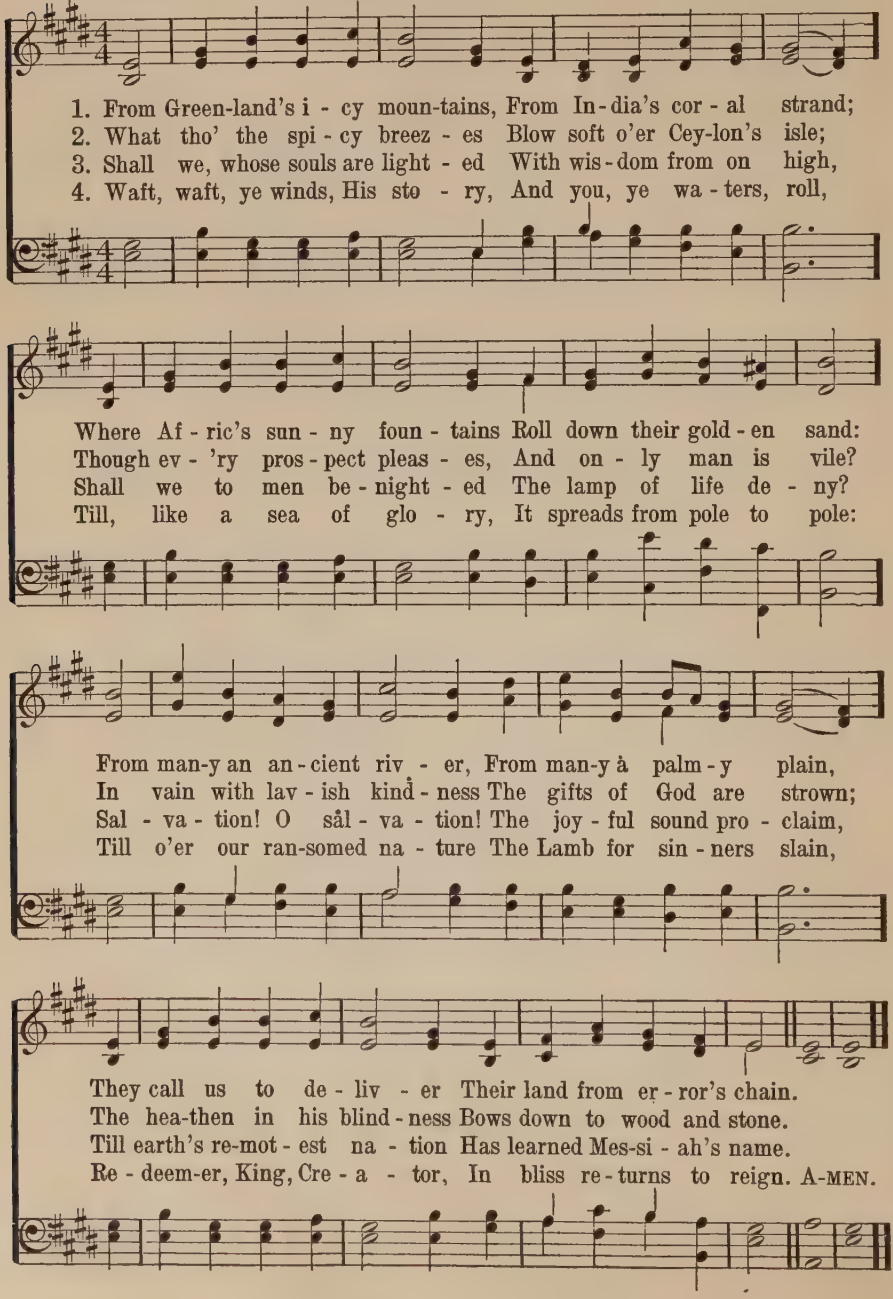
[Second Tune.] *Coronation. C. M.* Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

[Third Tune.] *Miles' Lane. C. M.* William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.

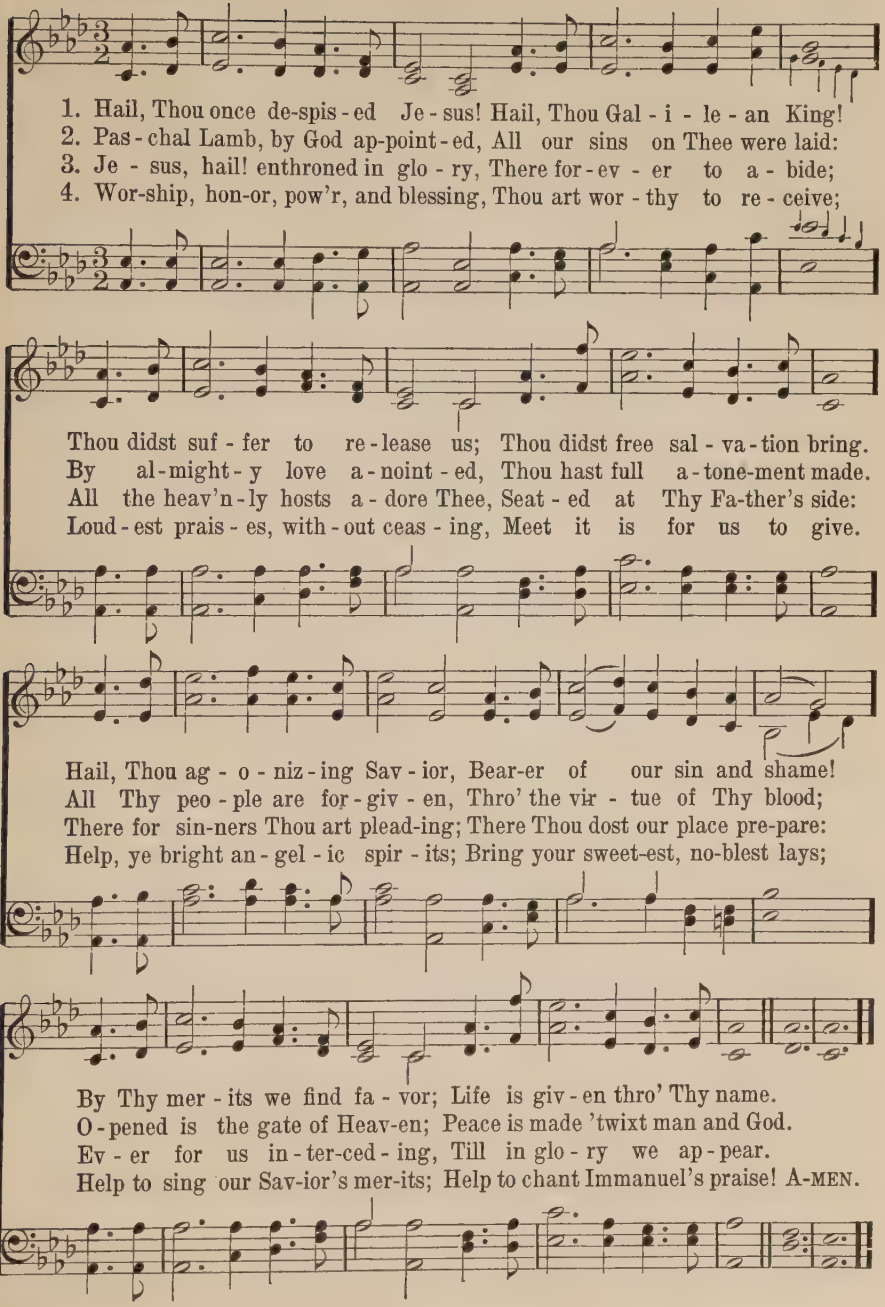
14 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. *Missionary Hymn. 7s. 6s. D.* Lowell Mason.

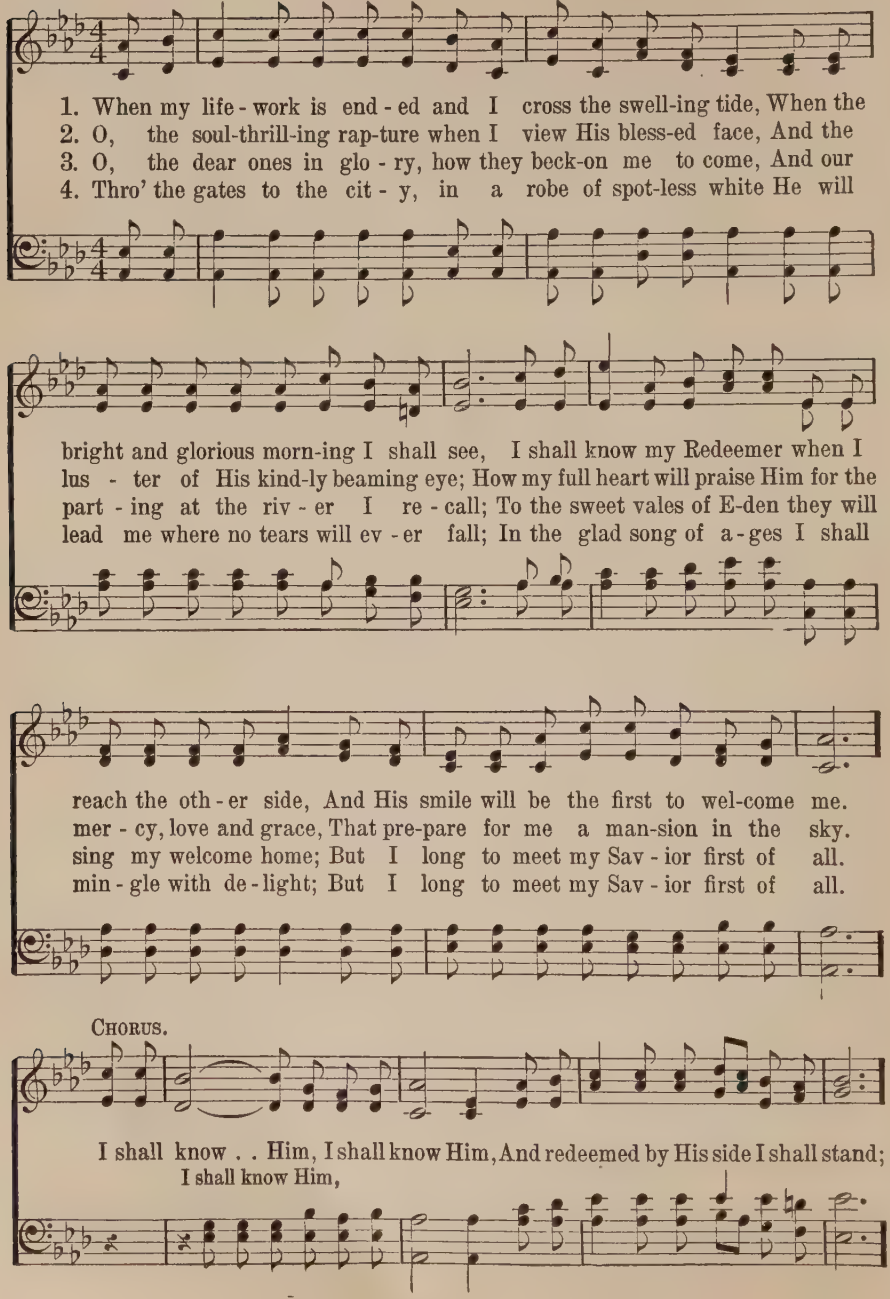

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:
From man-y an an-cient riv - er, From man-y à palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sål - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

15 Hail, Thou Once Despised.

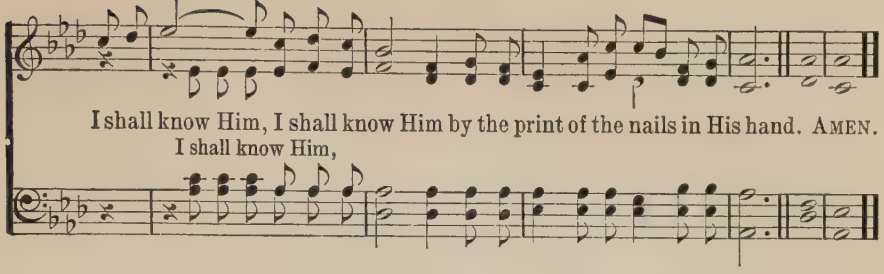
John Bakewell. *Autumn. 8s. 7s. D.* Louis von Esch.


1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid:
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
By al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side:
Loud-est prais-es, with-out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.
Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare:
Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its; Bring your sweet-est, no-blest lays;
By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
O-pened is the gate of Heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise! A-MEN.

16 My Savior First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life-work is end-ed and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white He will
bright and glorious morn-ing I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know . . Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

My Savior First of All.

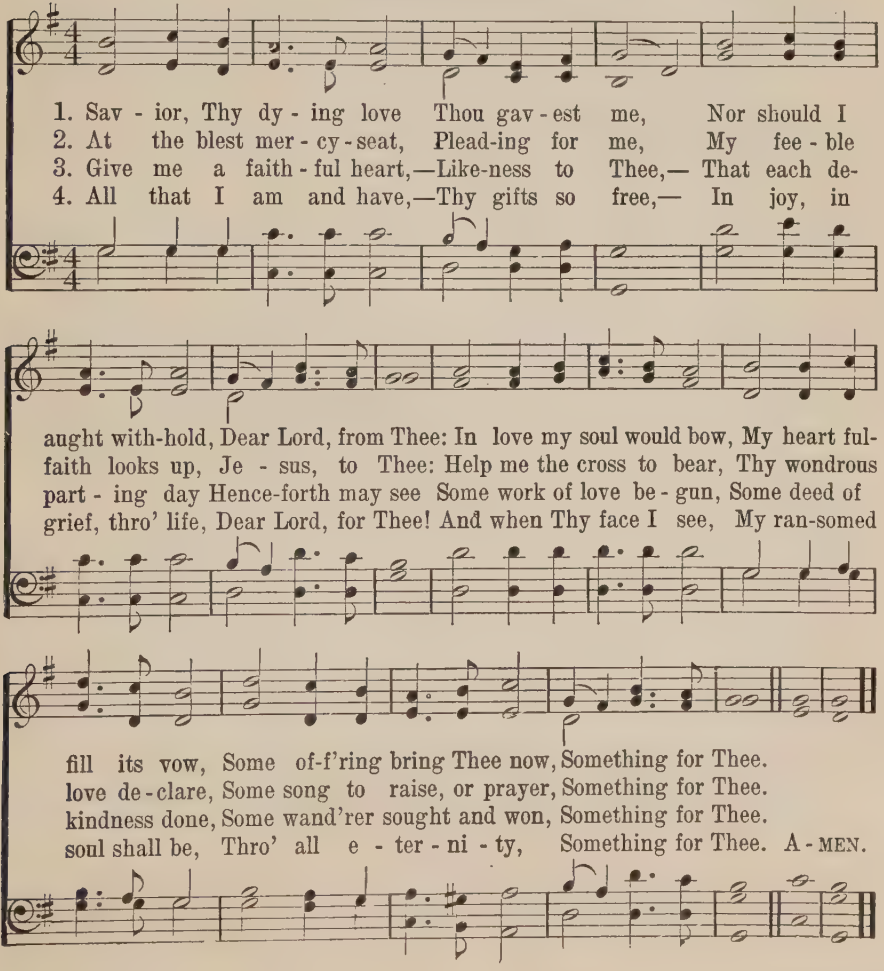


17 Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps.

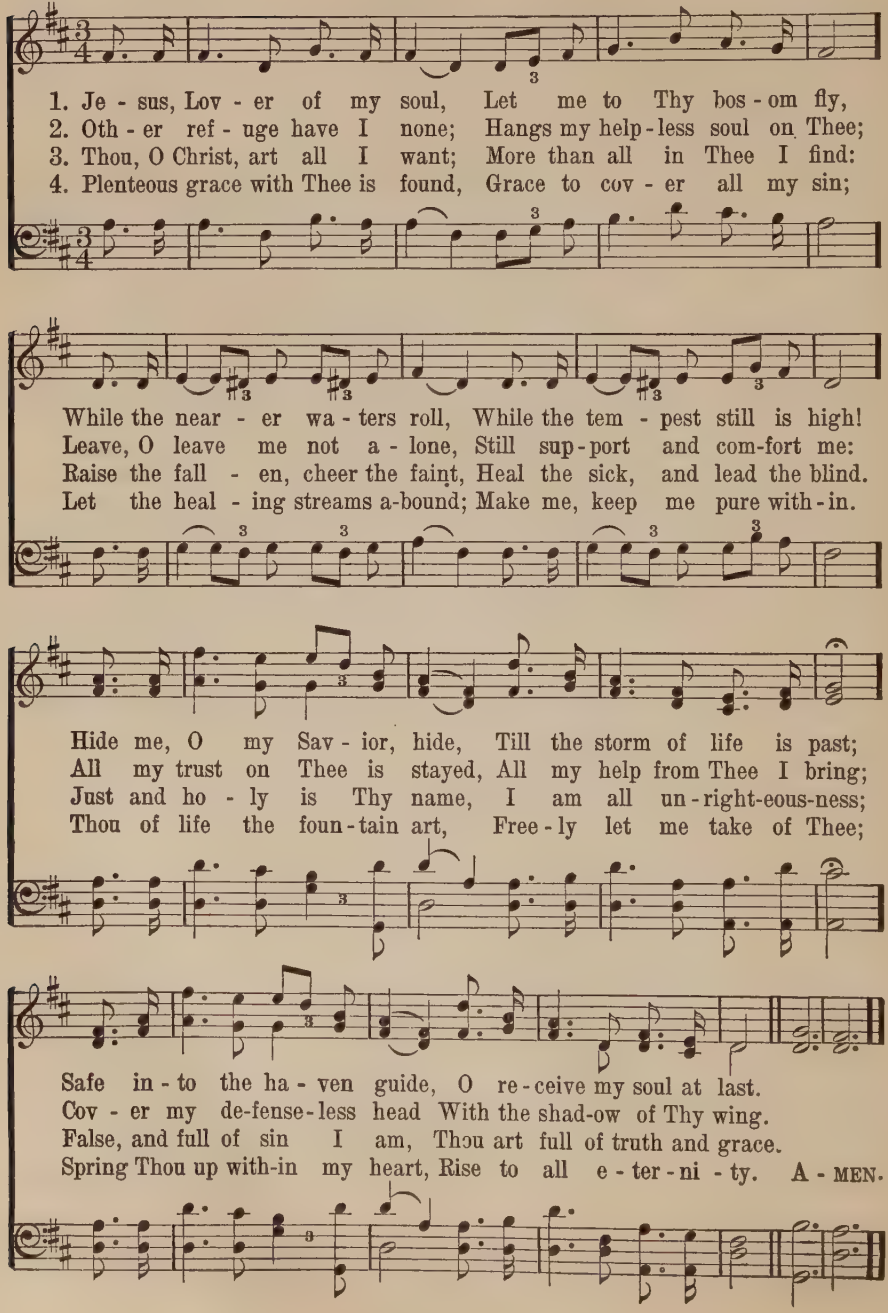
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

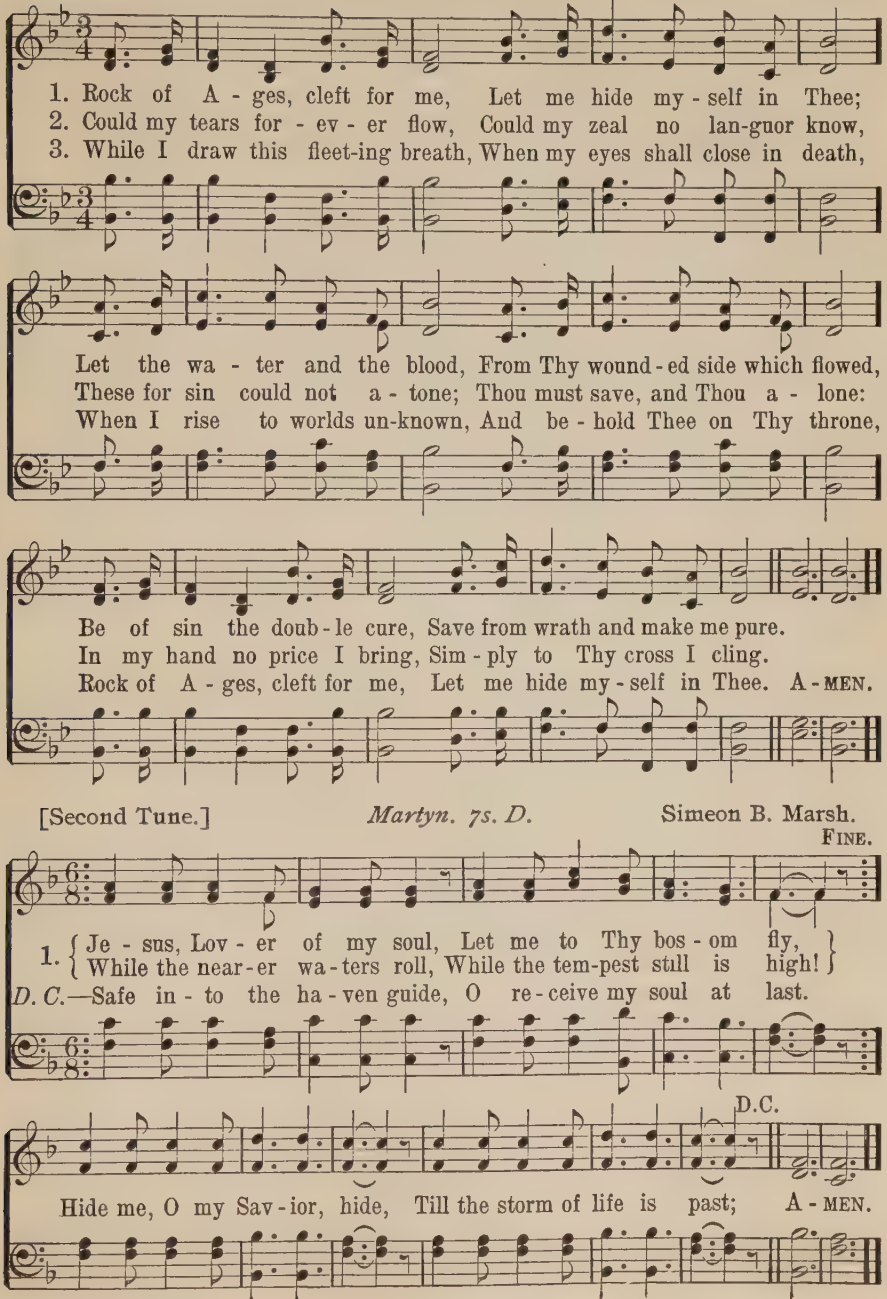

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart,—Like-ness to Thee,— That each de-
4. All that I am and have,—Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran-somed
fill its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee. A - MEN.

18 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Refuge. 7s. D.* Joseph P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

Rock of Ages.

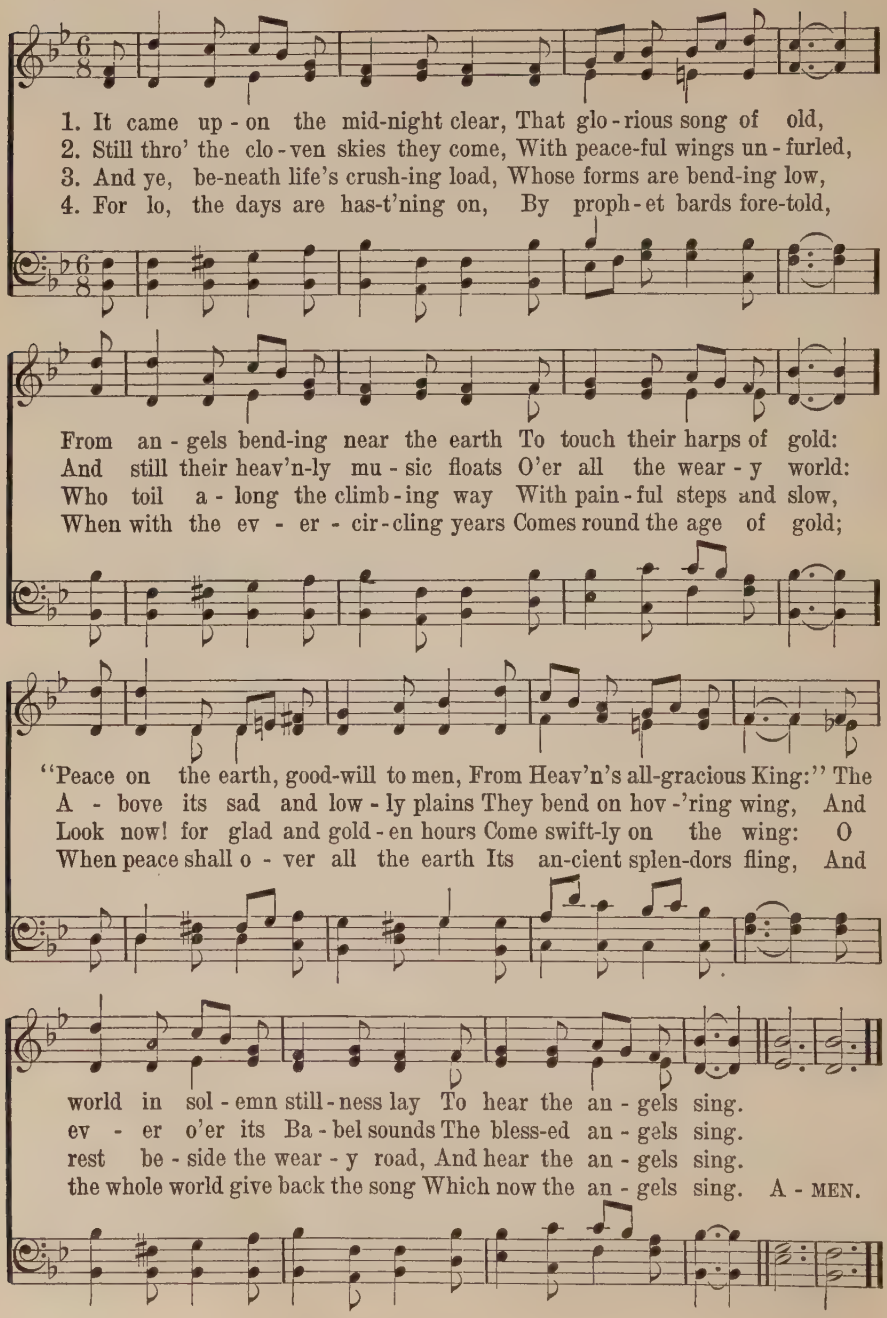
Augustus M. Toplady. *Toplady. 7s. 6l.* Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

[Second Tune.] *Martyn. 7s. D.* Simeon B. Marsh.

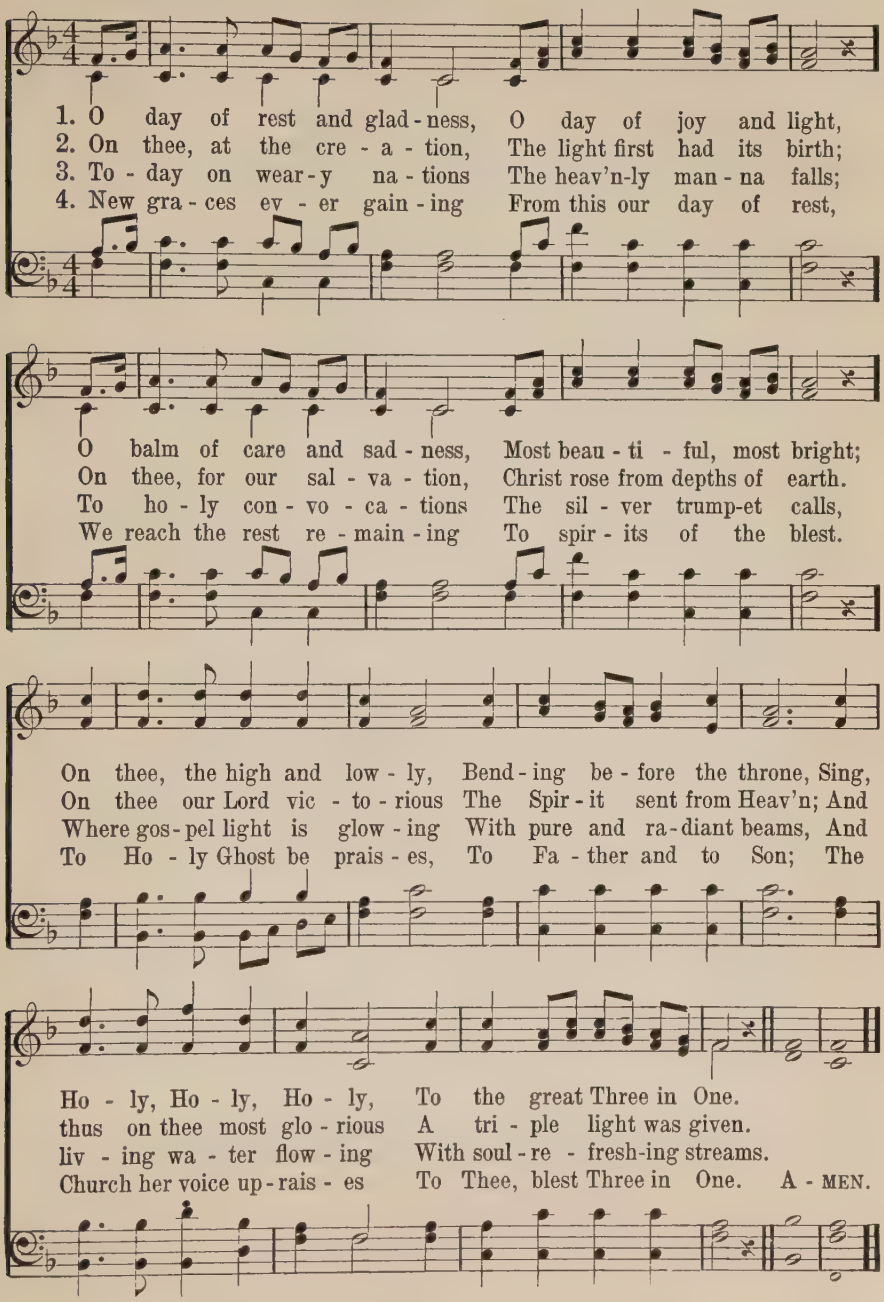
FINE.
1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A - MEN.

20 It Came Upon the Midnight.

Edmund H. Sears. *Carol. C. M. D.* Richard S. Willis.


1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph - et bards fore-told,
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King:" The
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing, And
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing: O
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling, And
world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.
rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

21 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. Wordsworth. *Mendebras. 7s. 6s. D.* Arr. by L. Mason.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. To - day on wear - y na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls;
4. New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trump-et calls,
We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest.
On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne, Sing,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from Heav'n; And
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams, And
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son; The
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was given.
liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - MEN.

More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-lee,

CHORUS.

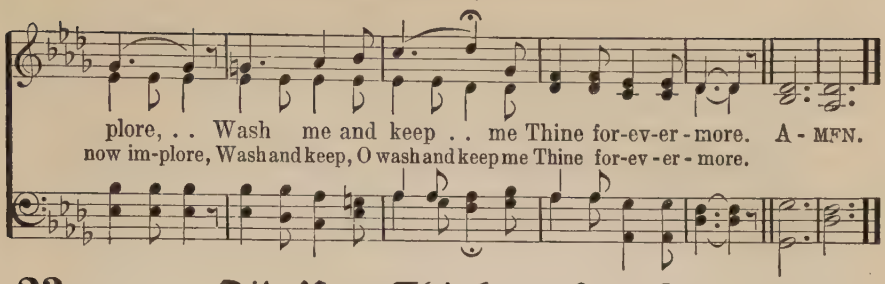
rit.

More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. . . . . Take Thou my
More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win. . . . .
More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. . . . . Take my heart, O

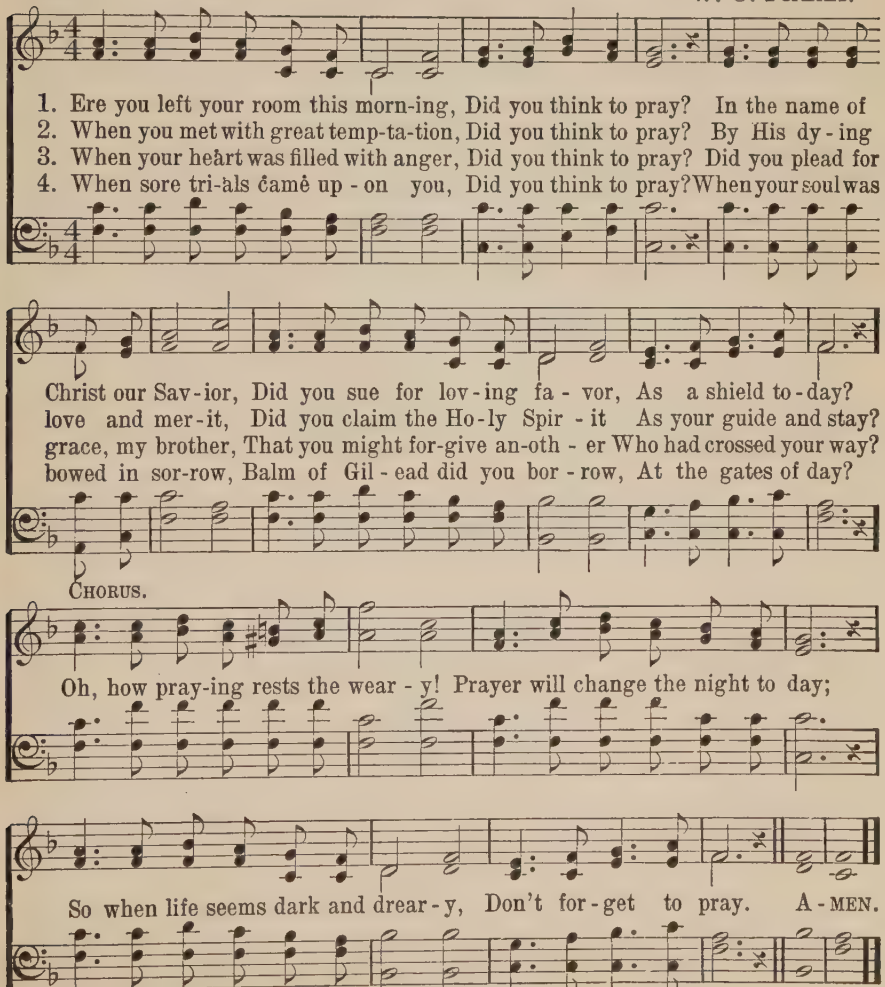
heart, . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . Take Thou my heart . . and
take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and

make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More Like the Master.

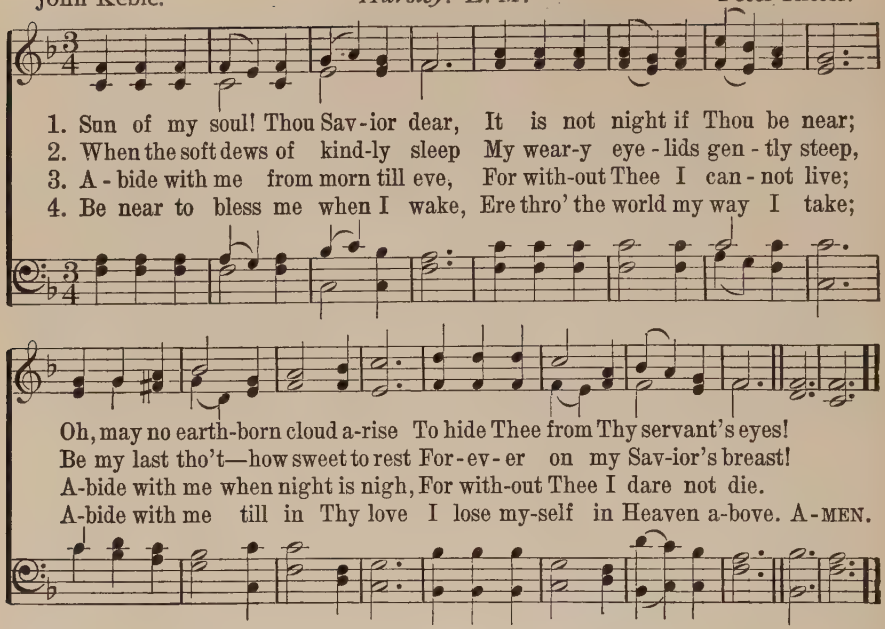


23 Did You Think to Pray?

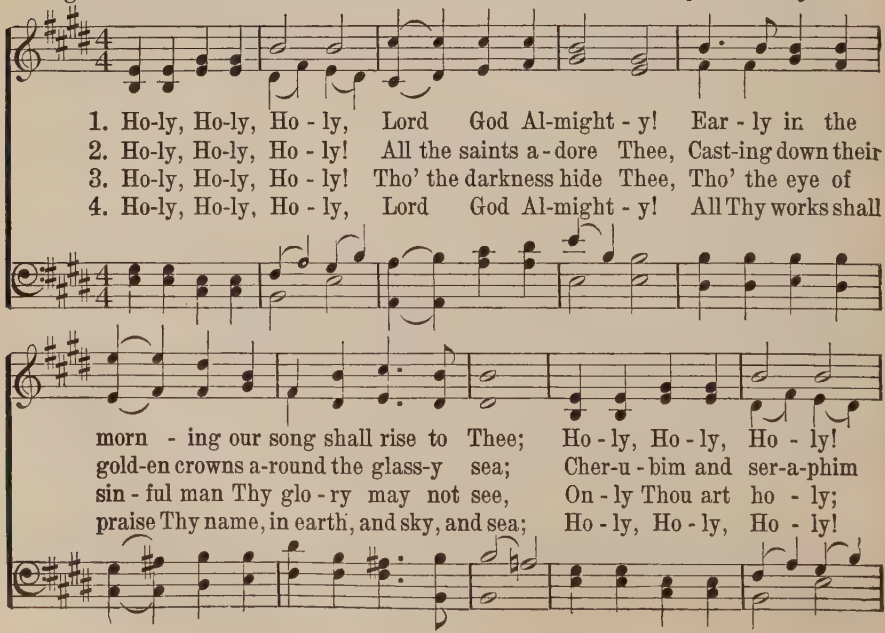
Mrs. M. A. Kidder. W. O. Perkins.

1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion, Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore tri-als came up-on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was
Christ our Sav-ior, Did you sue for lov-ing fa-vor, As a shield to-day?
love and mer-it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir-it As your guide and stay?
grace, my brother, That you might for-give an-oth-er Who had crossed your way?
bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row, At the gates of day?
CHORUS.
Oh, how pray-ing rests the wear-y! Prayer will change the night to day;
So when life seems dark and drear-y, Don't for-get to pray. A-MEN.

24 Sun of My Soul.

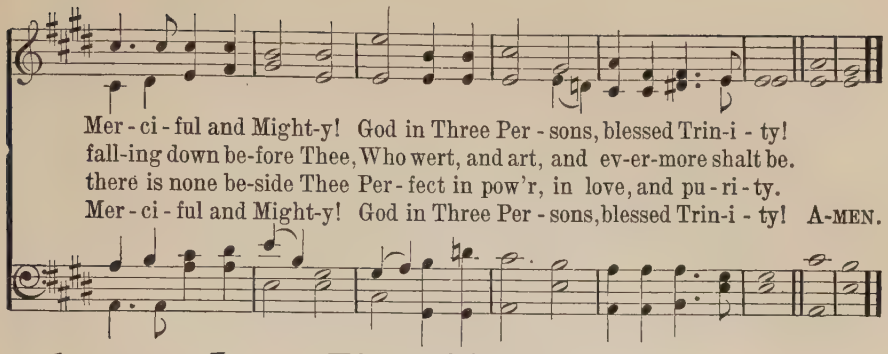
John Keble. *Hursley. L. M.* Peter Ritter.


1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.

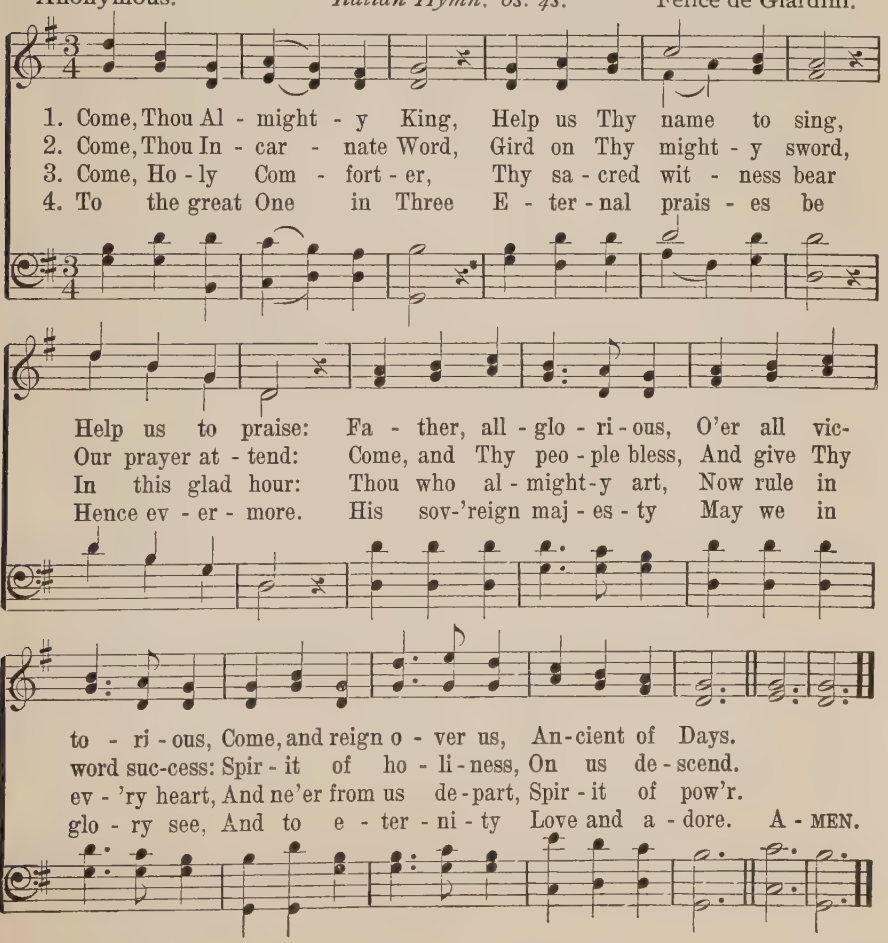
25 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. *Nicæa. 11. 12. 12. 10.* Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy.

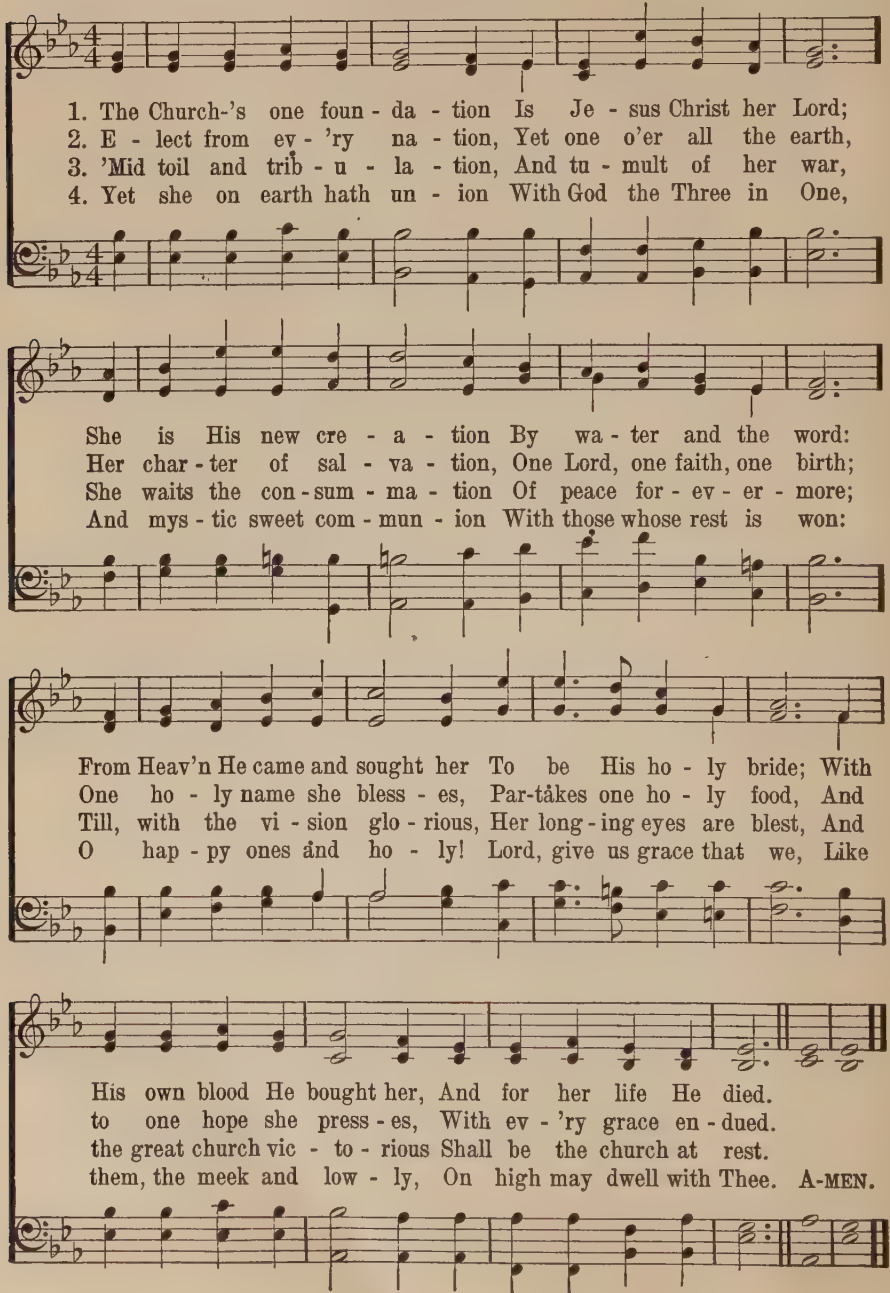

Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A-MEN.

26 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might-y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

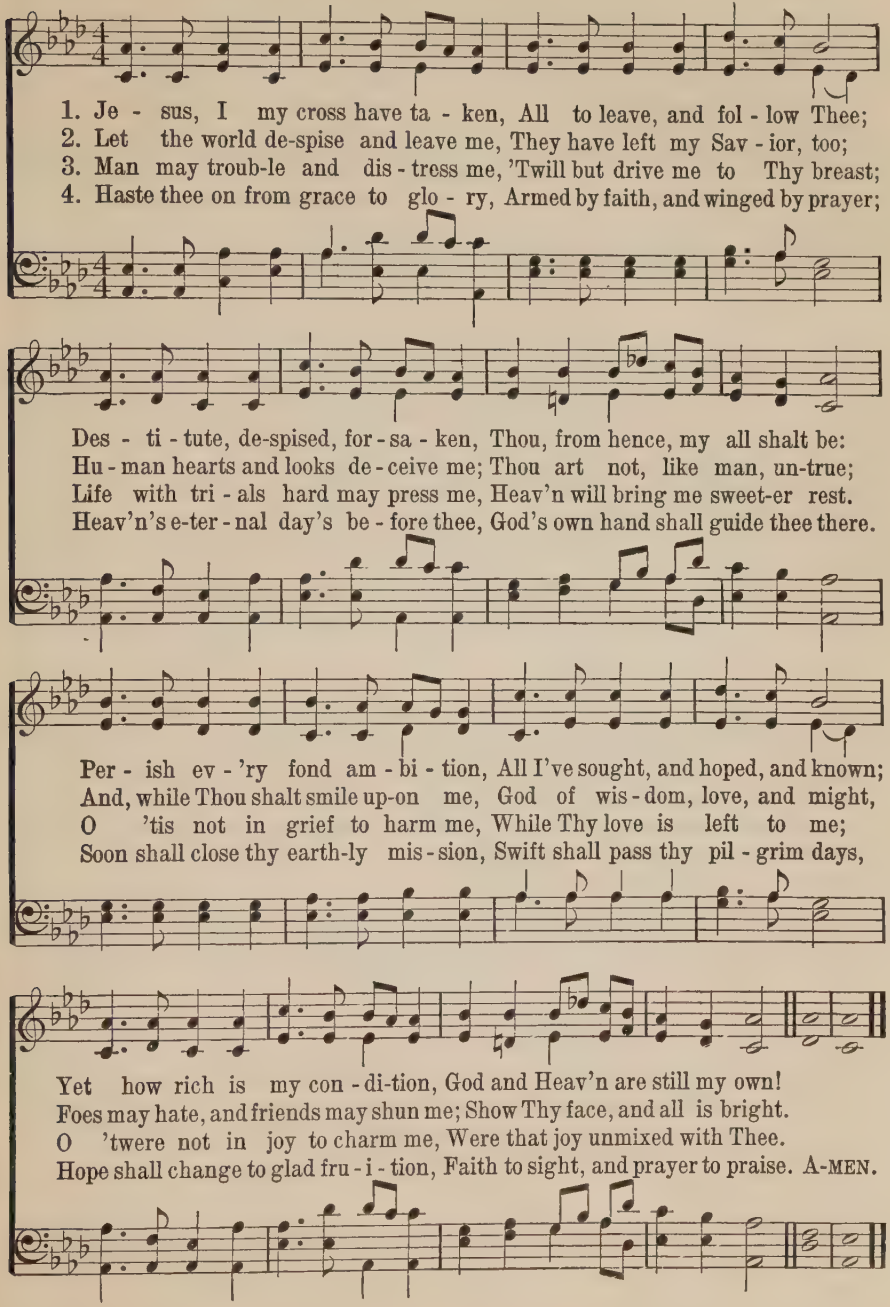
27 The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. *Aurelia. 7s. 6s. D.* Samuel S. Wesley.


1. The Church-'s one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:
From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride; With
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-tåkes one ho - ly food, And
Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest, And
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we, Like
His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A-MEN.

28 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.* From Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,
Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.

The Banner of the Cross.

El Nathan.

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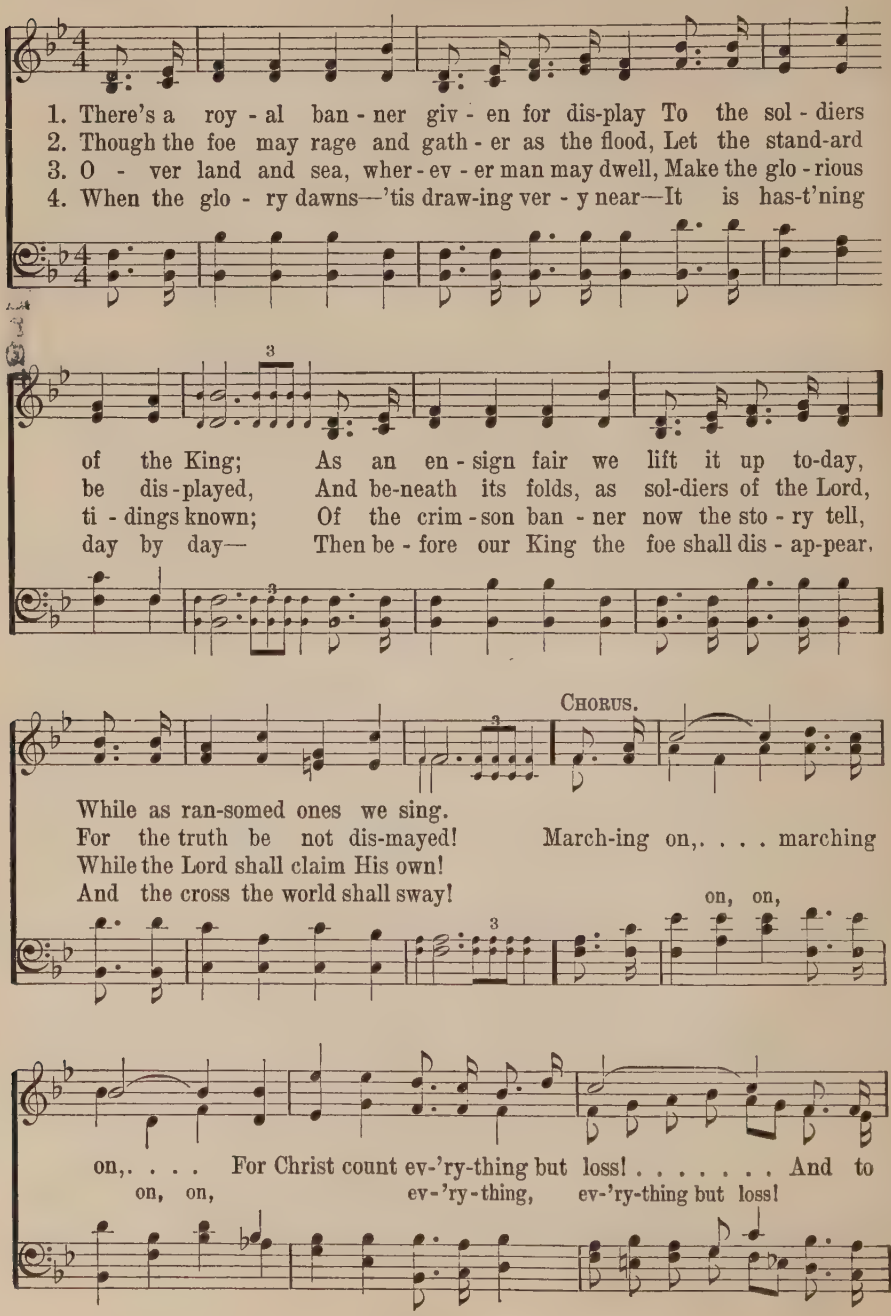
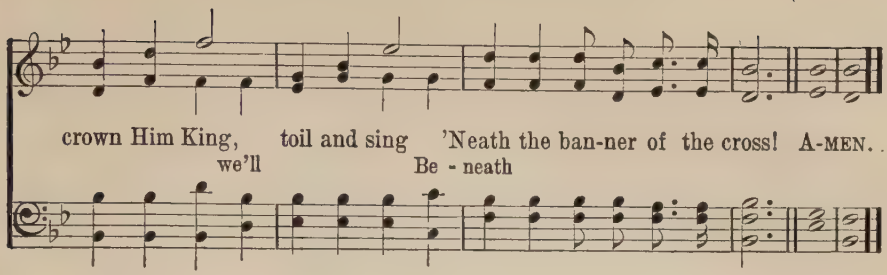
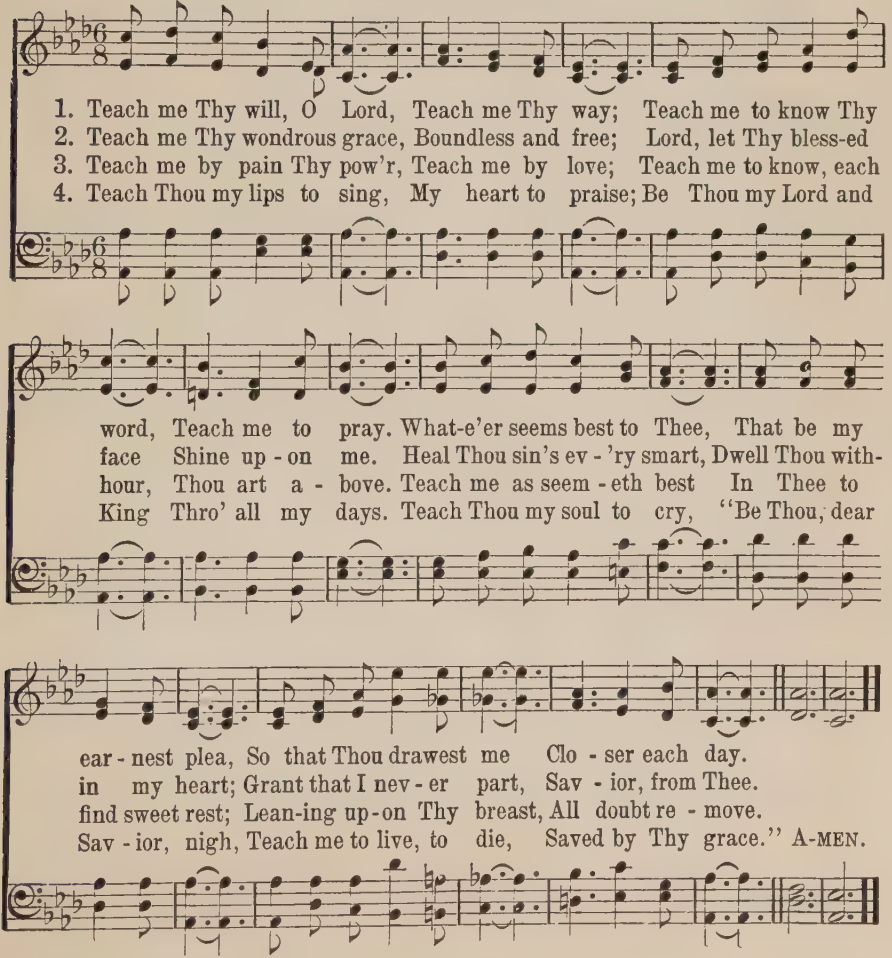
James McGranahan.


1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis-play To the sol - diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand-ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw-ing ver - y near—It is has-t'ning
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to-day,
be dis - played, And be-neath its folds, as sol-diers of the Lord,
ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap-pear.
Chorus.
While as ran-somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis-mayed! March-ing on,. . . . marching
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the cross the world shall sway!
on, on,
on,. . . . For Christ count ev-'ry-thing but loss! . . . . . And to
on, on, ev-'ry-thing, ev-'ry-thing but loss!

The Banner of the Cross.

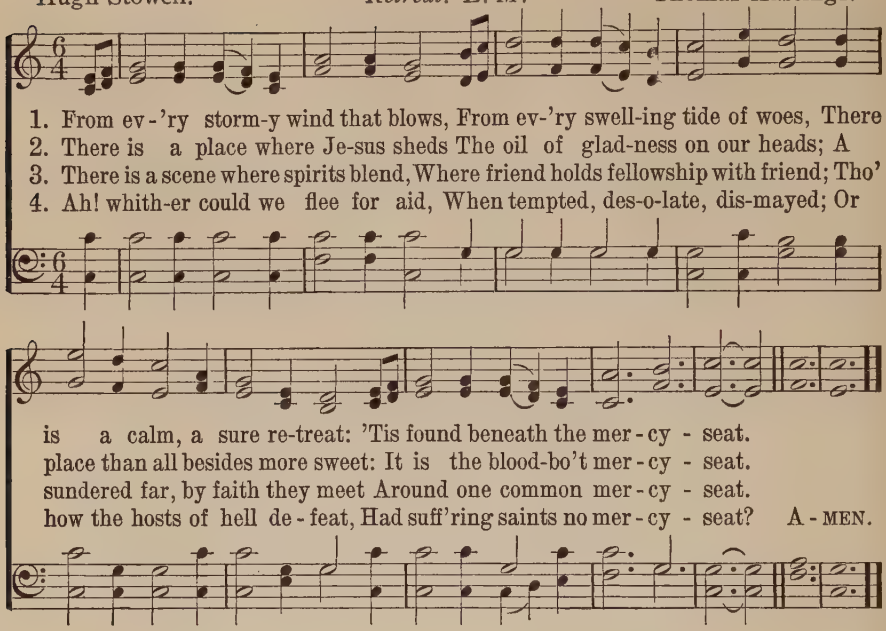


30 Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY, E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord, Teach me Thy way; Teach me to know Thy
2. Teach me Thy wondrous grace, Boundless and free; Lord, let Thy bless-ed
3. Teach me by pain Thy pow'r, Teach me by love; Teach me to know, each
4. Teach Thou my lips to sing, My heart to praise; Be Thou my Lord and
word, Teach me to pray. What-e'er seems best to Thee, That be my
face Shine up - on me. Heal Thou sin's ev - 'ry smart, Dwell Thou with-
hour, Thou art a - bove. Teach me as seem - eth best In Thee to
King Thro' all my days. Teach Thou my soul to cry, "Be Thou, dear
ear - nest plea, So that Thou drawest me Clo - ser each day.
in my heart; Grant that I nev - er part, Sav - ior, from Thee.
find sweet rest; Lean-ing up-on Thy breast, All doubt re - move.
Sav - ior, nigh, Teach me to live, to die, Saved by Thy grace." A-MEN.

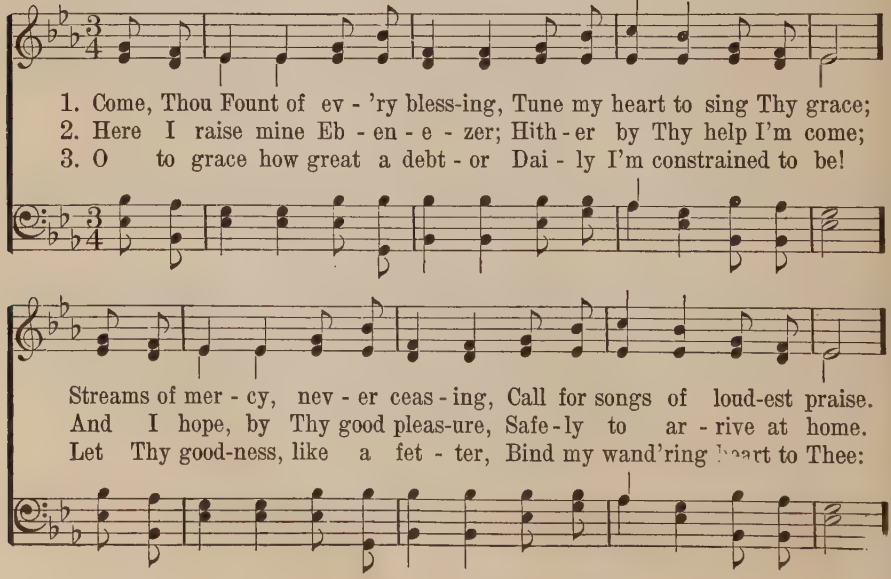
31 From Every Stormy Wind.

Hugh Stowell. *Retreat. L. M.* Thomas Hastings.

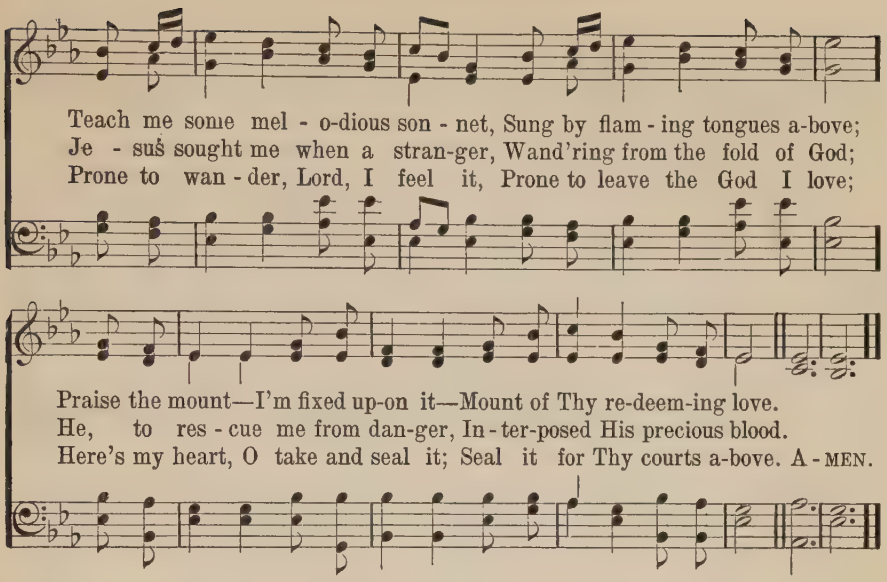

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or
is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.
sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A-MEN.

32 Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. *Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.* John Wyeth.

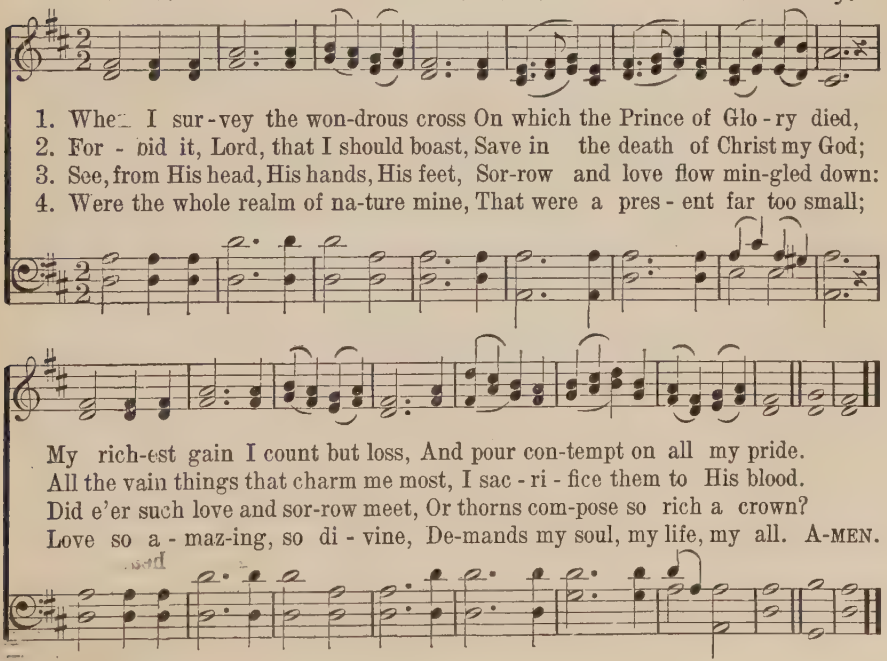

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

Come, Thou Fount.

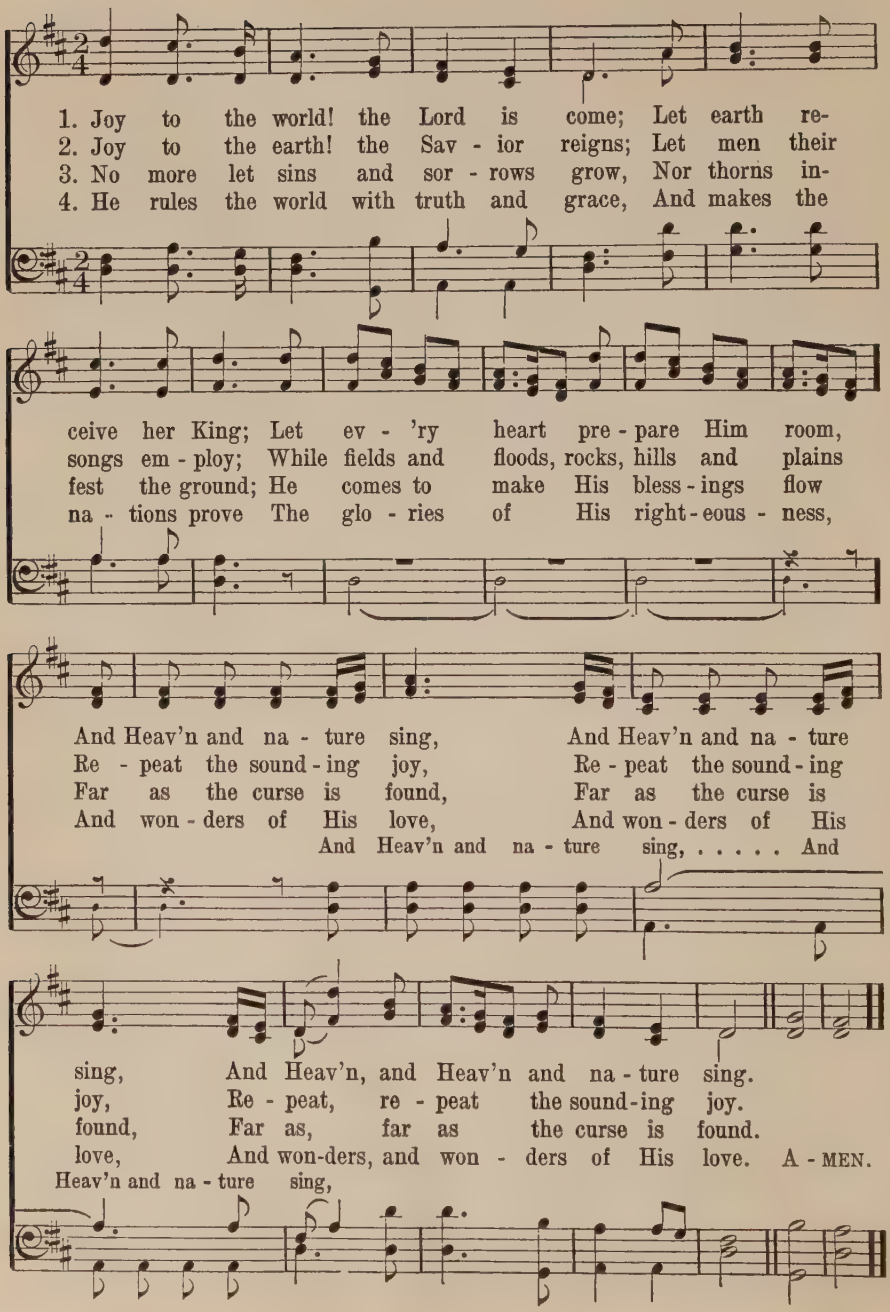

Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove. A - MEN.

33 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Eucharist. L. M.* I. Woodbury.

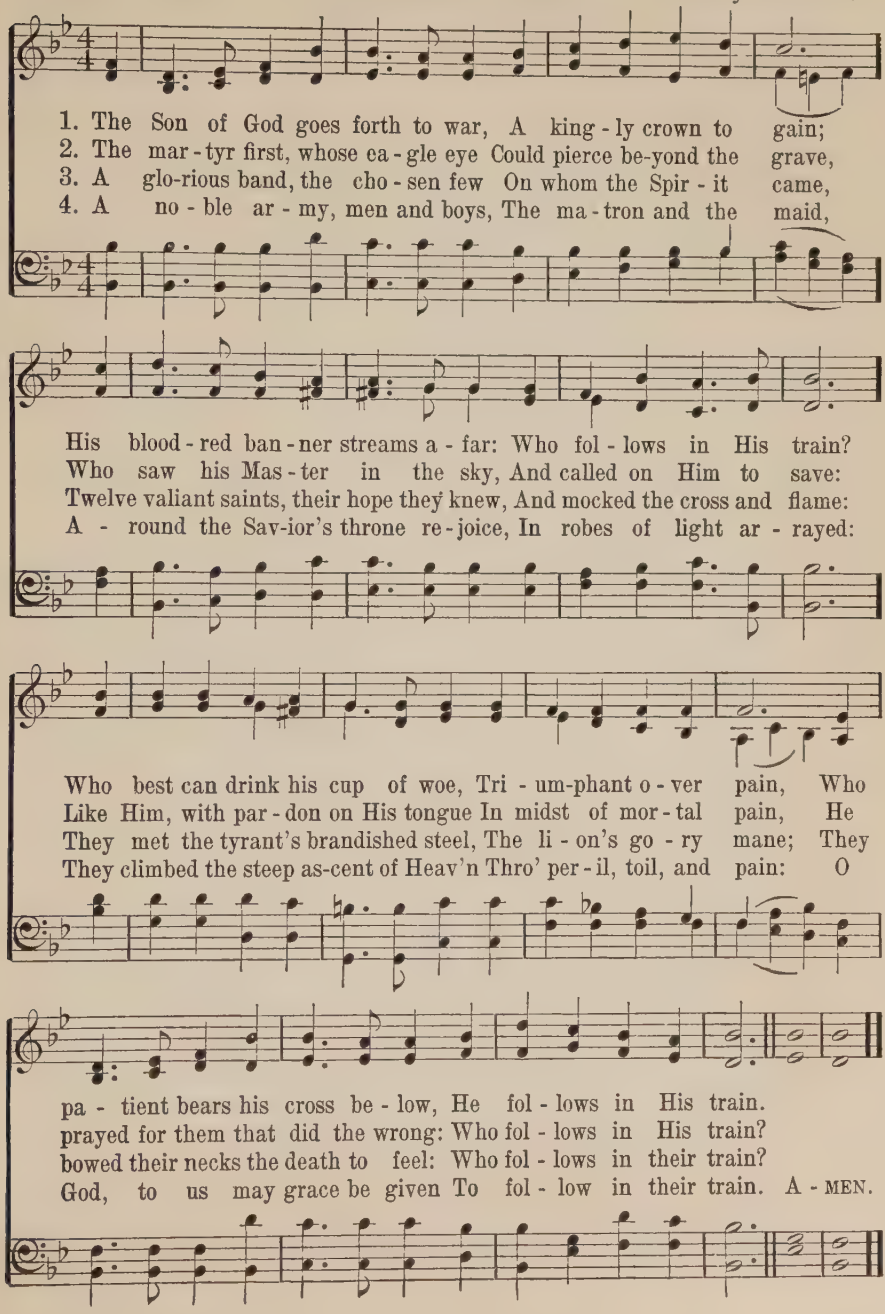

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.

Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts. *Antioch. C. M.* George F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, ... And
sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won-ders, and won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,

35 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber. *All Saints New. C. M. D.* Henry S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A - round the Sav-ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain, Who
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They
They climbed the steep as-cent of Heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: O
pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.

36 The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

Hattie H. Pierson
and Fred P. Morris.

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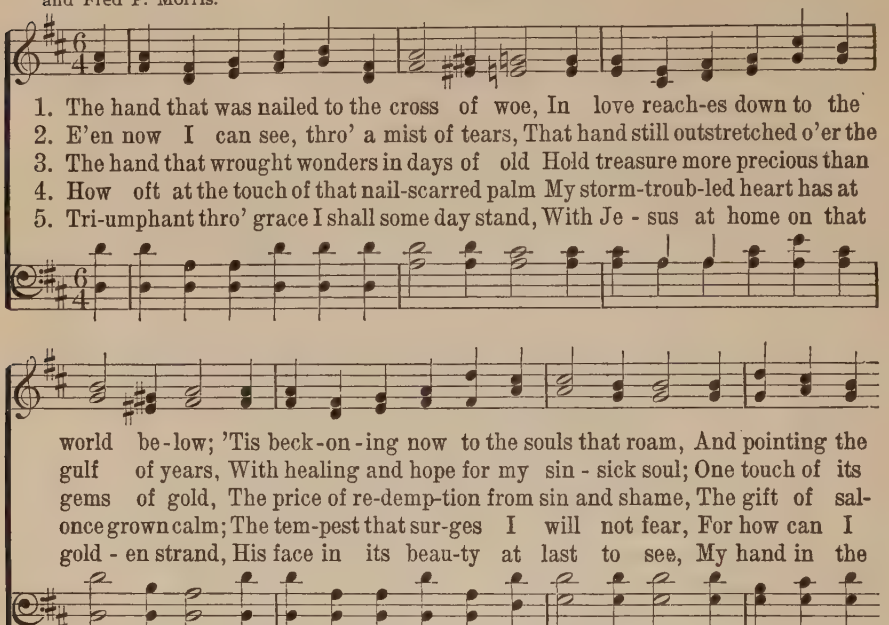
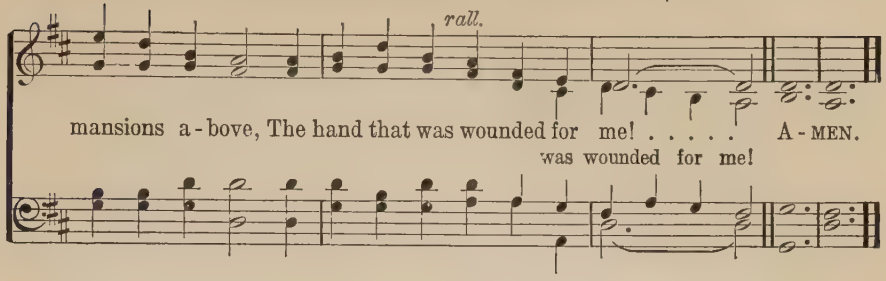
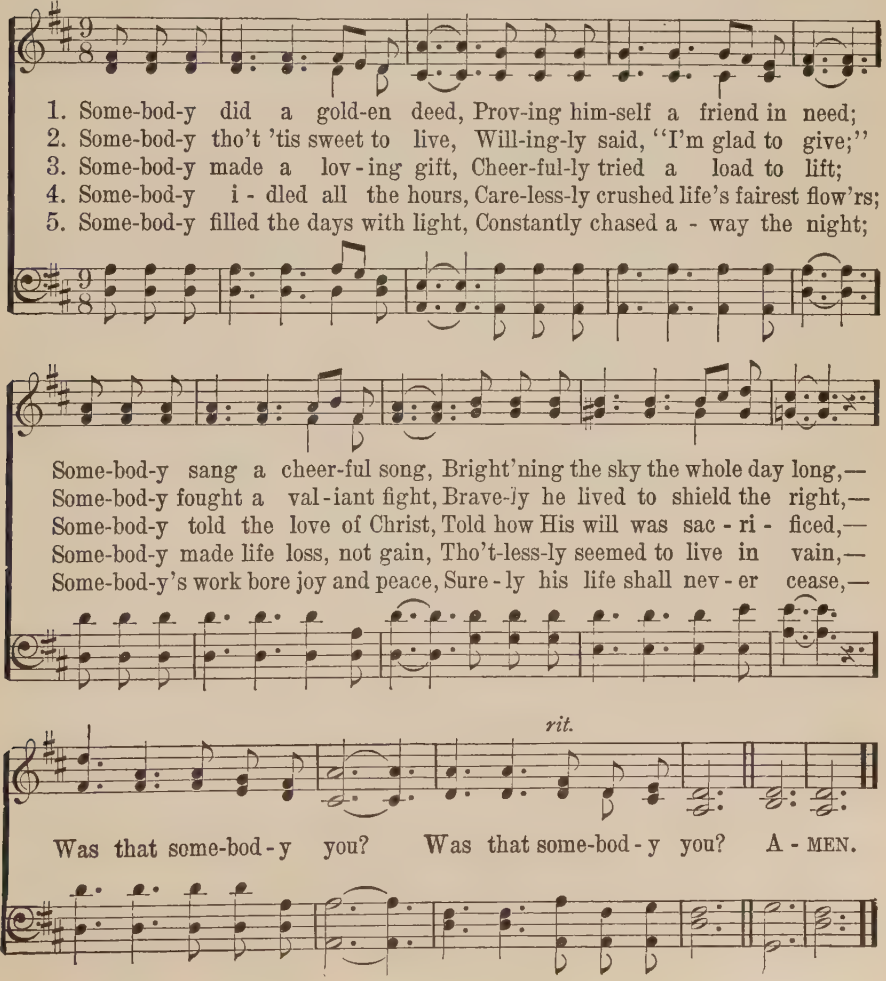

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es down to the
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still outstretched o'er the
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old Hold treasure more precious than
4. How oft at the touch of that nail-scarred palm My storm-troub-led heart has at
5. Tri-umphant thro' grace I shall some day stand, With Je - sus at home on that
world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam, And pointing the
gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin - sick soul; One touch of its
gems of gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame, The gift of sal-
once grown calm; The tem-pest that sur-ges I will not fear, For how can I
gold - en strand, His face in its beau-ty at last to see, My hand in the
Chorus.
way to the heav'n-ly home.
fin - ger will make me whole.
va - tion thro' Je-sus' name. The hand of my Sav - ior I see, ...
sink while that hand is near?
hand that was pierced for me.
my Sav-ior I see,
I see, I see,
The hand that was wounded for me: . . . . 'Twill lead me in love to the
was wound-ed for me:
for me:

The Hand that was Wounded for Me.



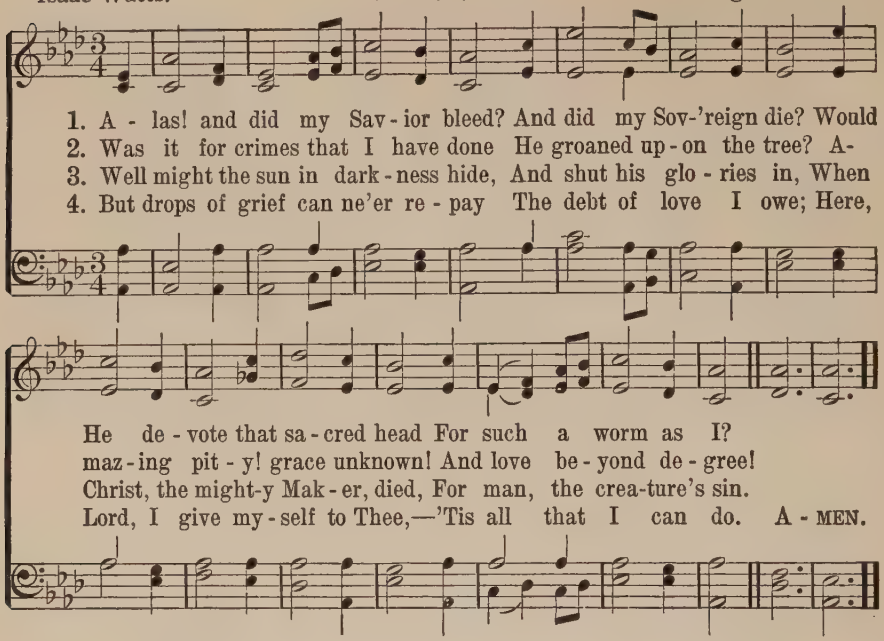
37 Somebody.

John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. W. S. Weeden.


1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;
Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac - ri - ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure - ly his life shall nev - er cease,—
rit.
Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you? A - MEN.

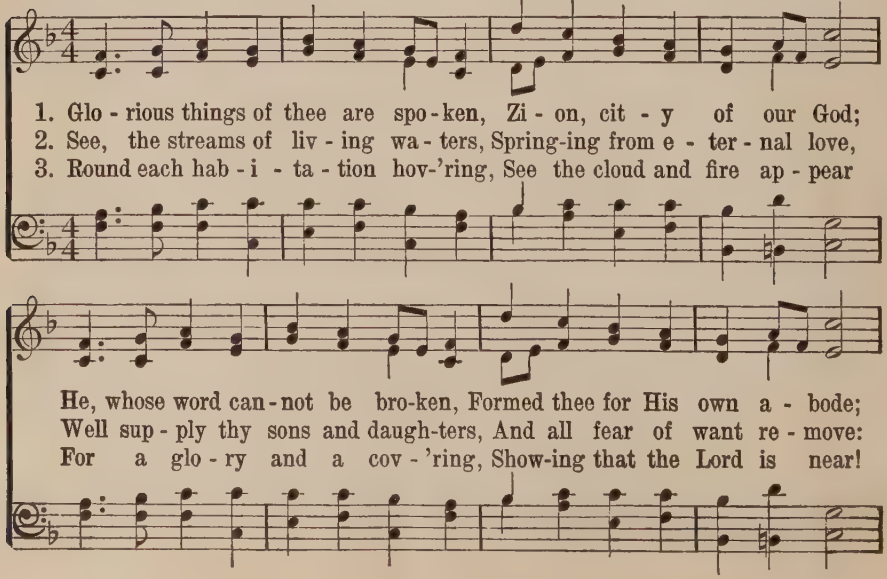
38 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. *Avon. C. M.* Hugh Wilson.

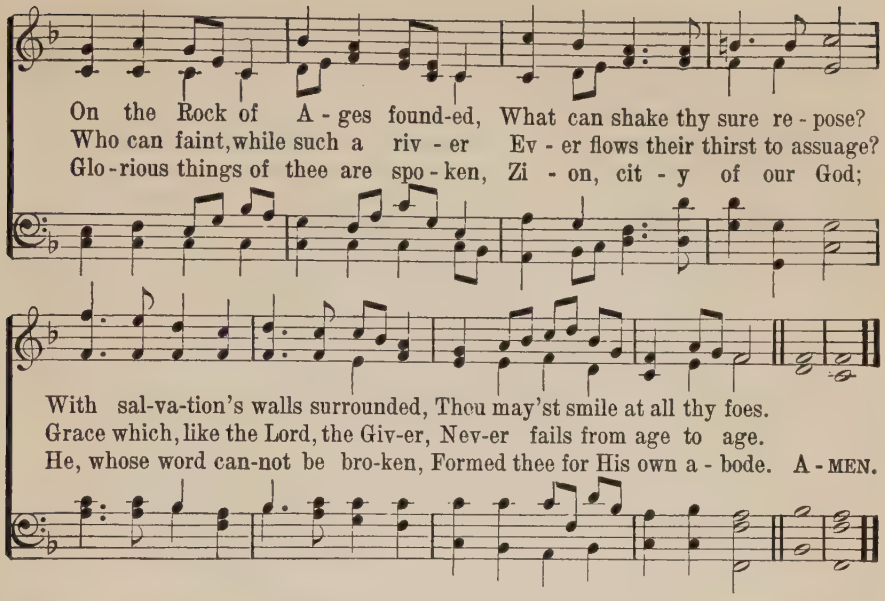

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A-
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,
He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Lord, I give my - self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

39 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton. *Austria. 8s. 7s. D.* Francis J. Haydn.

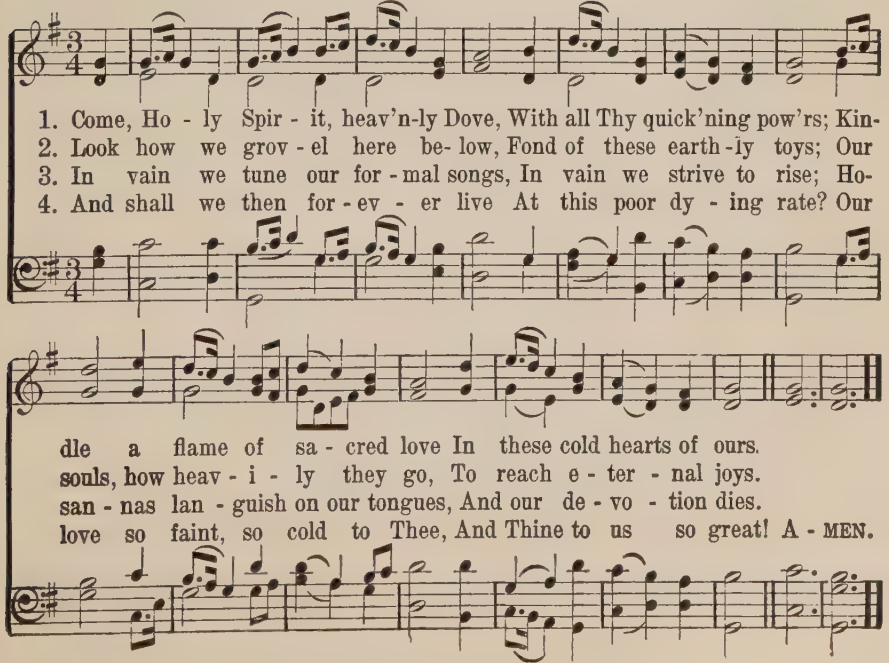

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
He, whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near!

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

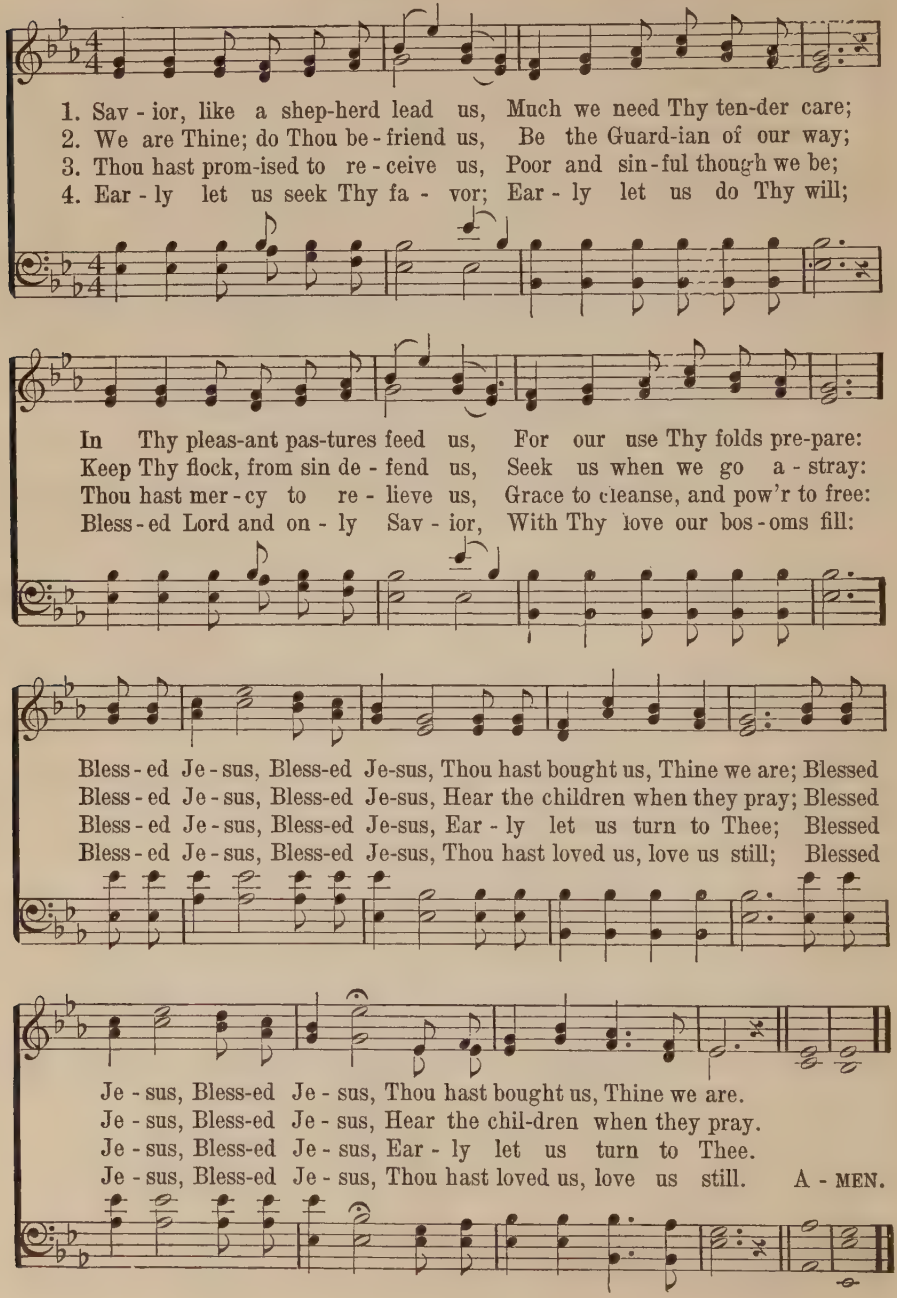

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage?
Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A - MEN.

40 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Isaac Watts. *St. Martin's. C. M.* William Tansur.

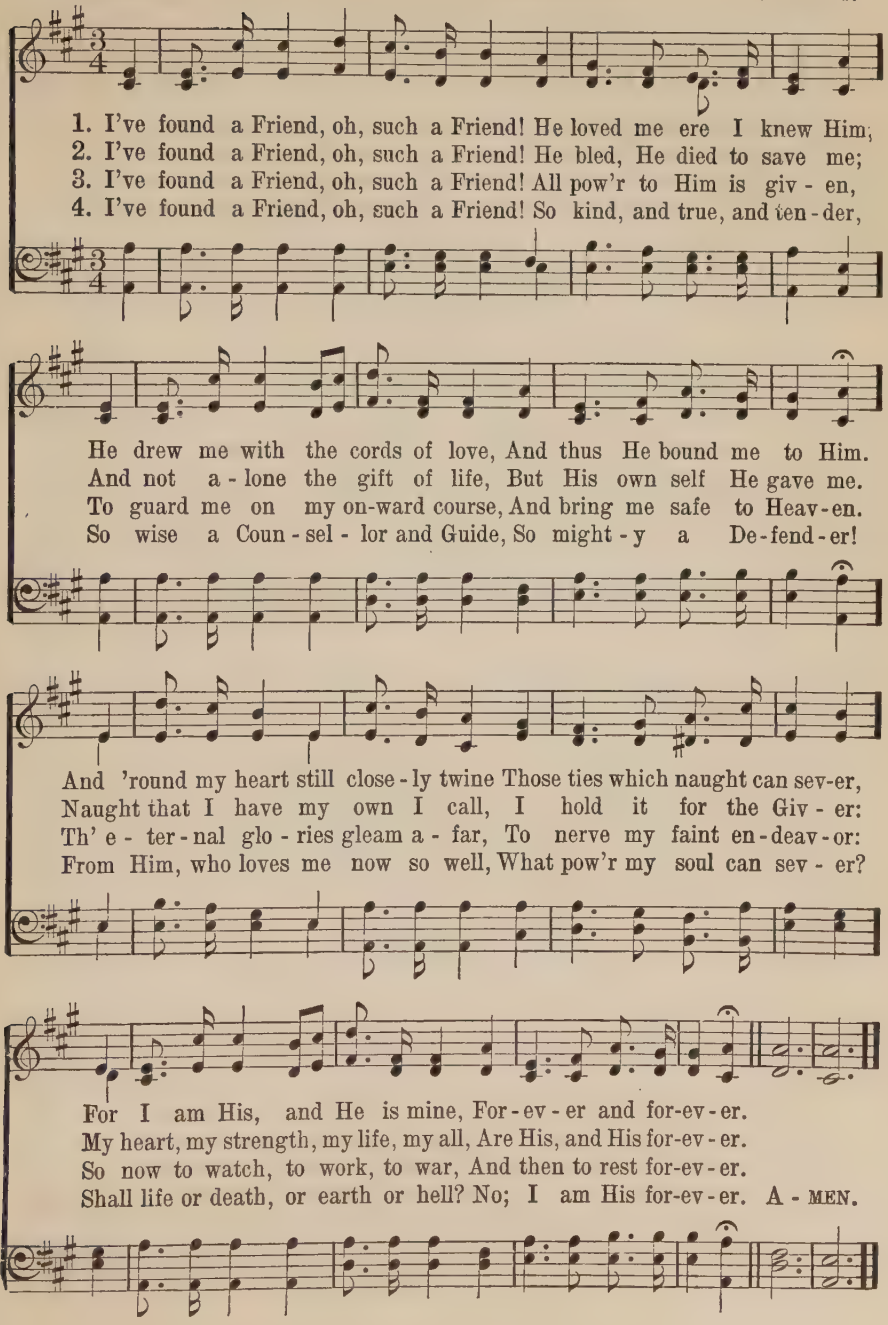

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-
2. Look how we grov - el here be- low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-
4. And shall we then for - ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate? Our
dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great! A - MEN.

41 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

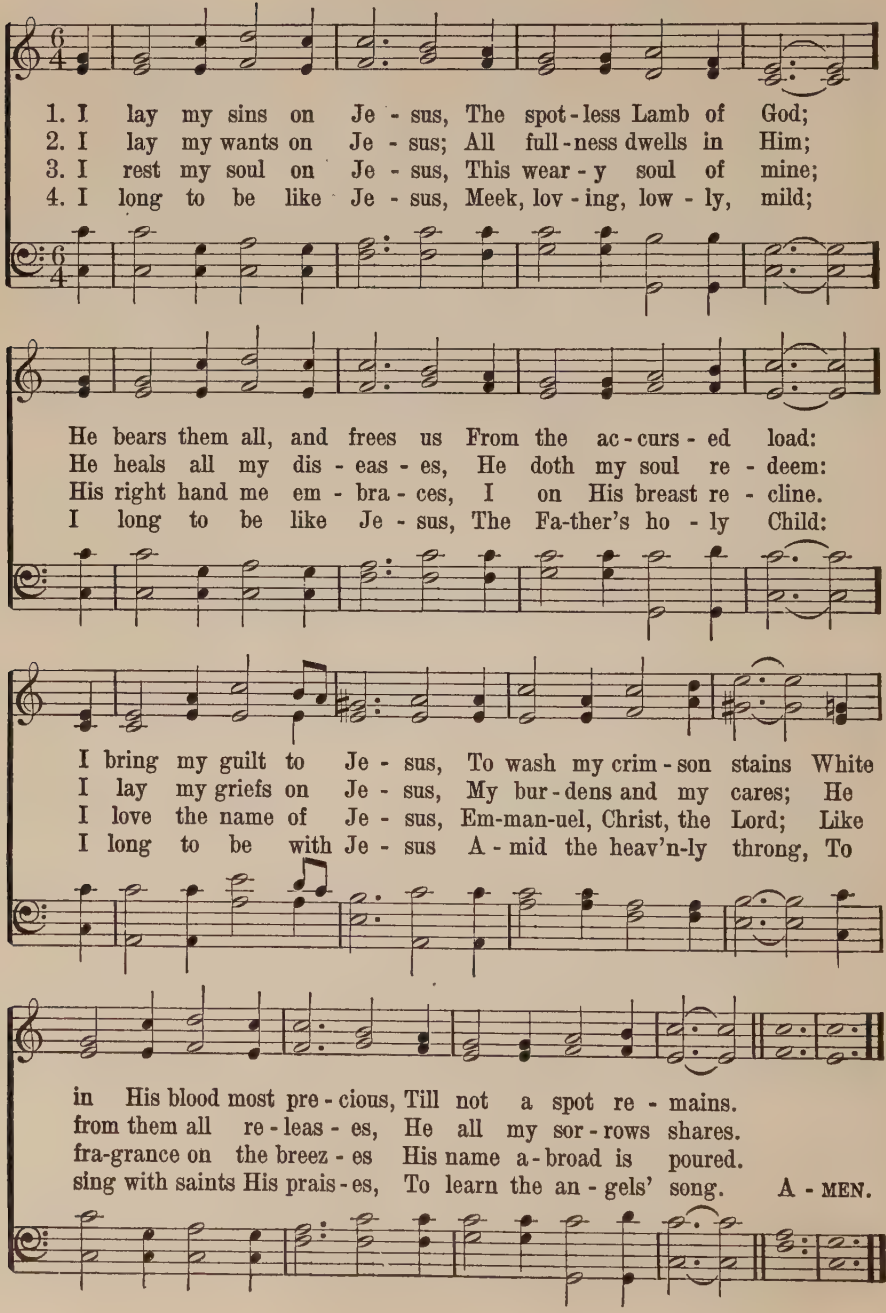
Anonymous. *Shepherd. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* William B. Bradbury

1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill:
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear the children when they pray; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Blessed
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil-dren when they pray.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A - MEN.

I've found a Friend.

J. G. Small. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to Heav-en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De-fend-er!
And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er. A - MEN.

43 I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. *Miriam. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Joseph P. Holbrook.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him;
3. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wear - y soul of mine;
4. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:
His right hand me em - bra - ces, I on His breast re - cline.
I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa-ther's ho - ly Child:
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains White
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares; He
I love the name of Je - sus, Em-man-uel, Christ, the Lord; Like
I long to be with Je - sus A - mid the heav'n-ly throng, To
in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
fra-grance on the breez - es His name a - broad is poured.
sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song. A - MEN.

When I Go Home.

Jennie Ree.

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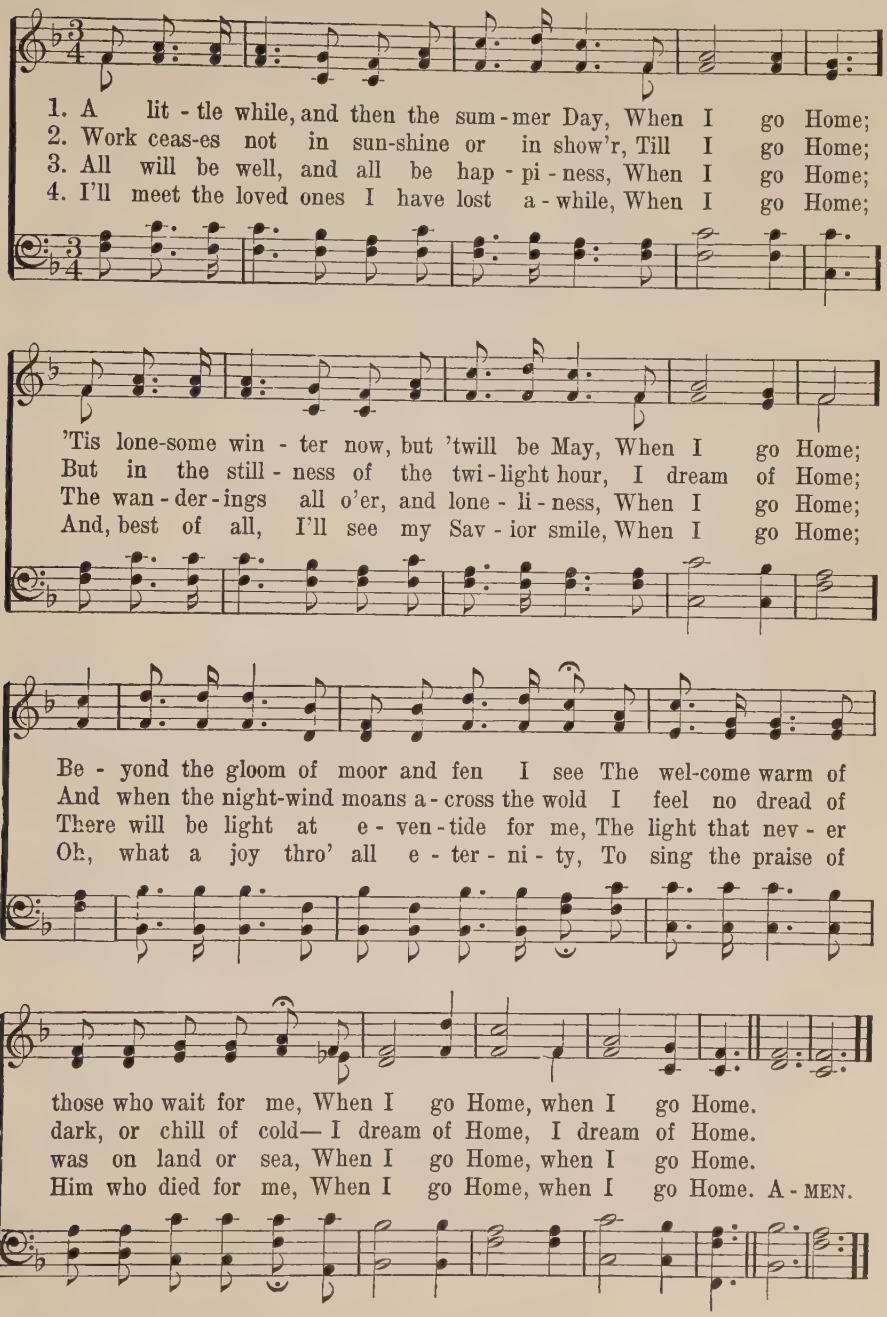
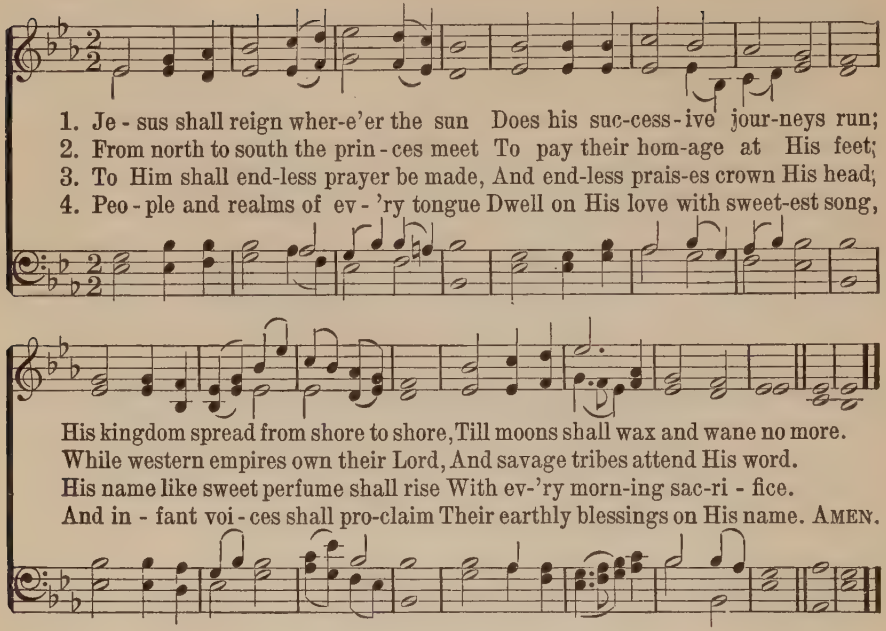
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A lit - tle while, and then the sum - mer Day, When I go Home;
2. Work ceas-es not in sun-shine or in show'r, Till I go Home;
3. All will be well, and all be hap - pi - ness, When I go Home;
4. I'll meet the loved ones I have lost a - while, When I go Home;
'Tis lone-some win - ter now, but 'twill be May, When I go Home;
But in the still - ness of the twi - light hour, I dream of Home;
The wan - der - ings all o'er, and lone - li - ness, When I go Home;
And, best of all, I'll see my Sav - ior smile, When I go Home;
Be - yond the gloom of moor and fen I see The wel-come warm of
And when the night-wind moans a - cross the wold I feel no dread of
There will be light at e - ven - tide for me, The light that nev - er
Oh, what a joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, To sing the praise of
those who wait for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.
dark, or chill of cold— I dream of Home, I dream of Home.
was on land or sea, When I go Home, when I go Home.
Him who died for me, When I go Home, when I go Home. A - MEN.

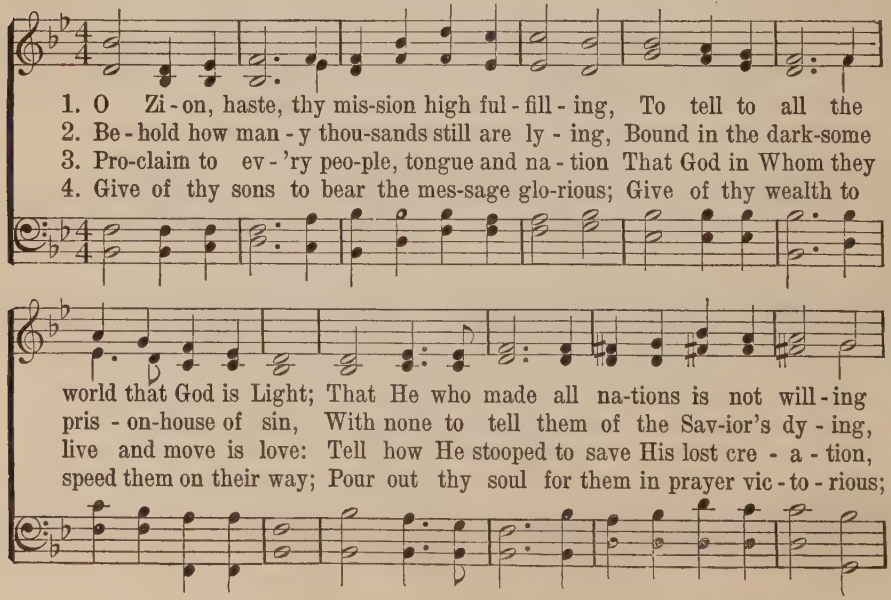
45 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Duke Street. L. M.* John Hatton.

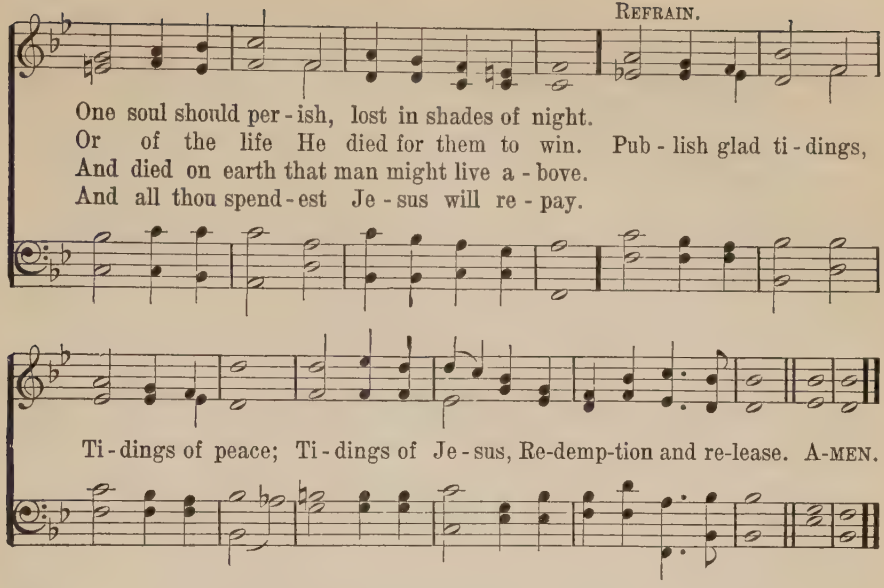

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo-ple and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

46 O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. *Tidings. P. M.* James Walch.

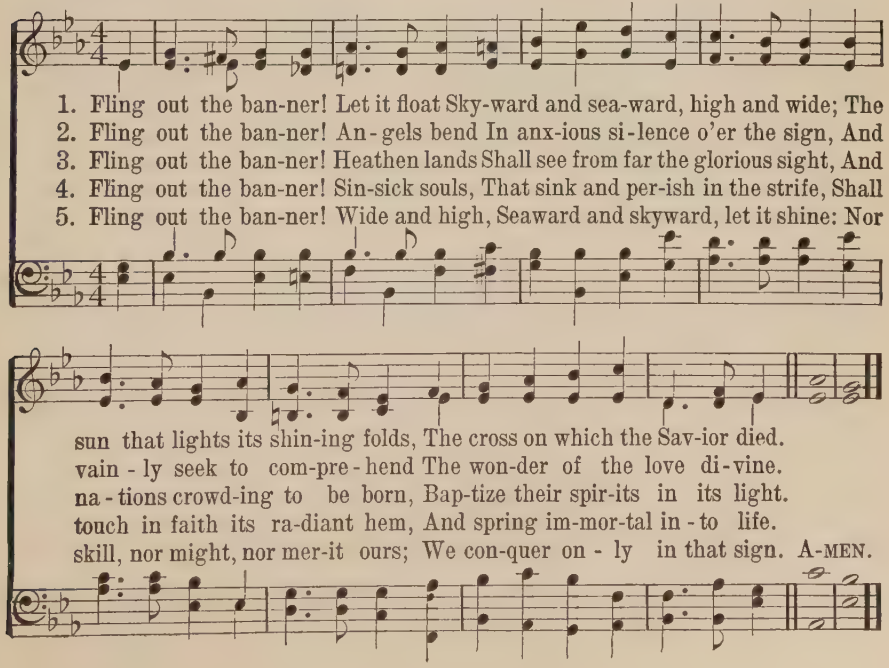

1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how man-y thou-sands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-rious;

O Zion, Haste.


Refrain.
One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub-lish glad ti-dings,
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je-sus will re-pay.
Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-men.

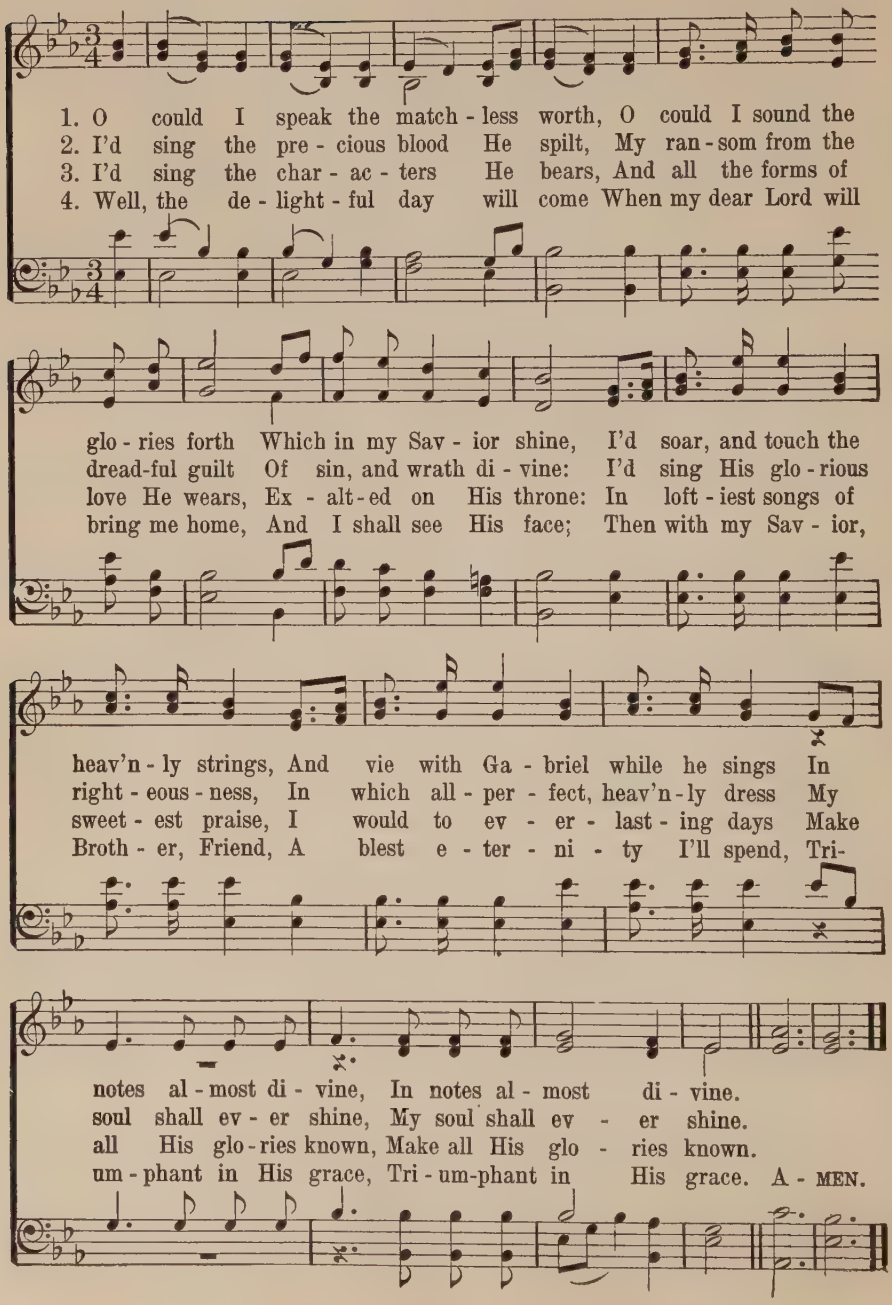
47 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

George W. Doane. *Doane. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.

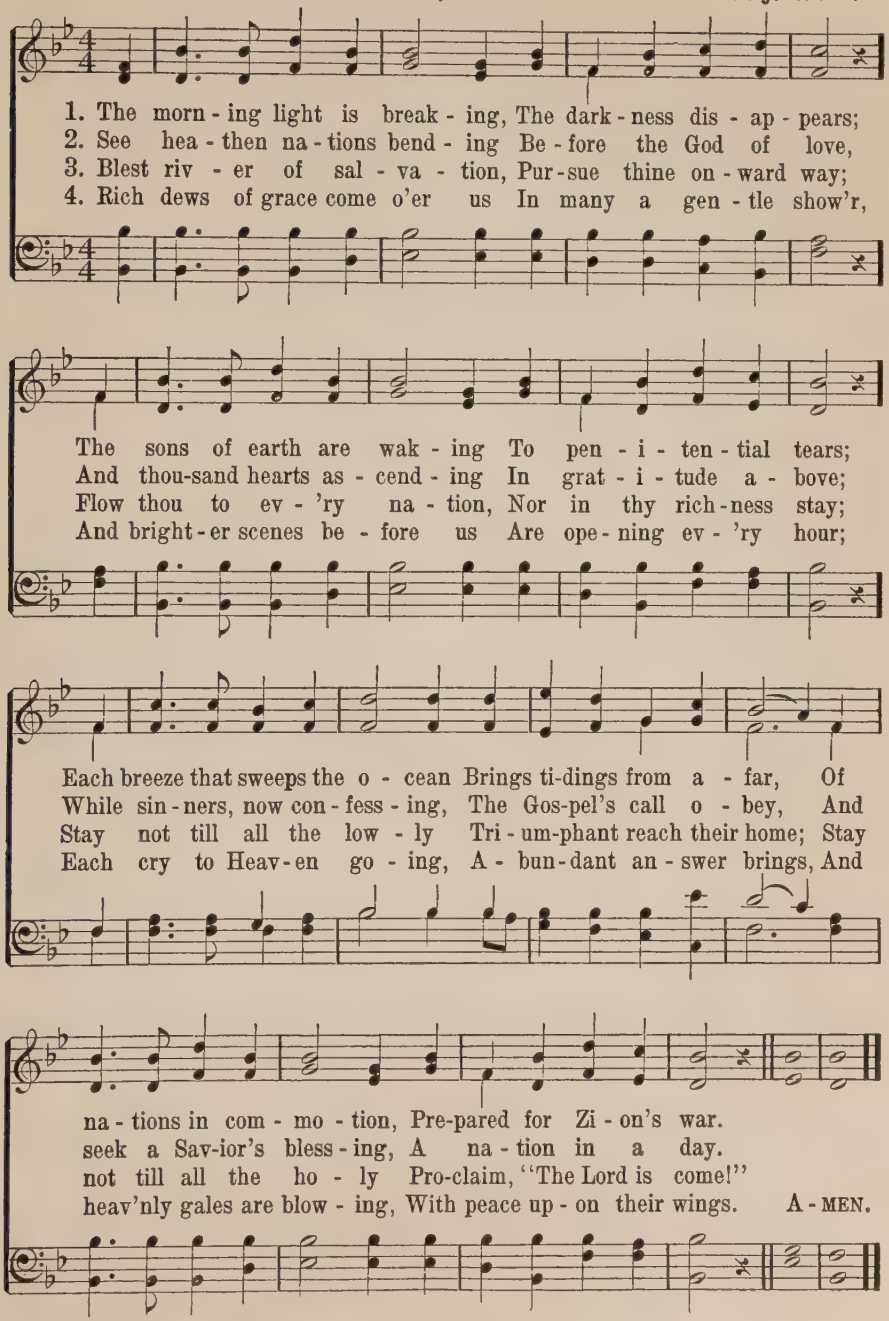

1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight, And
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine: Nor
sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
na-tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life.
skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on-ly in that sign. A-men.

48 O Could I Speak.

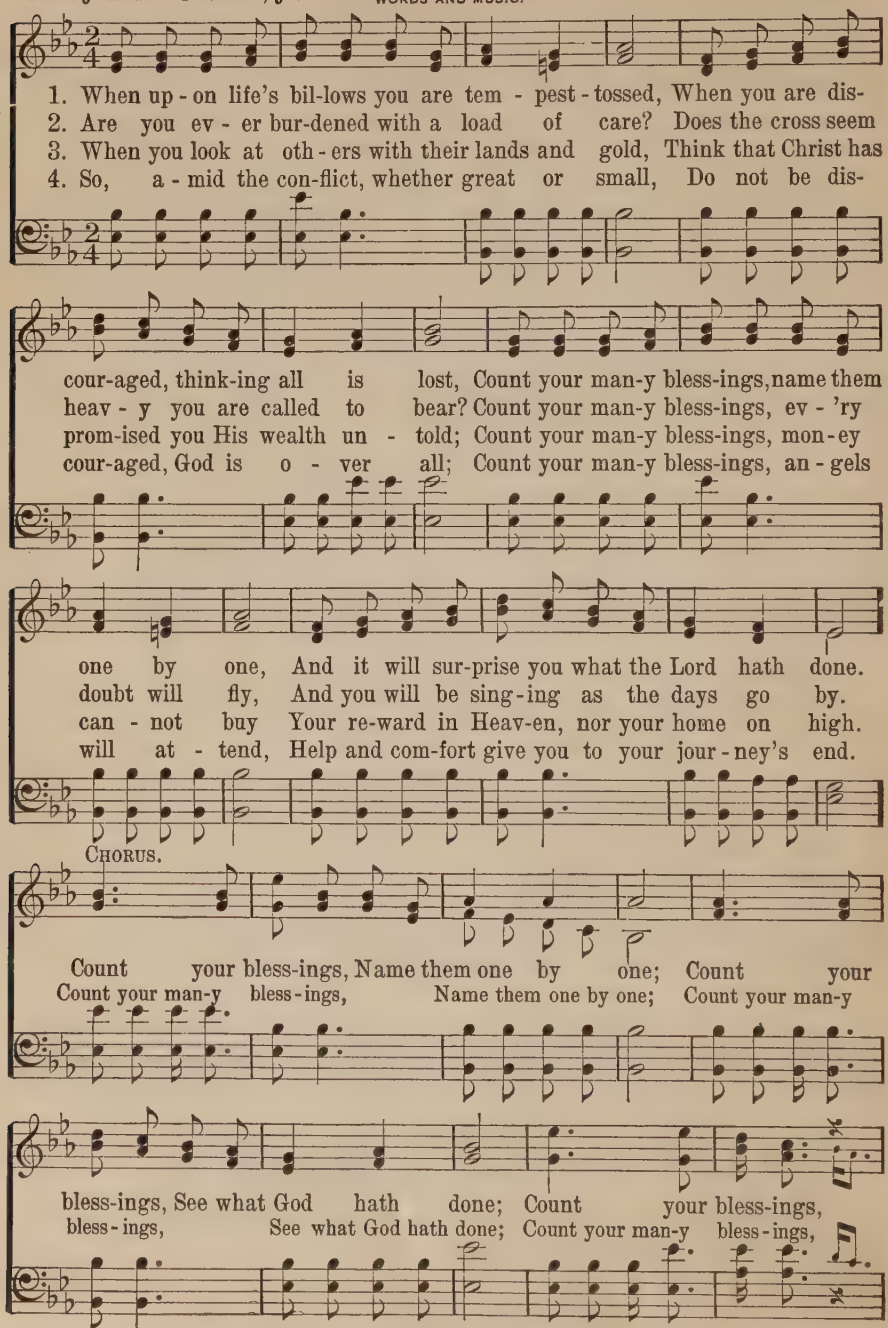
Samuel Medley. *Ariel.* 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will
glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious
love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,
heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In
right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-
notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
um - phant in His grace, Tri - um-phant in His grace. A - MEN.

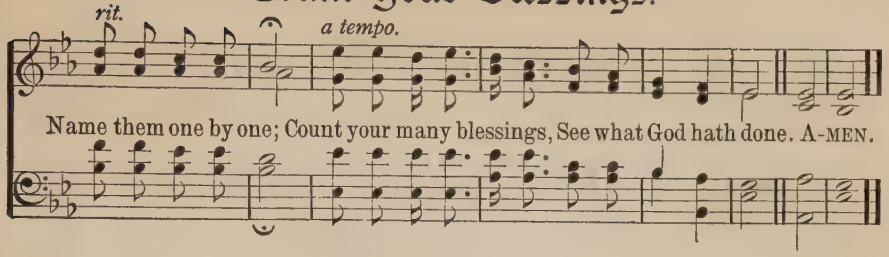
49 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* G. J. Webb.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou-sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far, Of
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos-pel's call o - bey, And
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home; Stay
Each cry to Heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings, And
na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!"
heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.

50 Count Your Blessings.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,

Count Your Blessings.



51 Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

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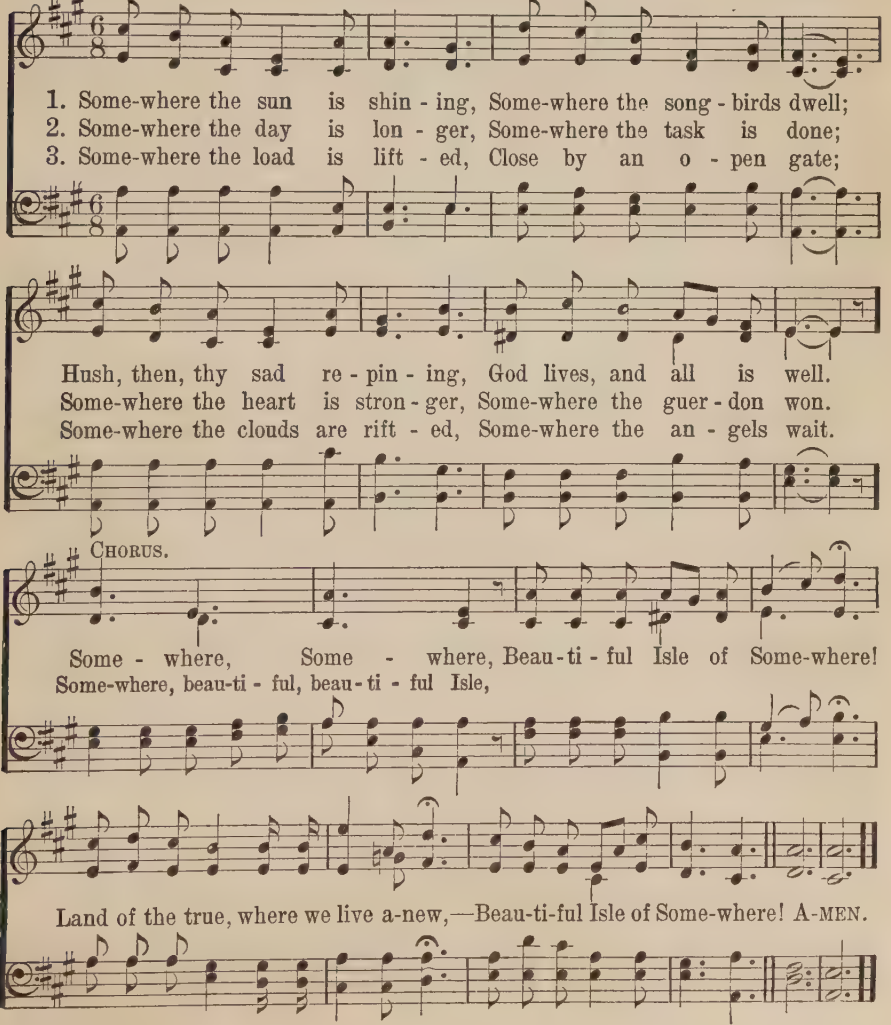
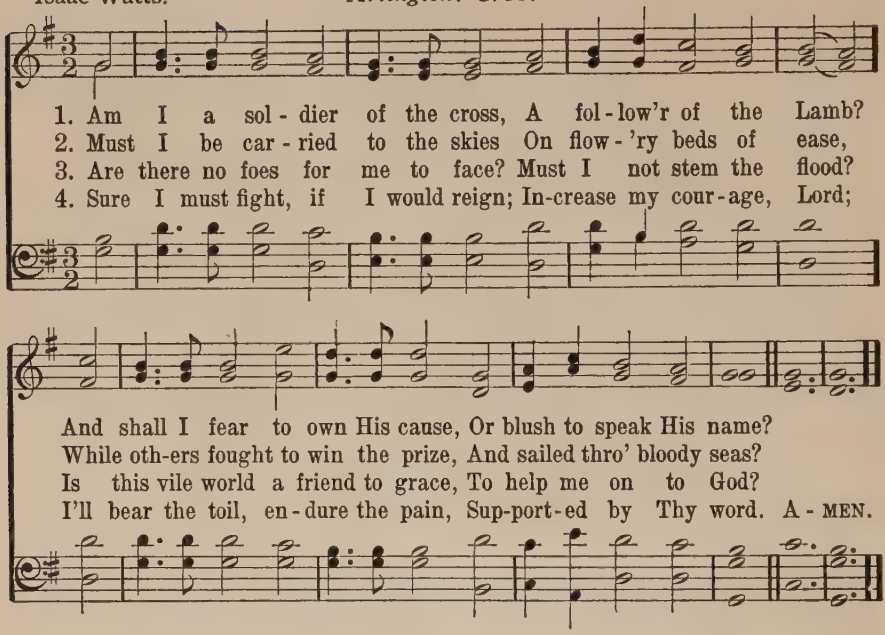
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.


1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.
CHORUS.
Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,
Land of the true, where we live a-new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where! A-MEN.

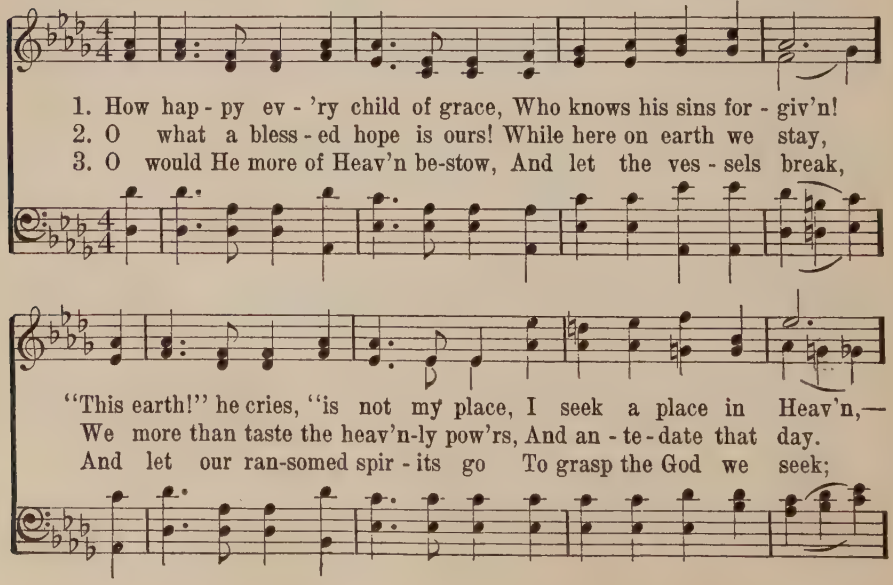
52 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. *Arlington. C. M.* Thomas A. Arne.

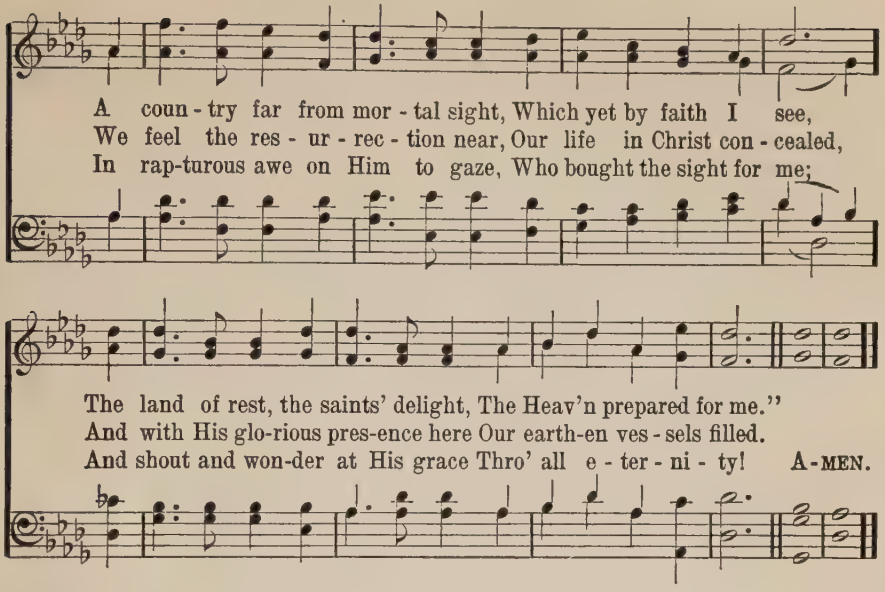

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour - age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A - MEN.

53 How Happy Every Child of Grace.

Charles Wesley. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

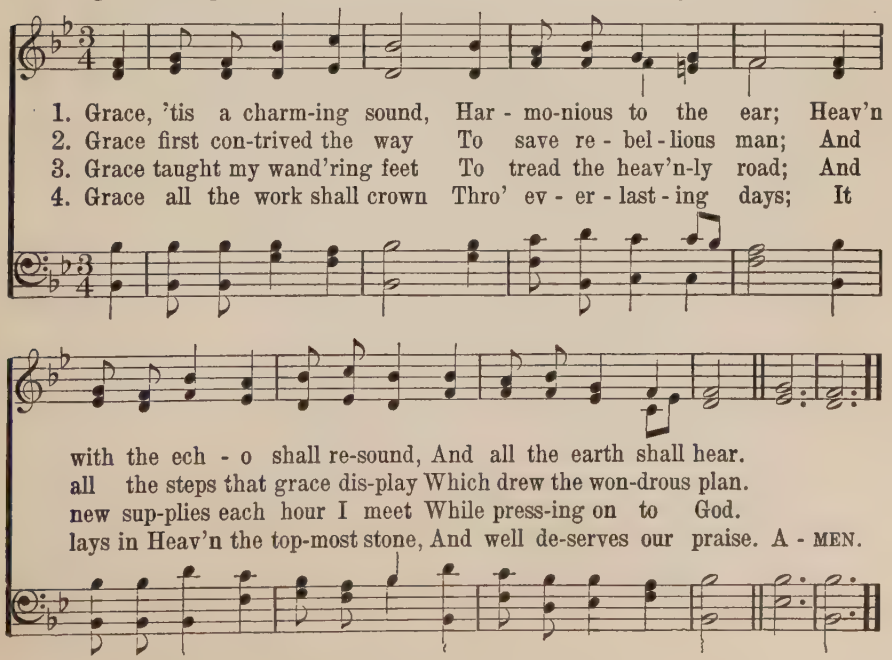

1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n!
2. O what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
3. O would He more of Heav'n be-stow, And let the ves - sels break,
"This earth!" he cries, "is not my place, I seek a place in Heav'n,—
We more than taste the heav'n-ly pow'rs, And an - te - date that day.
And let our ran-somed spir - its go To grasp the God we seek;

How Happy Every Child of Grace.


A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, Which yet by faith I see,
We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ con - cealed,
In rap-turous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me;
The land of rest, the saints' delight, The Heav'n prepared for me."
And with His glo-rious pres-ence here Our earth-en ves - sels filled.
And shout and won-der at His grace Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty! A-MEN.

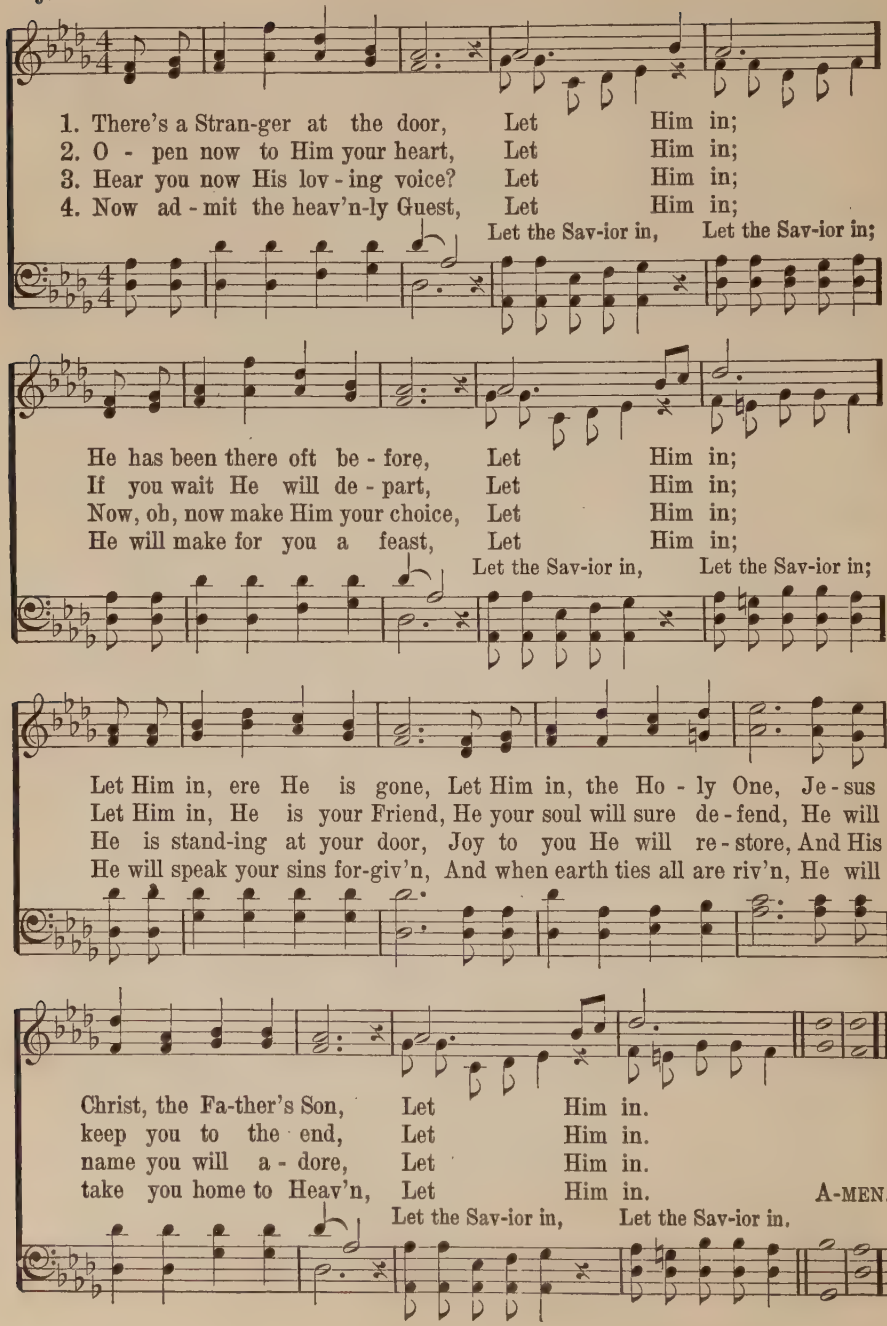
54 Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.

Philip Doddridge. *Olmutz. S. M.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n
2. Grace first con-trived the way To save re - bel - lious man; And
3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet To tread the heav'n-ly road; And
4. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It
with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
all the steps that grace dis-play Which drew the won-drous plan.
new sup-plies each hour I meet While press-ing on to God.
lays in Heav'n the top-most stone, And well de-serves our praise. A - MEN.

55 Let Him In.

J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.


1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will
Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

56 Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

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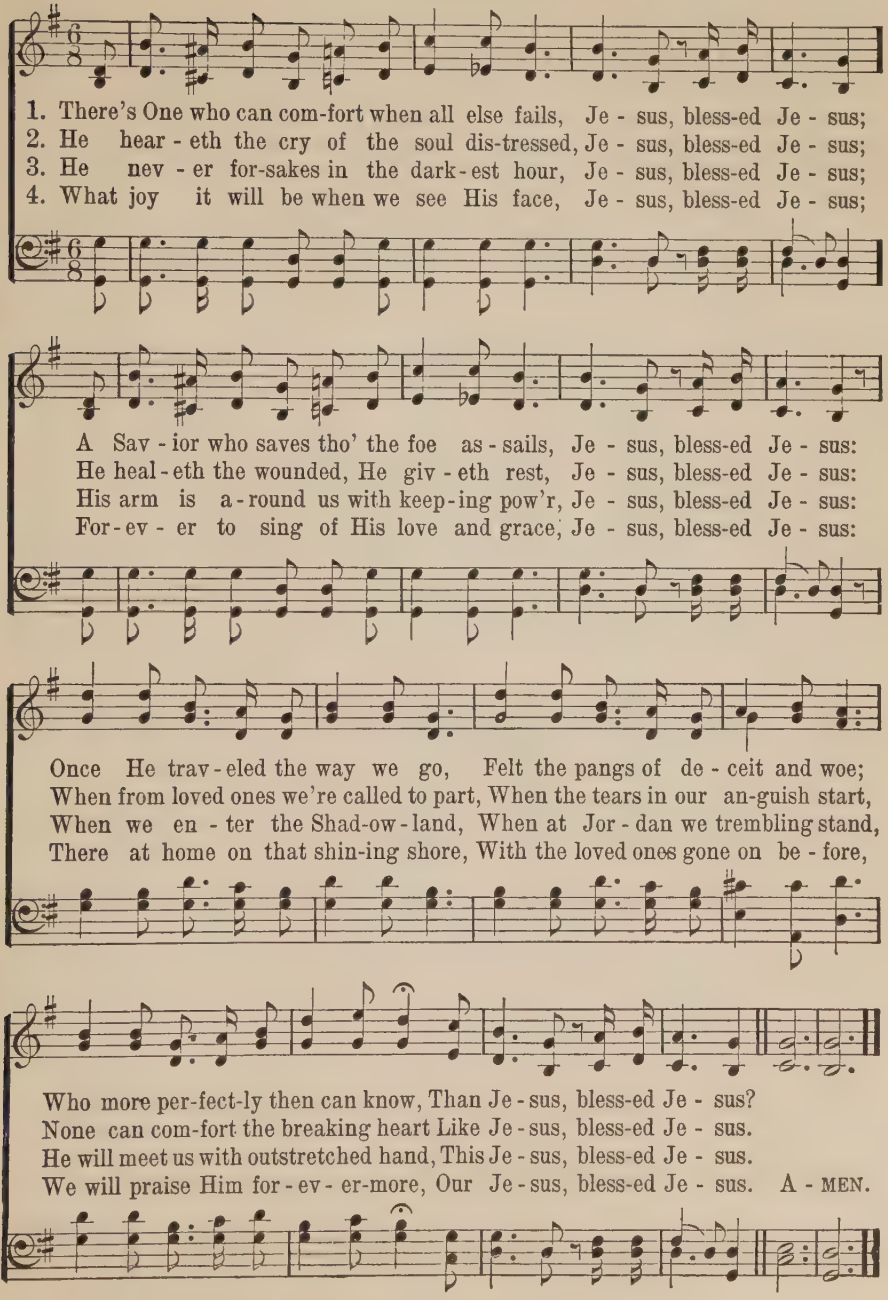
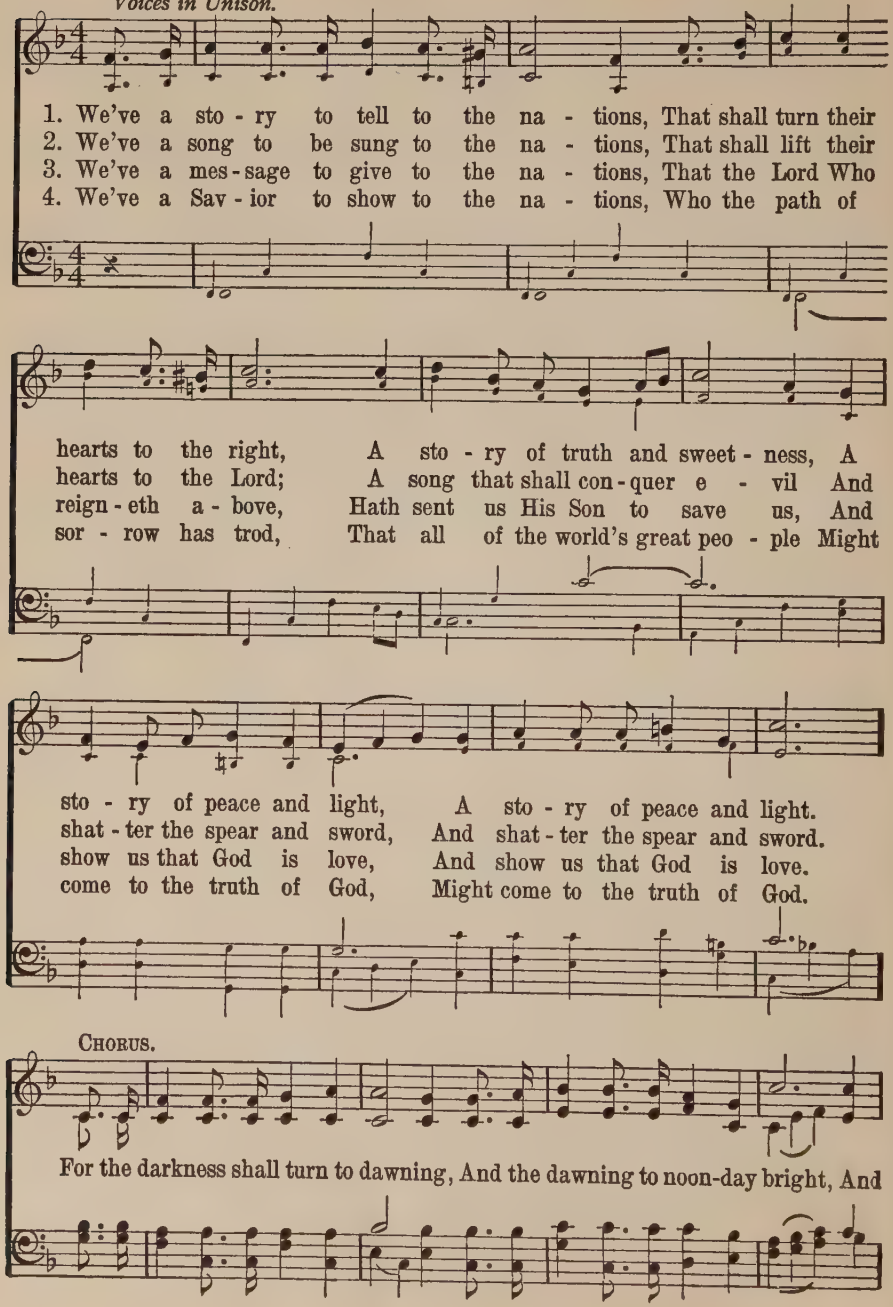

1. There's One who can com-fort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear - eth the cry of the soul dis-tressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as - sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
He heal - eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
His arm is a - round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
Once He trav - eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin-ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,
Who more per-fect-ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
None can com-fort the breaking heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er-more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. A - MEN.

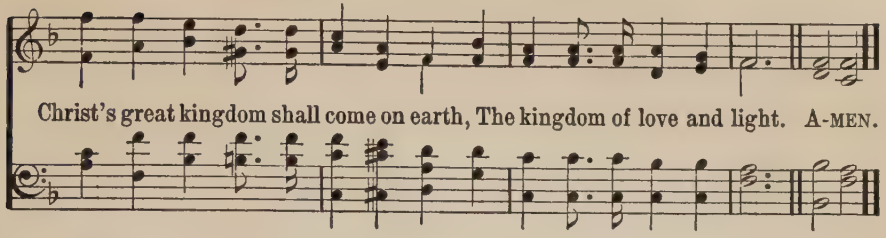
57 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sterne. *Sterne. 10. 8. 7. 7. 7.* H. Ernest Nichol.

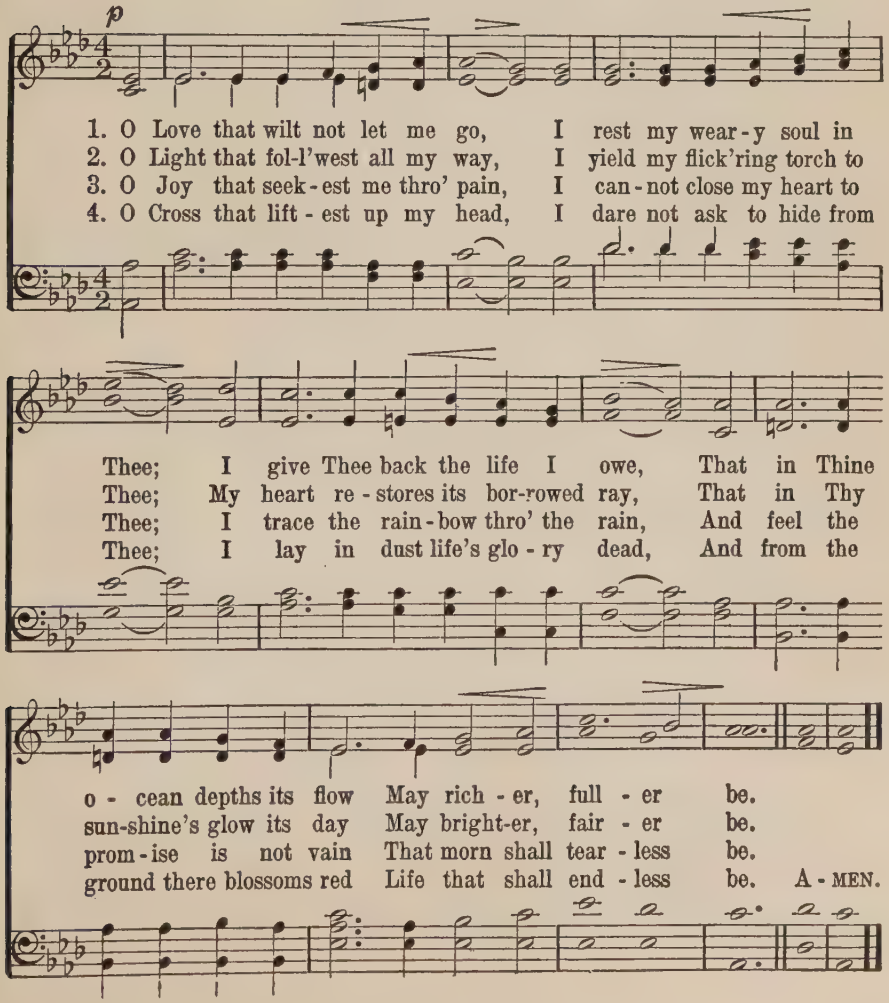
Voices in Unison.


1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.
Chorus.
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And

We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

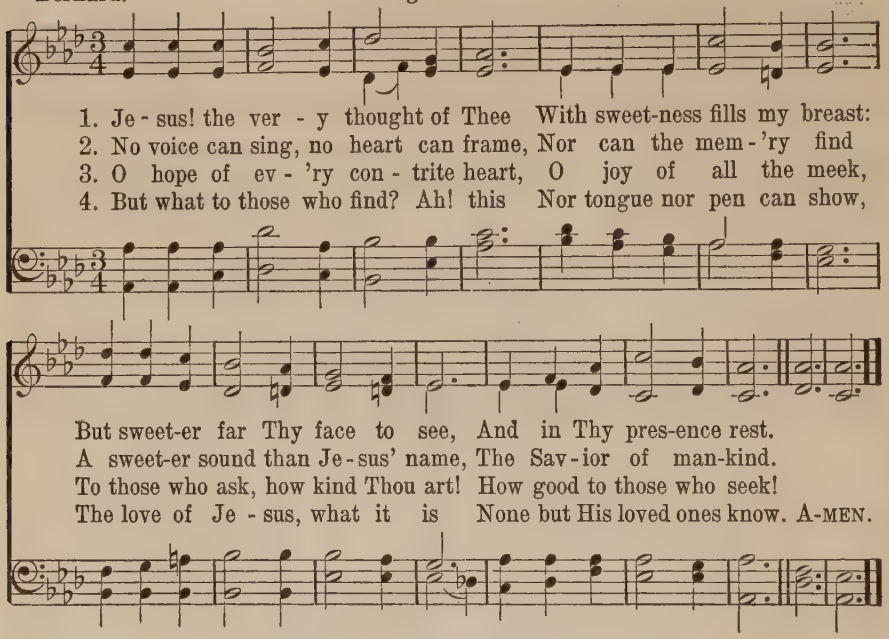


58 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. *Margaret. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.* A. L. Peace.

p
1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in
2. O Light that fol-l'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from
Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine
Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy
Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the
o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be.
sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair-er be.
prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
ground there blossoms red Life that shall end-less be. A-MEN.

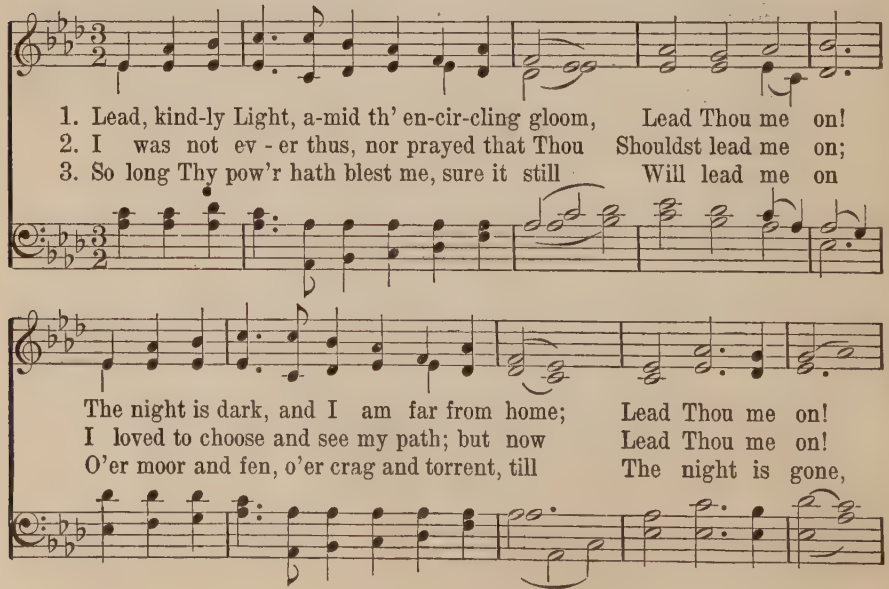
59 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard. *St. Agnes. C. M.* J. B. Dykes.

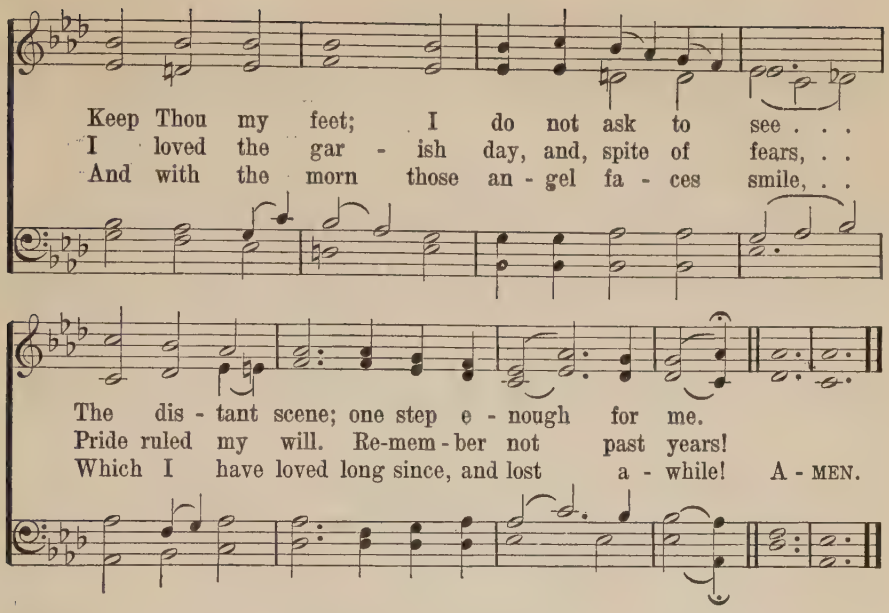

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast:
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show,
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav - ior of man-kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A-MEN.

60 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.* John B. Dykes.

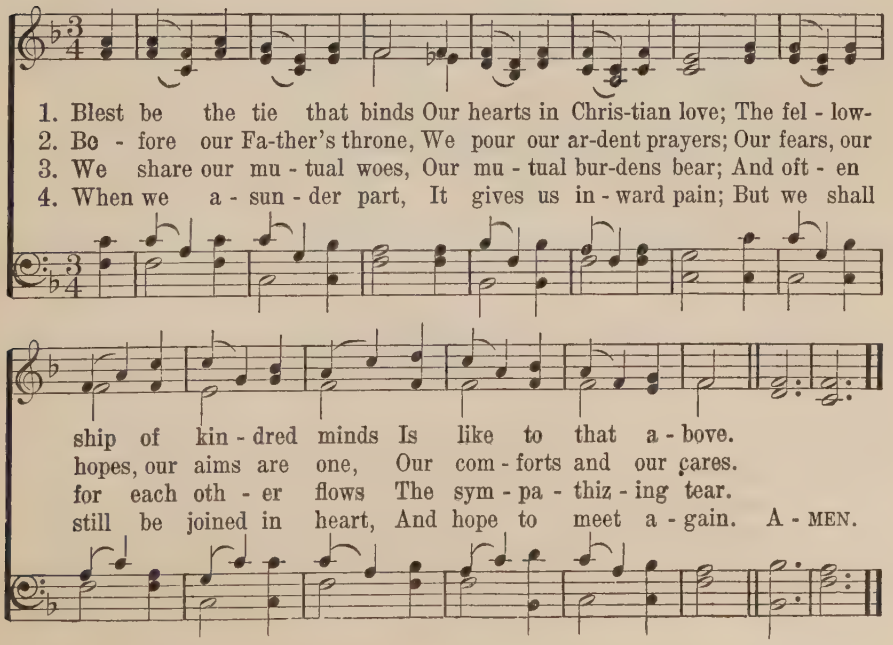

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Lead, Kindly Light.


Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

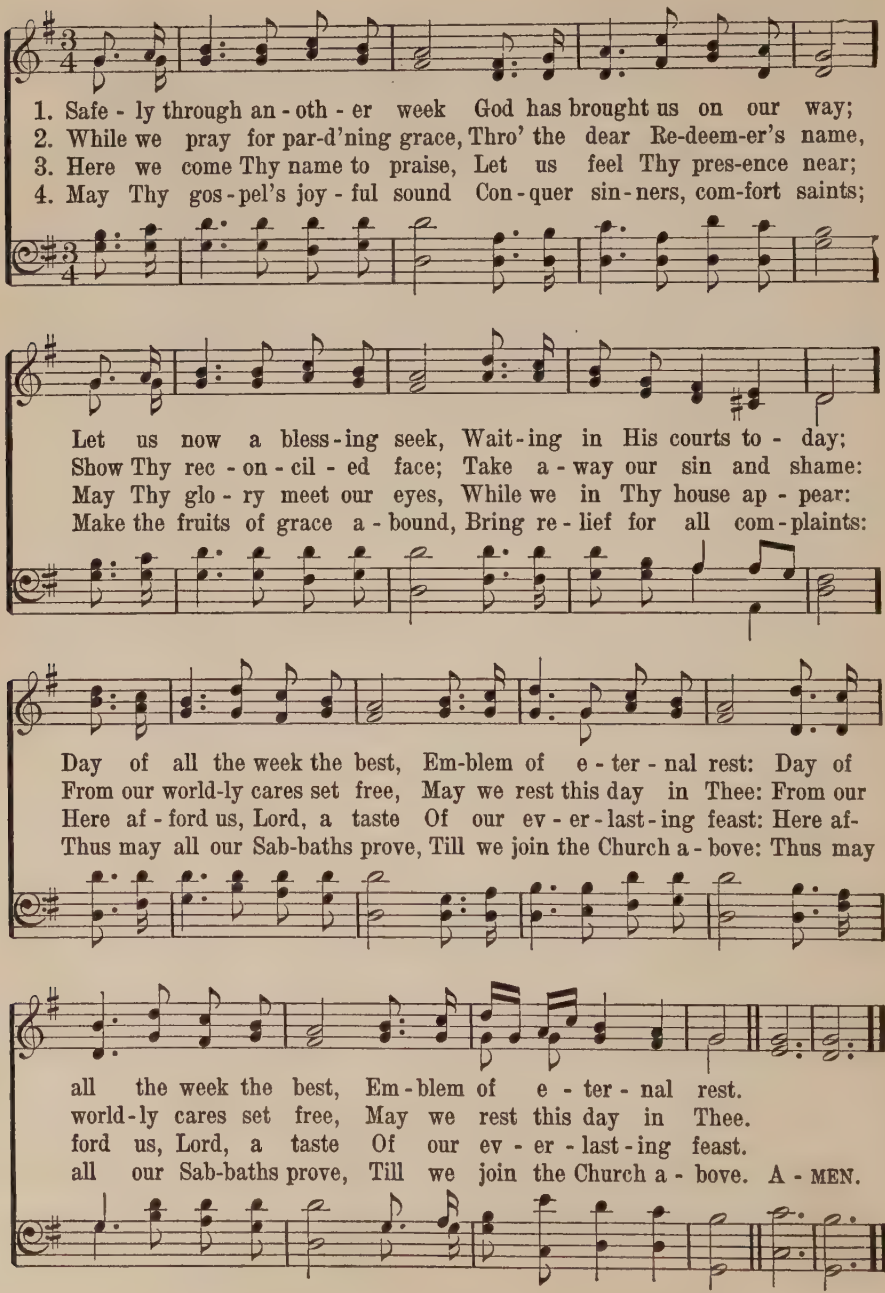
61 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. *Dennis. S. M.* Hans G. Naegeli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall
ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

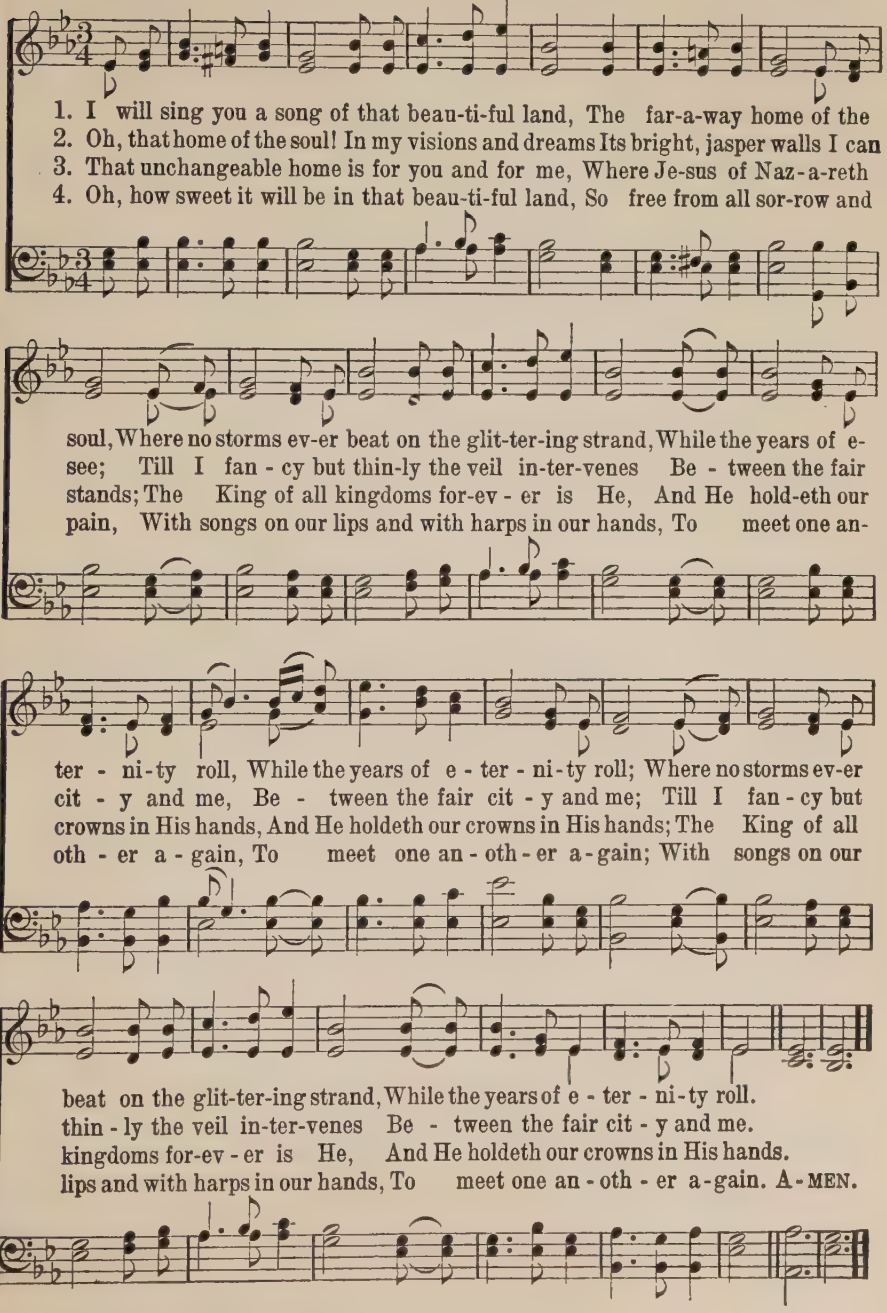
62 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Sabbath. 7s.* Lowell Mason.

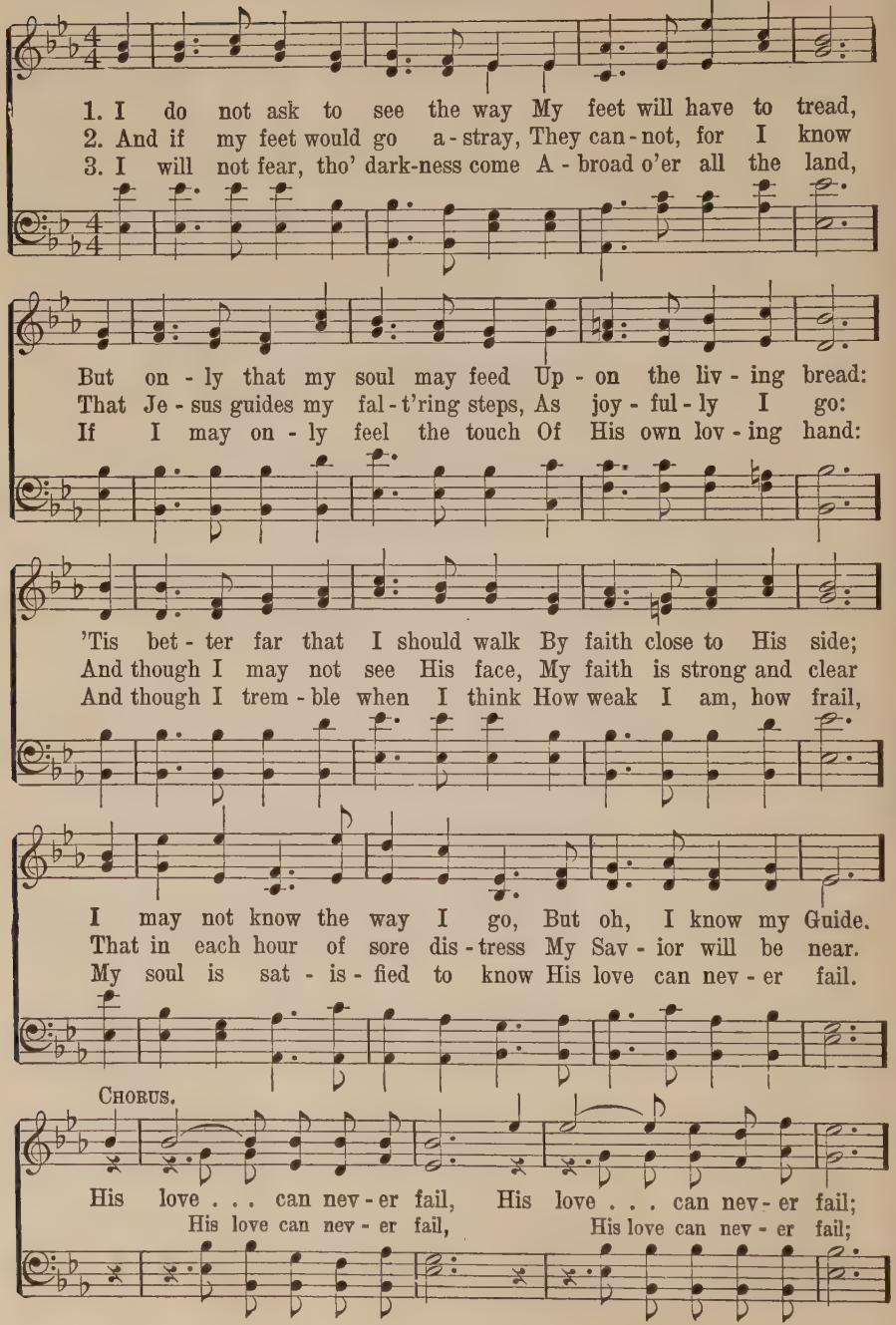

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af-
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may
all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.

63 I Will Sing You a Song.

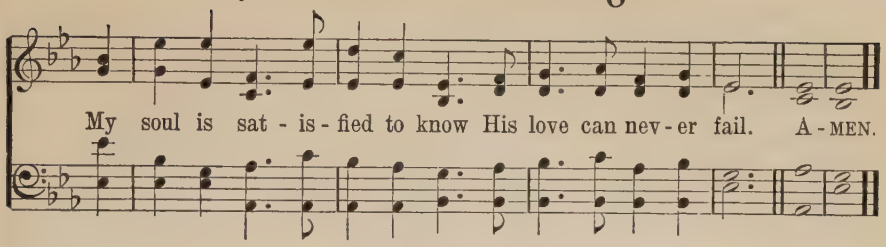
Ellen H. Gates. *Home of the Soul.* Philip Phillips.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the
2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper walls I can
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and
soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-
see; Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair
stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He hold-eth our
pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-
ter - ni-ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll; Where no storms ev-er
cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but
crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all
oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs on our
beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll.
thin - ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a-gain. A-MEN.

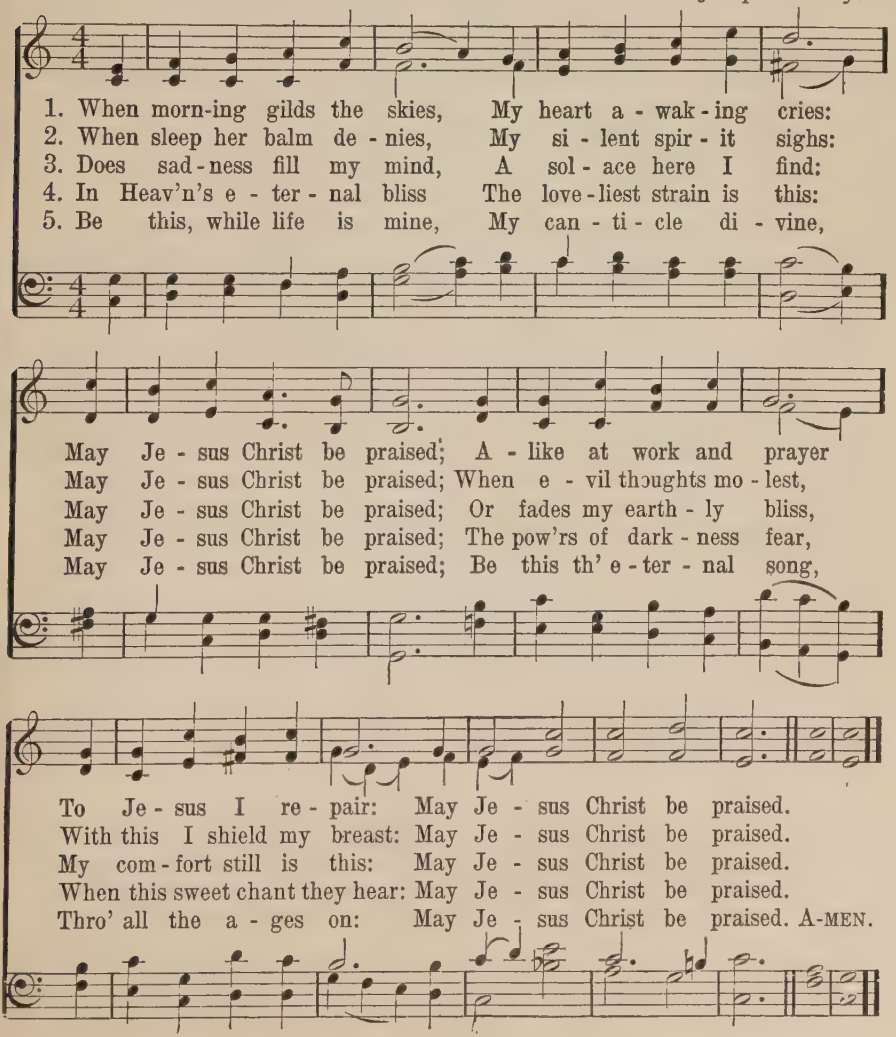
64 His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread,
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,
But on-ly that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread:
That Je-sus guides my fal-t'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go:
If I may on-ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand:
'Tis bet-ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side;
And though I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear
And though I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,
I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis-tress My Sav-ior will be near.
My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.
Chorus.
His love . . . can nev-er fail, His love . . . can nev-er fail;
His love can nev-er fail, His love can nev-er fail;

His Love Can Never Fail.

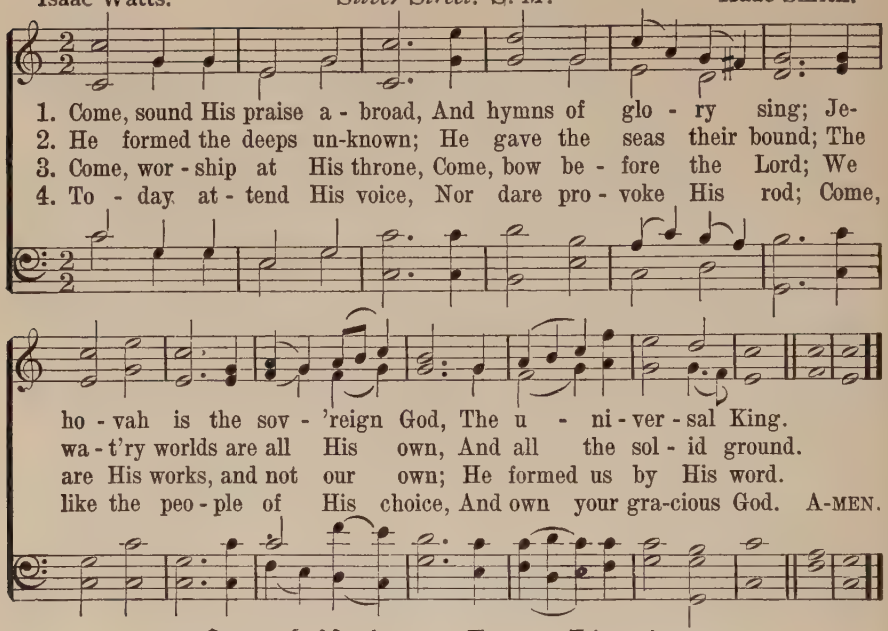


65 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German. Sir Joseph Barnby.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
4. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer
May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song,
To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a - ges on: May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - MEN.

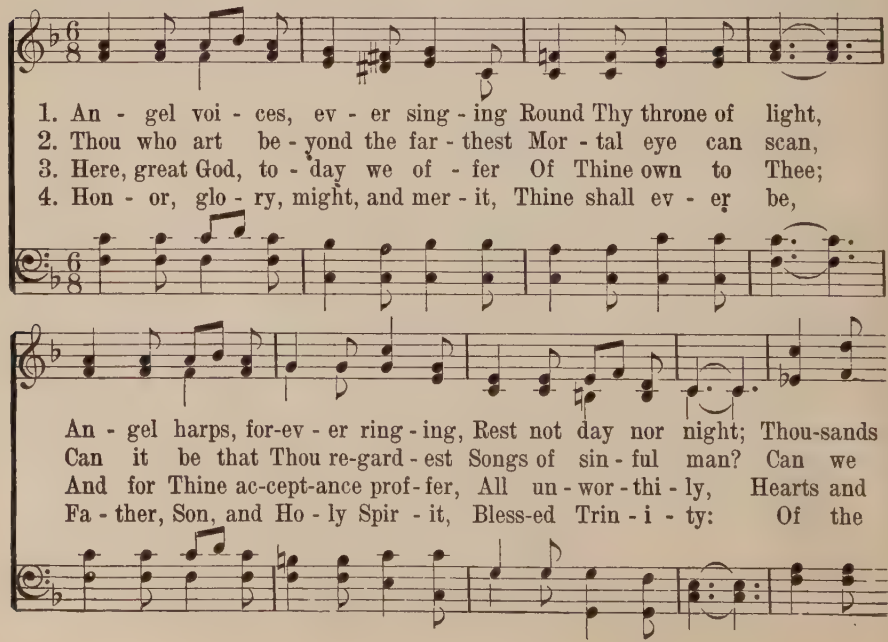
66 Come, Sound His Praise.

Isaac Watts. *Silver Street. S. M.* Isaac Smith.

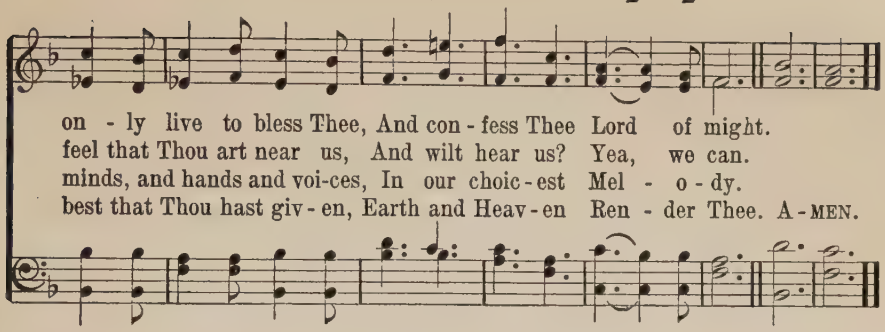

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-
2. He formed the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The
3. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,
ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
wa - t'ry worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra-cious God. A-MEN.

67 Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

Francis Pott. *Angel Voices. 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3.* Sir Arthur Sullivan.

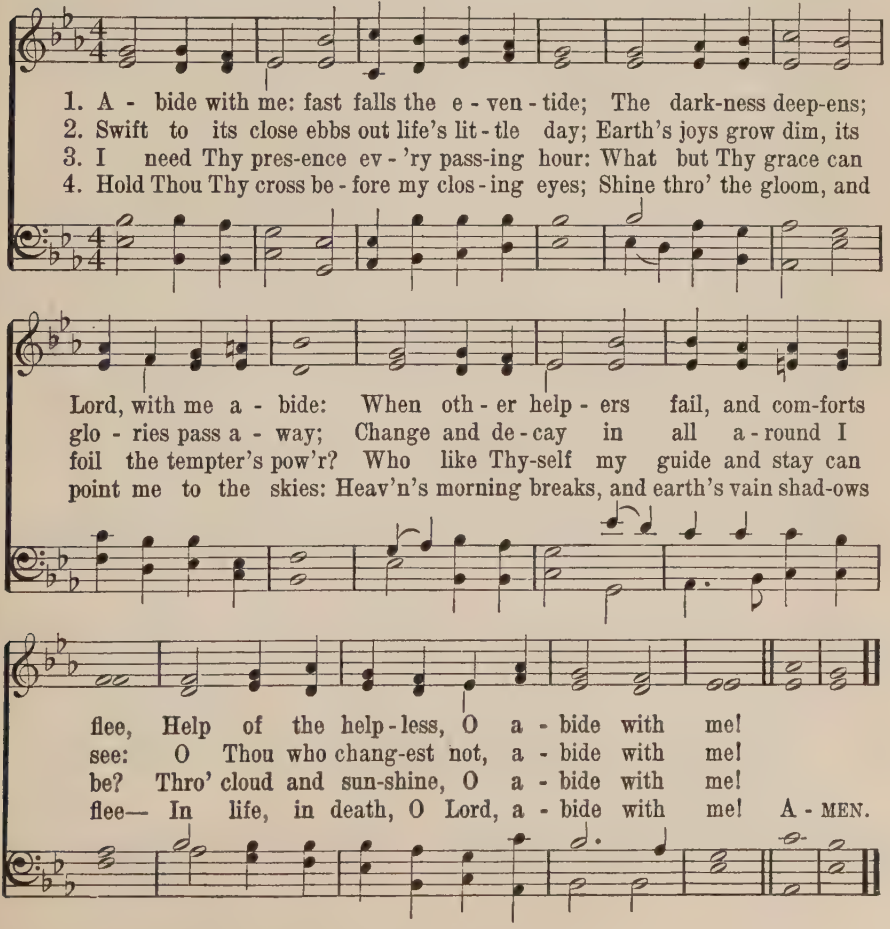

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;
4. Hon - or, glo - ry, might, and mer - it, Thine shall ev - er be,
An - gel harps, for-ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; Thou-sands
Can it be that Thou re-gard - est Songs of sin - ful man? Can we
And for Thine ac-cept-ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly, Hearts and
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty: Of the

Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

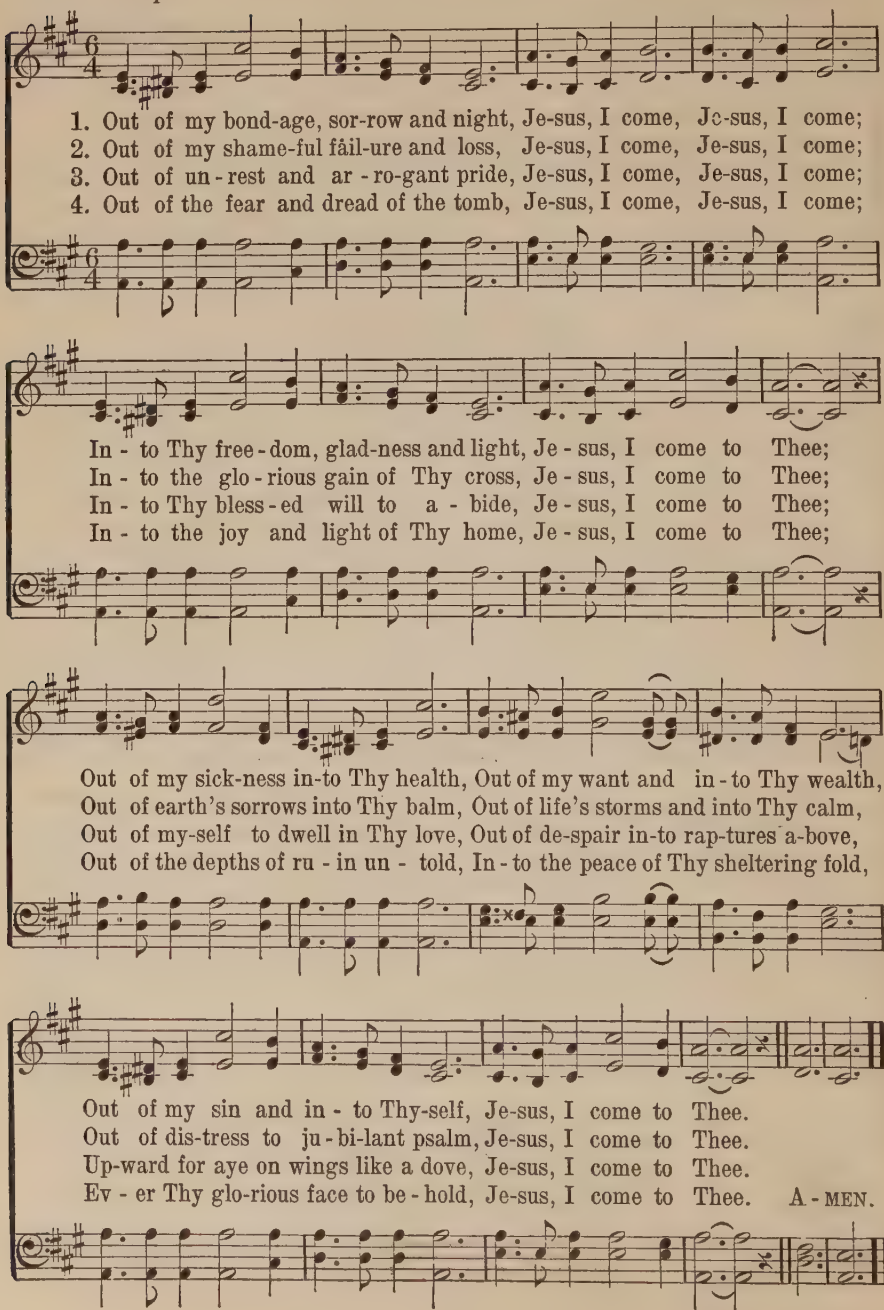

on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might.
feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
minds, and hands and voi-ces, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.
best that Thou hast giv - en, Earth and Heav - en Ren - der Thee. A - MEN.

68 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. *Eventide. 10s.* W. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and
Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows
flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

69 Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fâil-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee. A-MEN.

Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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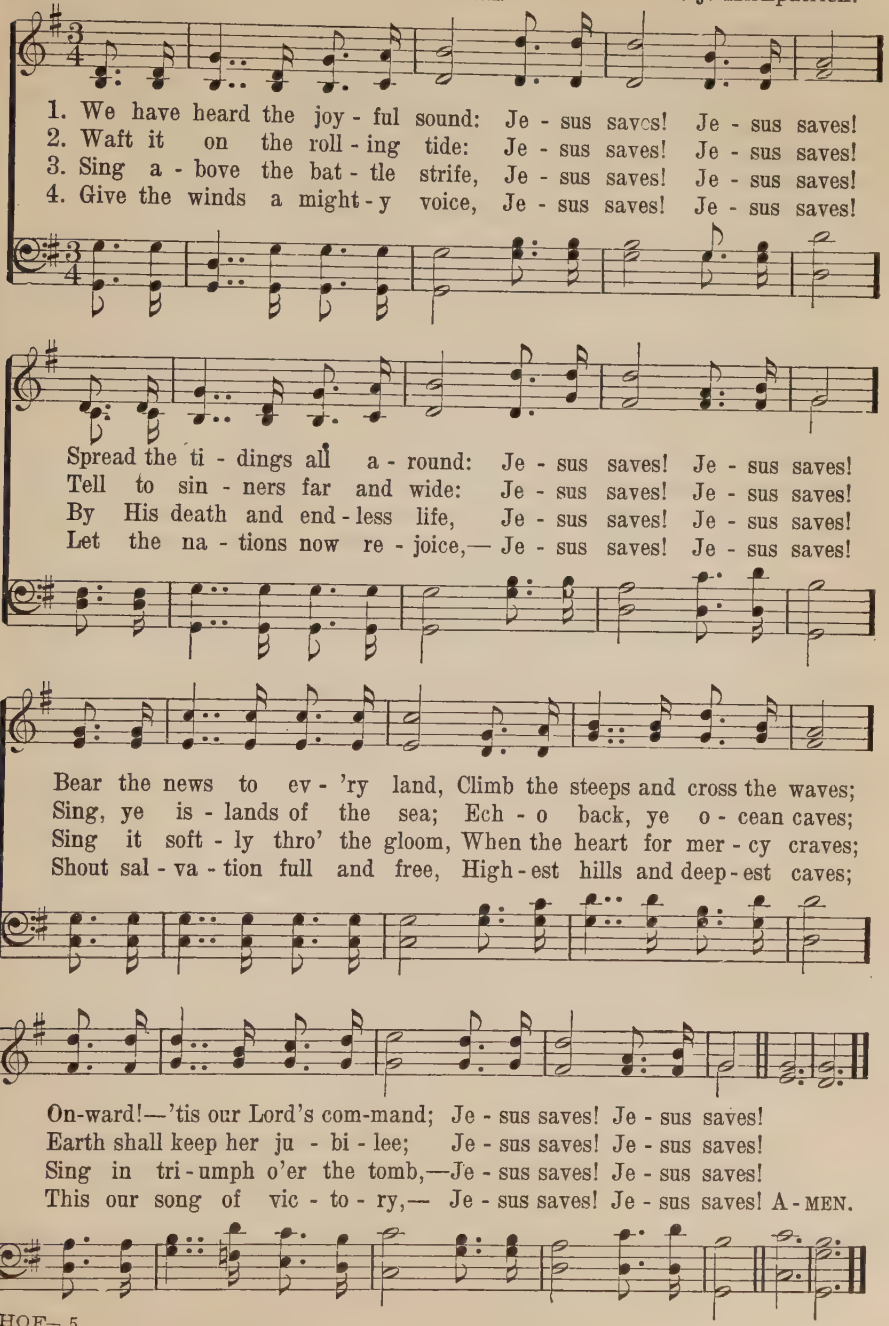
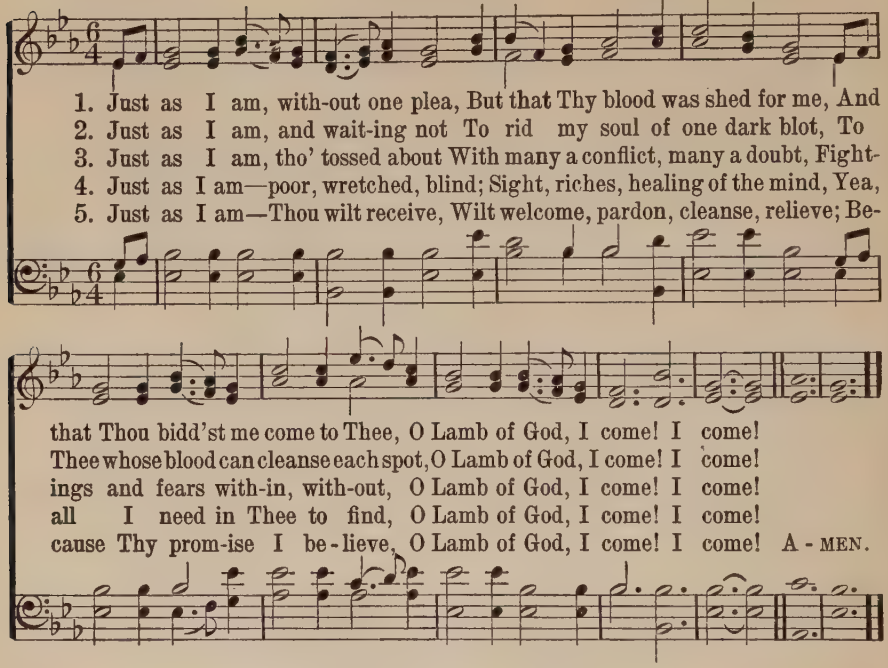
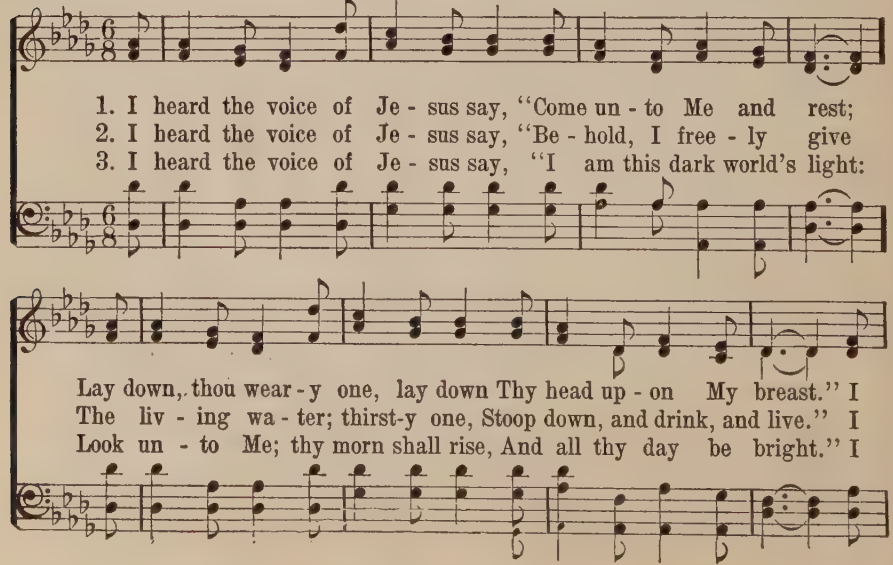
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;
On-ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! A - MEN.

71 Just As I Am.

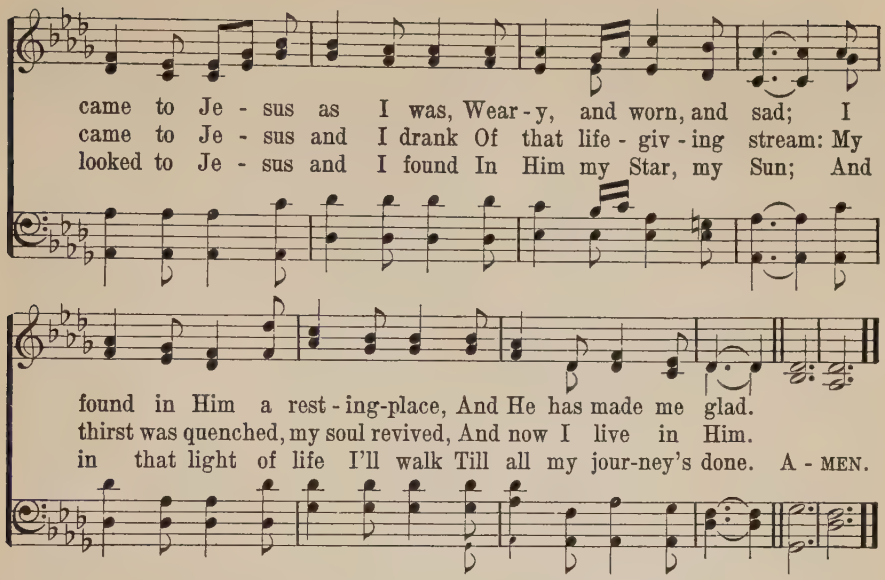
Charlotte Elliott. *Woodworth. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-
that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A-MEN.

72 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. *Jerusalem. C. M. D.* Arr. from Spohr.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:
Lay down, thou wear - y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." I
Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.


came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y, and worn, and sad; I
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream: My
looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And
found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done. A - MEN.

73 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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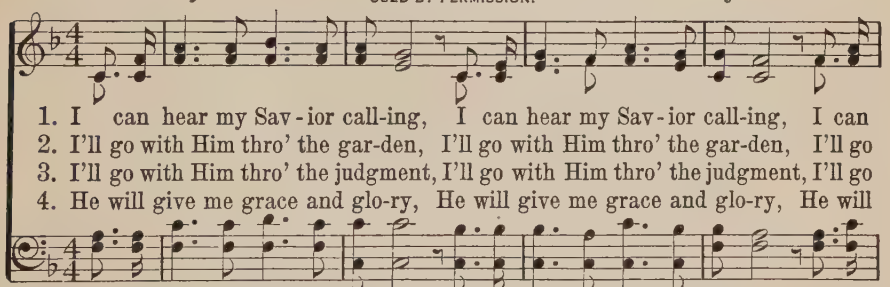
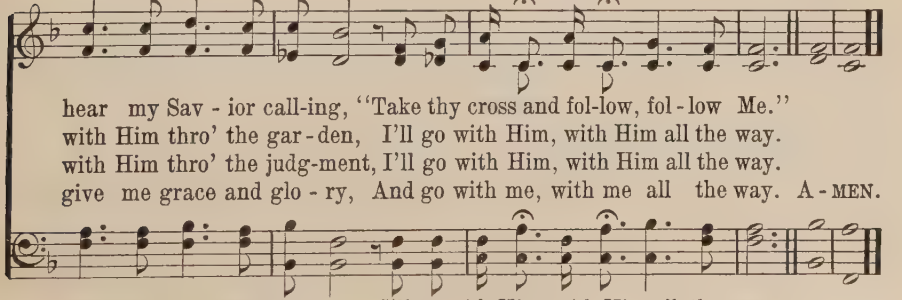
J. S. Norris.

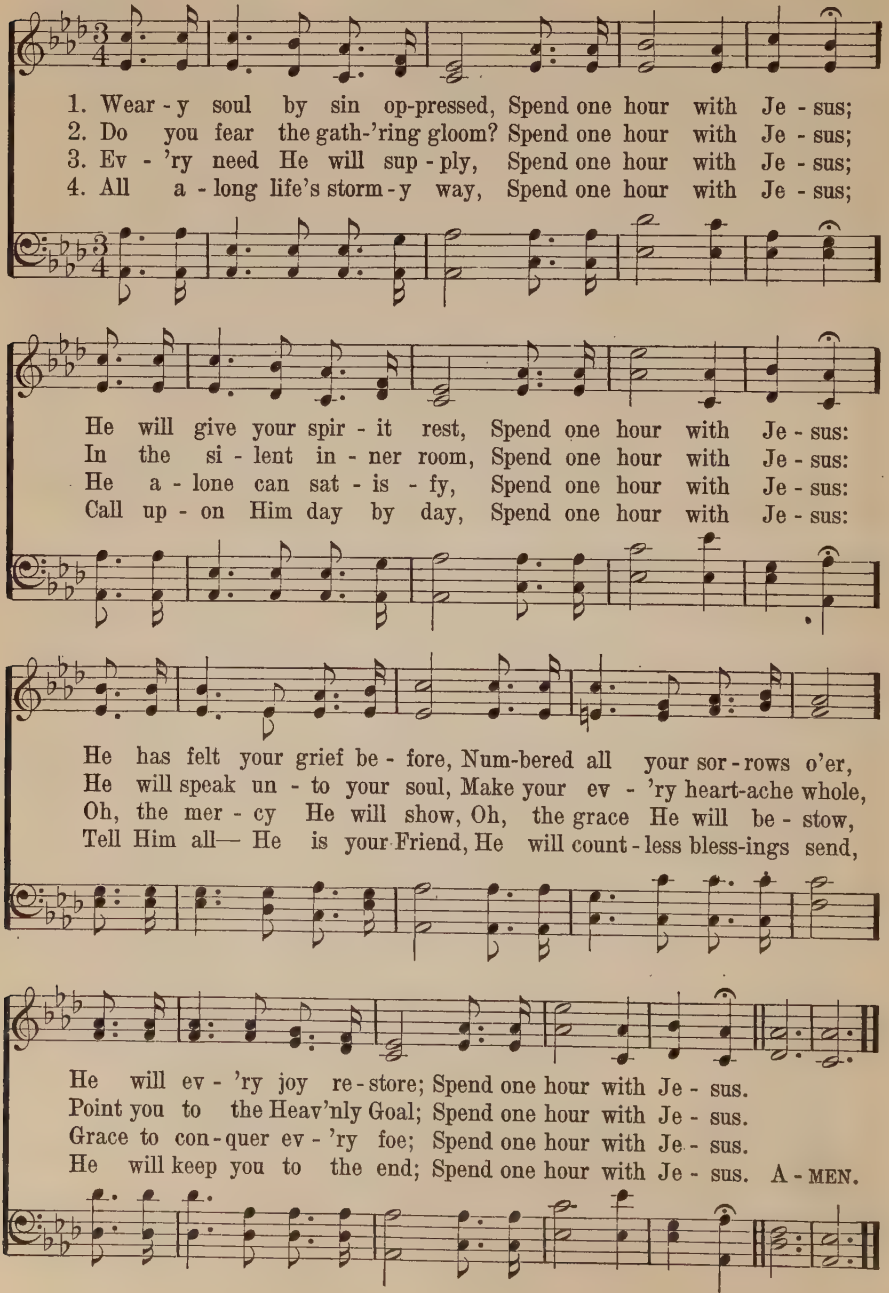

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will

REF.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He*

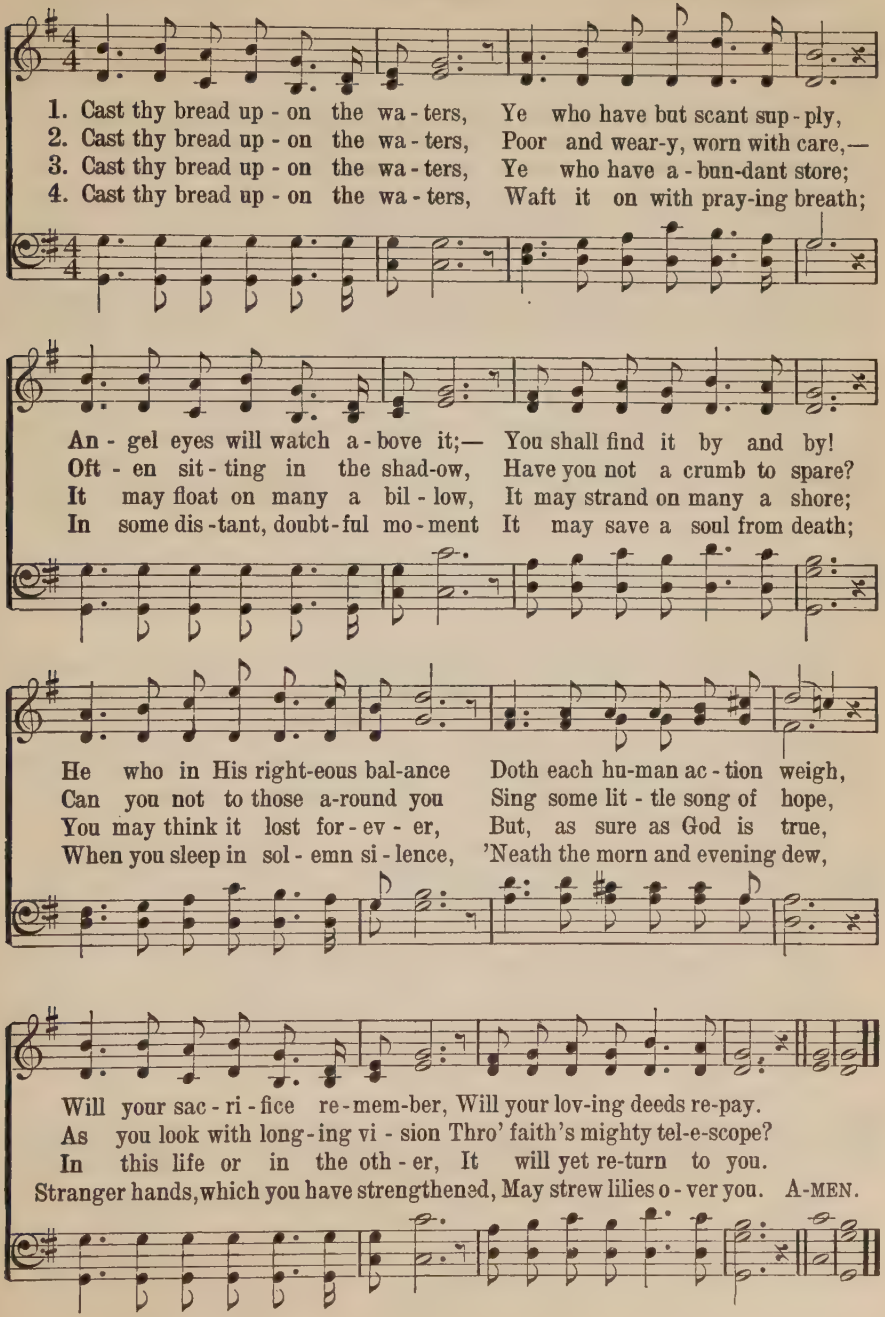

hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.
leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

74 Spend One Hour With Jesus.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm - y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count - less bless-ings send,
He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'nly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus. A - MEN.

75 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

Phœbe J. Hanaford. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. RENEWAL. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Poor and wear-y, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have a - bun-dant store;
4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Waft it on with pray-ing breath;
An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft - en sit - ting in the shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on many a bil - low, It may strand on many a shore;
In some dis - tant, doubt - ful mo - ment It may save a soul from death;
He who in His right-eous bal-ance Doth each hu-man ac - tion weigh,
Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,
When you sleep in sol - emn si - lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Will your sac - ri - fice re - mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
As you look with long - ing vi - sion Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re-turn to you.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o - ver you. A-MEN.

76 Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?

P. P. Bliss.

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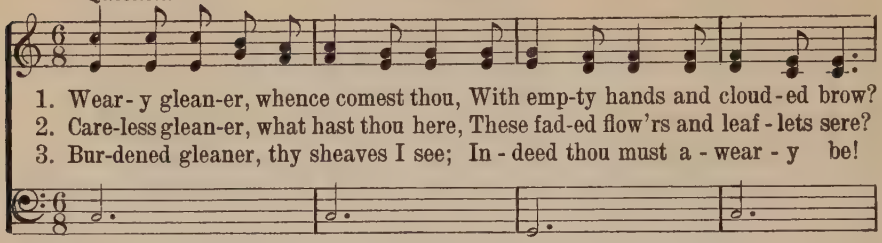
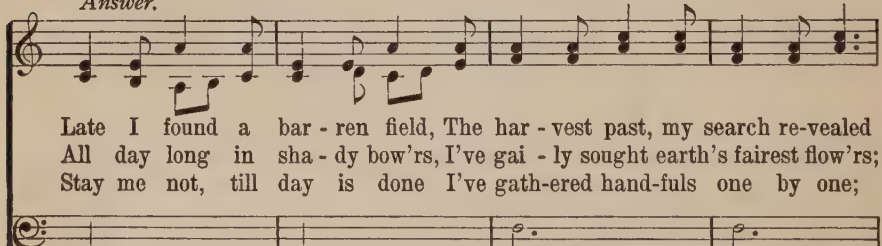
P. P. Bliss.

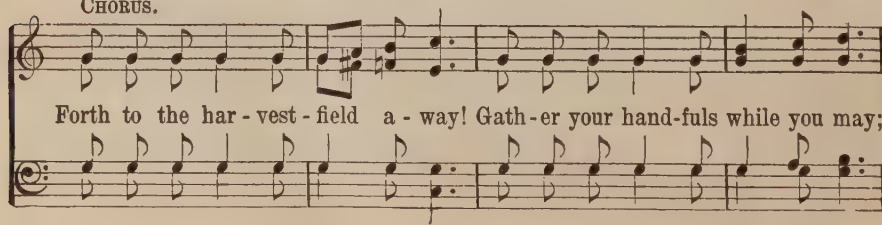
Question.


1. Wear-y glean-er, whence comest thou, With emp-ty hands and cloud-ed brow?
2. Care-less glean-er, what hast thou here, These fad-ed flow'rs and leaf-lets sere?
3. Bur-dened gleaner, thy sheaves I see; In-deed thou must a-wear-y be!
Plod-ding a-long thy lone-ly way, Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Hun-gry and thirst-y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Sing-ing a-long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?

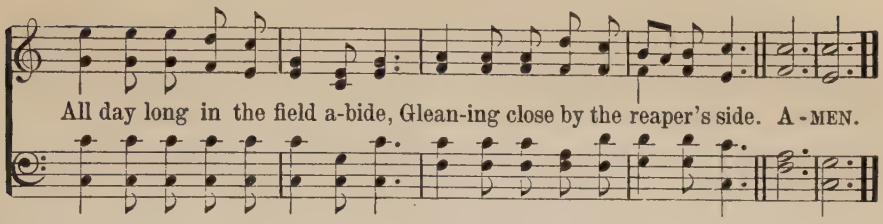
Answer.


Late I found a bar-ren field, The har-vest past, my search re-vealed
All day long in sha-dy bow'rs, I've gai-ly sought earth's fairest flow'rs;
Stay me not, till day is done I've gath-ered hand-fuls one by one;
Oth-ers gold-en sheaves had gained, On-ly stub-ble for me re-mained.
Now, a-las! too late I see All I've gath-ered is van-i-ty.
Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reap-ers I've found them all.

CHORUS.



Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?



77 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

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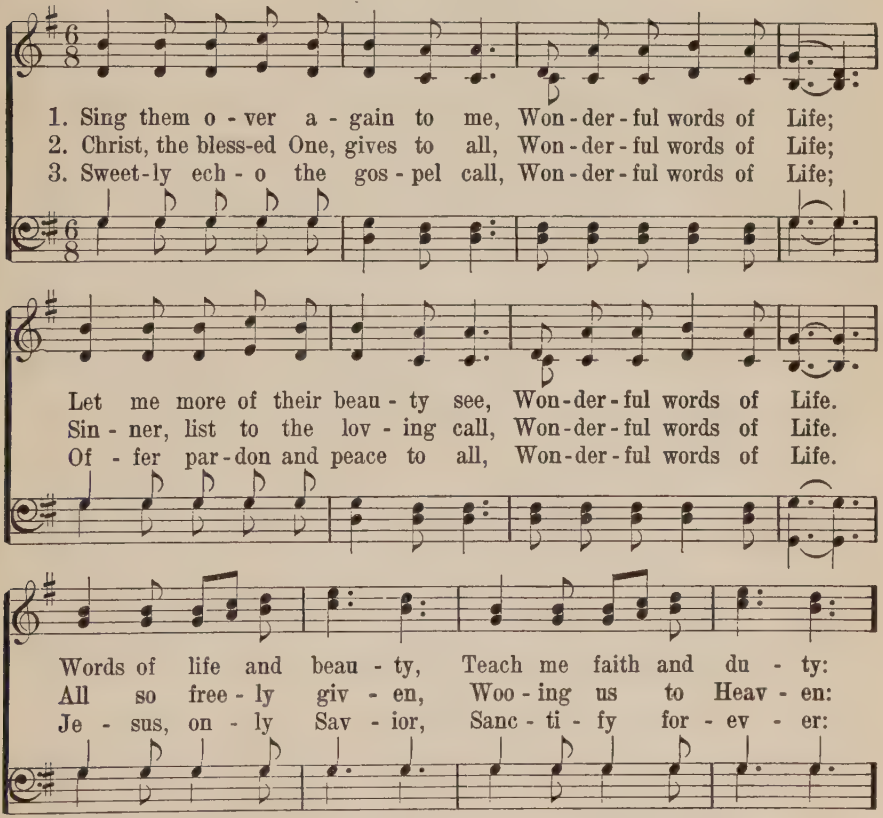
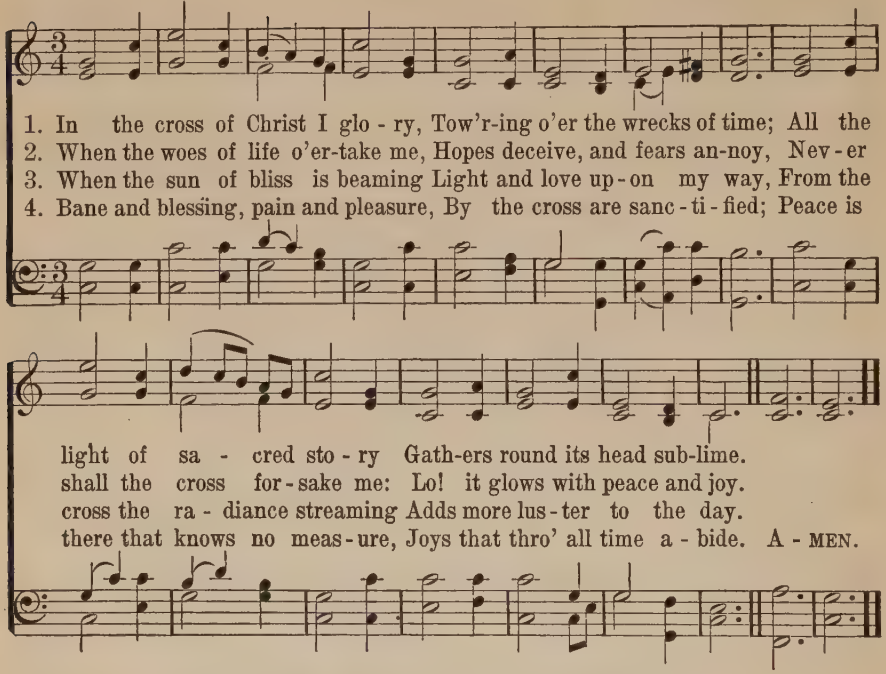
P. P. Bliss.


1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Sin-ner, list to the lov-ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Of-fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and du-ty:
All so free-ly giv-en, Woo-ing us to Heav-en:
Je-sus, on-ly Sav-ior, Sanc-ti-fy for-ev-er:
REFRAIN.
1
2
Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life. Life. A-MEN.

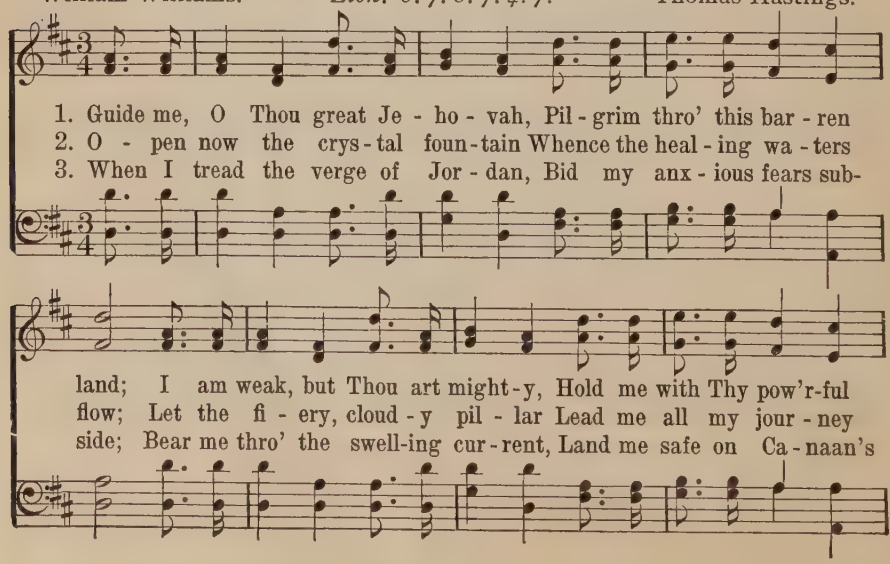
78 In The Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. *Rathbun. 8s. 7s.* Ithamar Conkey.

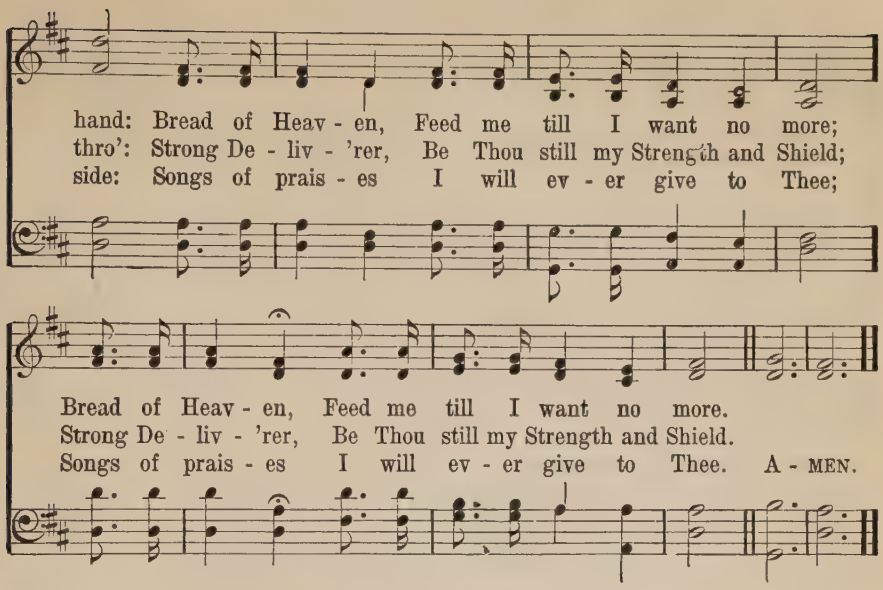

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied; Peace is
light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.
there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

79 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Thomas Hastings.

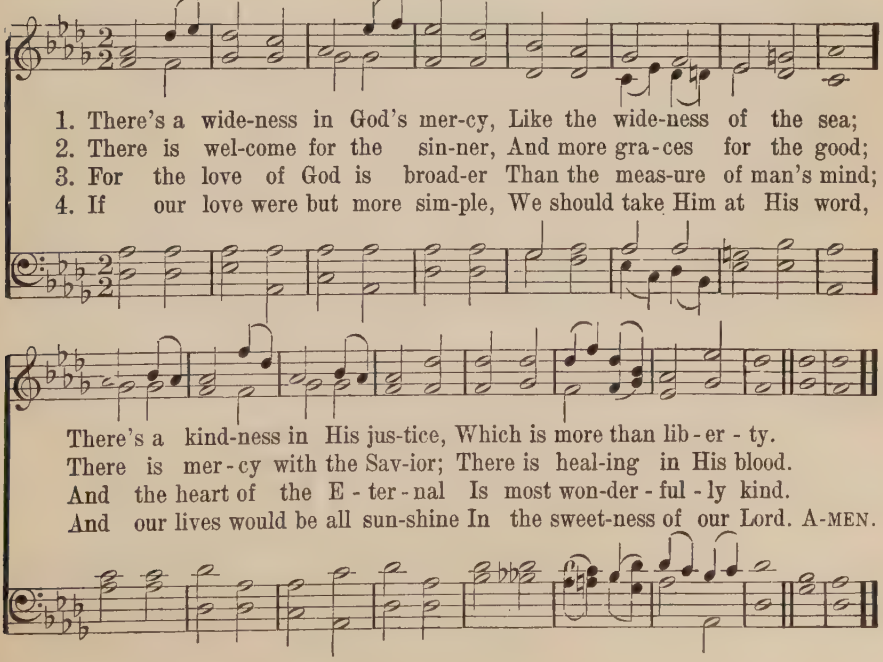

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the heal-ing wa - ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-
land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

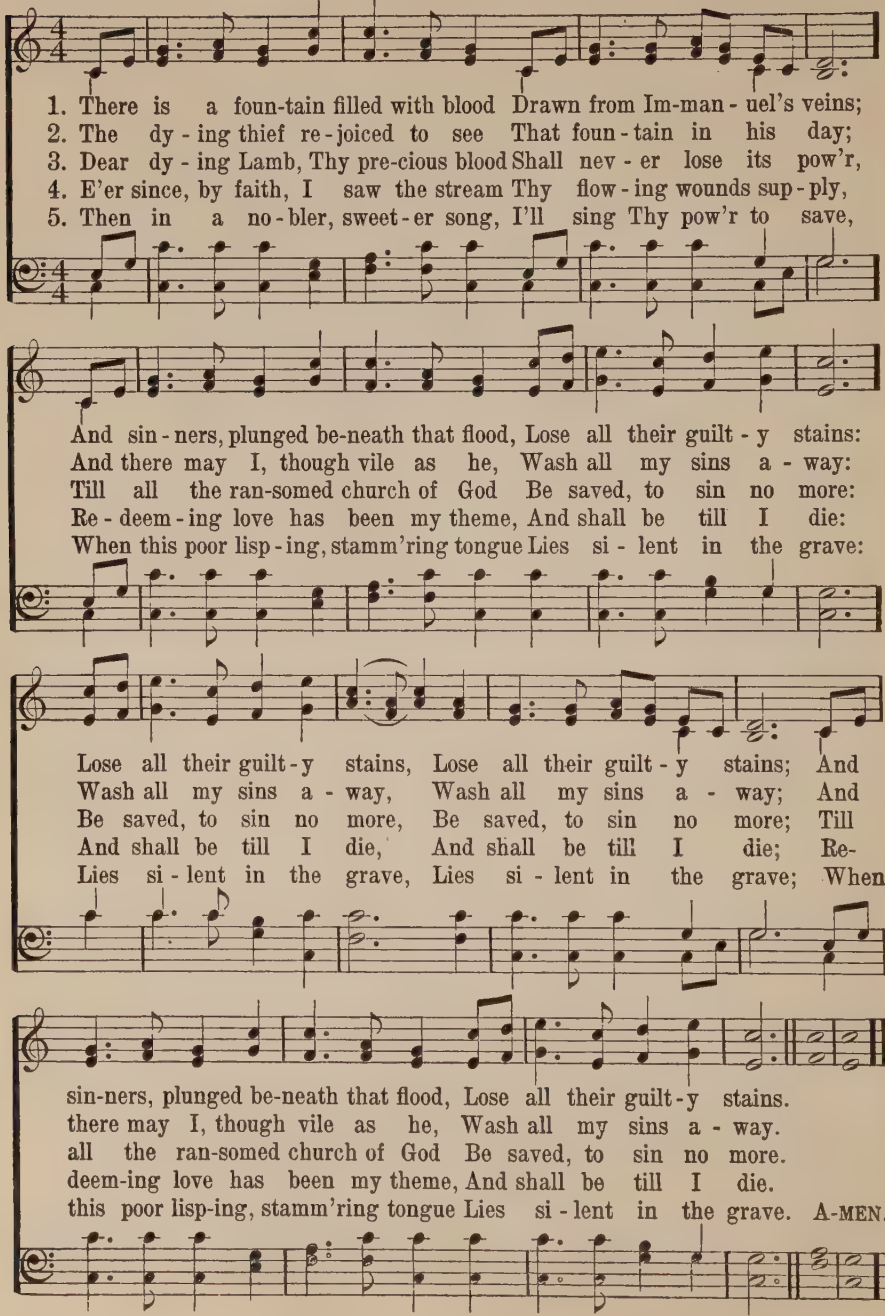

hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;
Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

80 There's a Wideness.

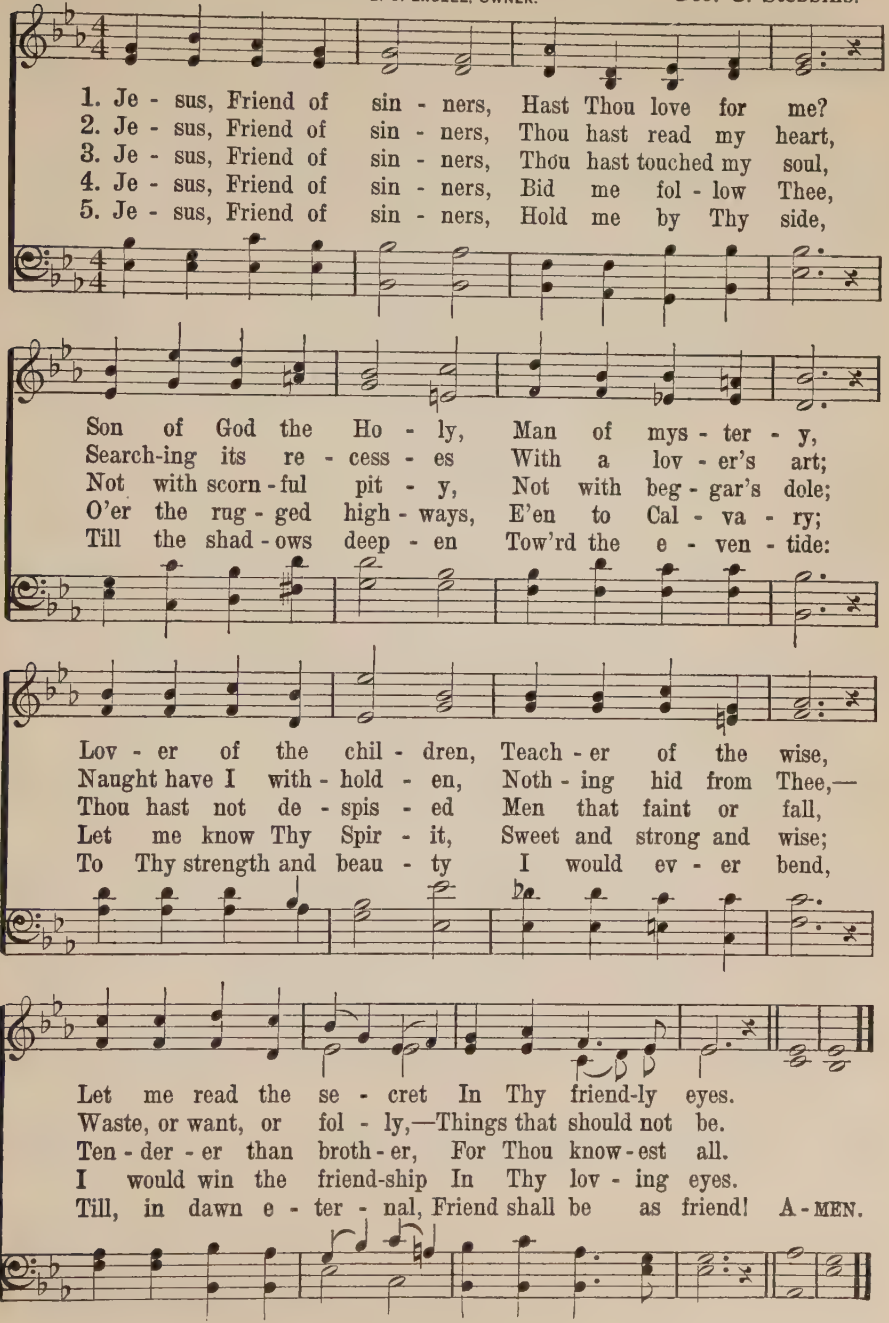
Frederick W. Faber. *Wellesley. 8s. 7s.* Lizzie S. Tourjée.


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-MEN.

81 There is a Fountain.

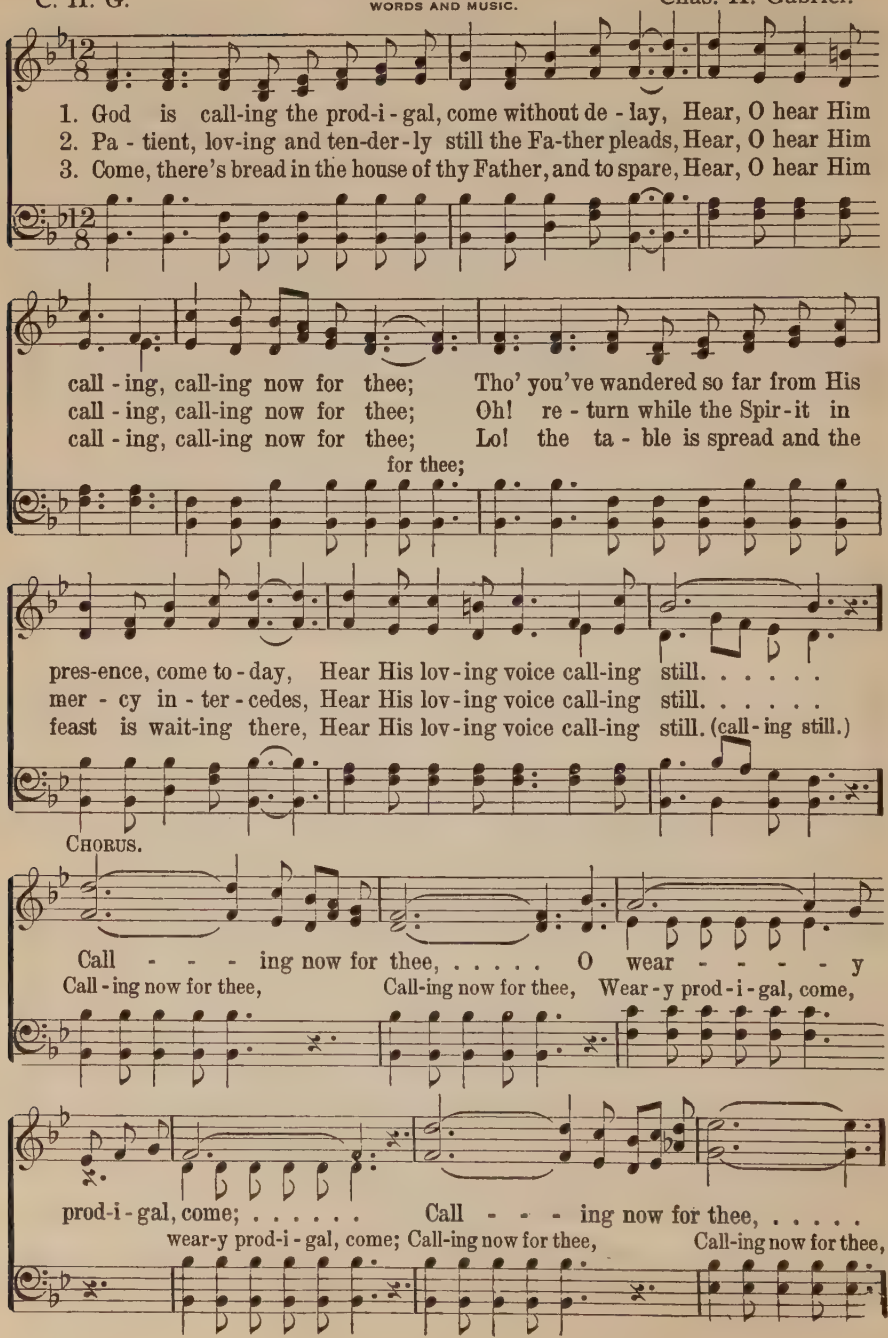
William Cowper. *Cleansing Fountain. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.

Jesus, Friend of Sinners.

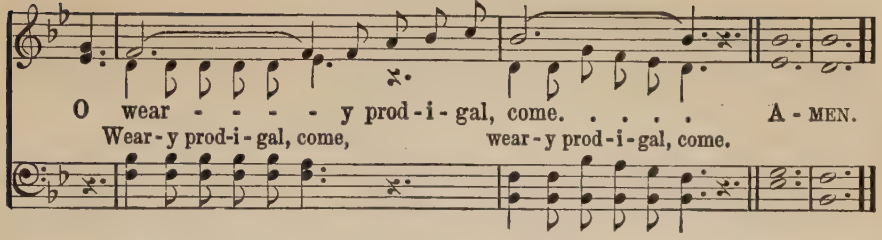
Charles Irvin Junkin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hast Thou love for me?
2. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast read my heart,
3. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast touched my soul,
4. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Bid me fol - low Thee,
5. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hold me by Thy side,
Son of God the Ho - ly, Man of mys - ter - y,
Search-ing its re - cess - es With a lov - er's art;
Not with scorn - ful pit - y, Not with beg - gar's dole;
O'er the rug - ged high - ways, E'en to Cal - va - ry;
Till the shad - ows deep - en Tow'rd the e - ven - tide:
Lov - er of the chil - dren, Teach - er of the wise,
Naught have I with - hold - en, Noth - ing hid from Thee,—
Thou hast not de - spis - ed Men that faint or fall,
Let me know Thy Spir - it, Sweet and strong and wise;
To Thy strength and beau - ty I would ev - er bend,
Let me read the se - cret In Thy friend-ly eyes.
Waste, or want, or fol - ly,—Things that should not be.
Ten - der - er than broth - er, For Thou know - est all.
I would win the friend-ship In Thy lov - ing eyes.
Till, in dawn e - ter - nal, Friend shall be as friend! A - MEN.

83 Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

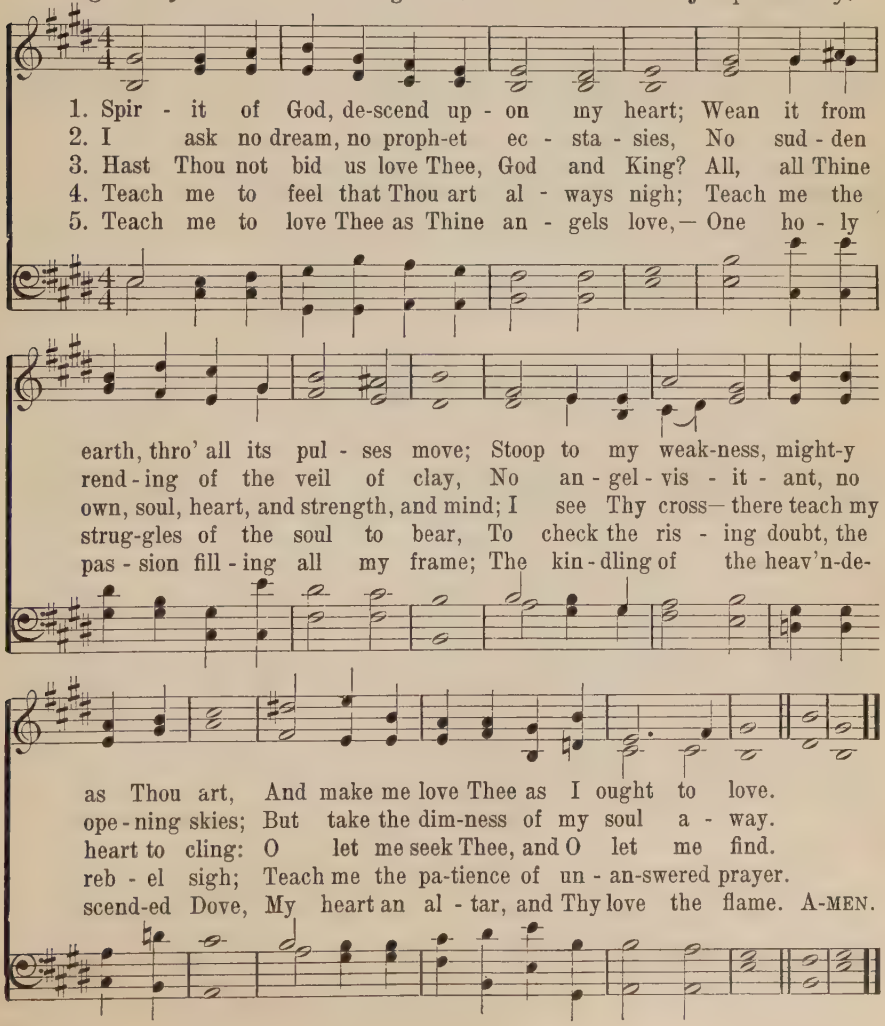

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the
for thee;
pres-ence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
feast is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (call-ing still.)
CHORUS.
Call - - - ing now for thee, ... O wear - - - - - y
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come,
prod-i-gal, come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.



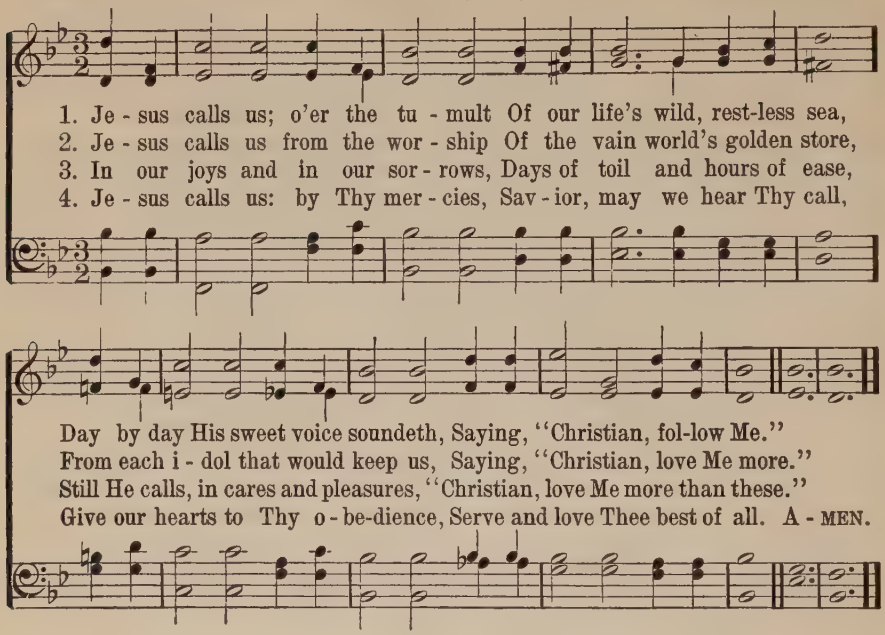
84 Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart.

George Croly. *Longwood. 10s.* Joseph Barnby.


1. Spir - it of God, de-scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
2. I ask no dream, no proph-et ec - sta - sies, No sud - den
3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine
4. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh; Teach me the
5. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love,— One ho - ly
earth, thro' all its pul - ses move; Stoop to my weak-ness, might-y
rend - ing of the veil of clay, No an - gel - vis - it - ant, no
own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind; I see Thy cross— there teach my
strug-gles of the soul to bear, To check the ris - ing doubt, the
pas - sion fill - ing all my frame; The kin - dling of the heav'n-de-
as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
ope - ning skies; But take the dim-ness of my soul a - way.
heart to cling: O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.
reb - el sigh; Teach me the pa-tience of un - an-swered prayer.
scend-ed Dove, My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame. A-MEN.

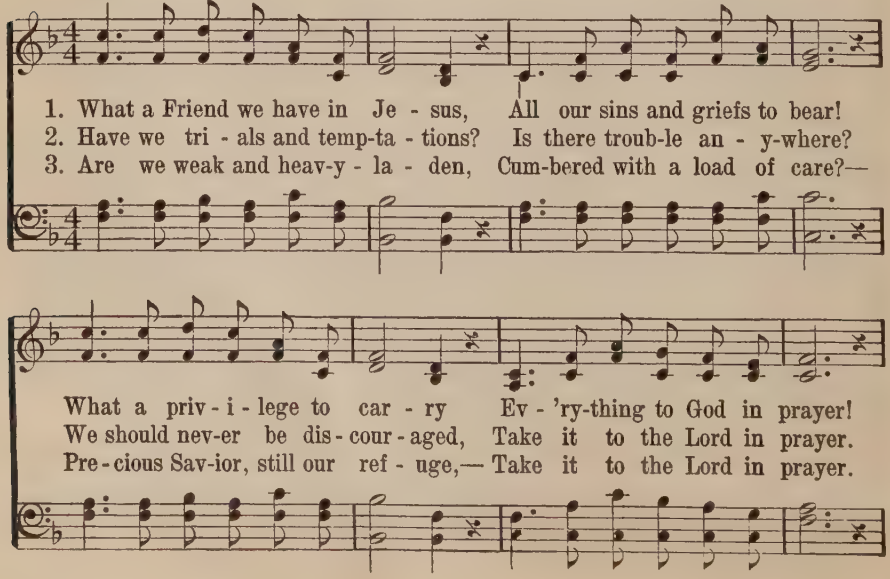
85 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William H. Jude.

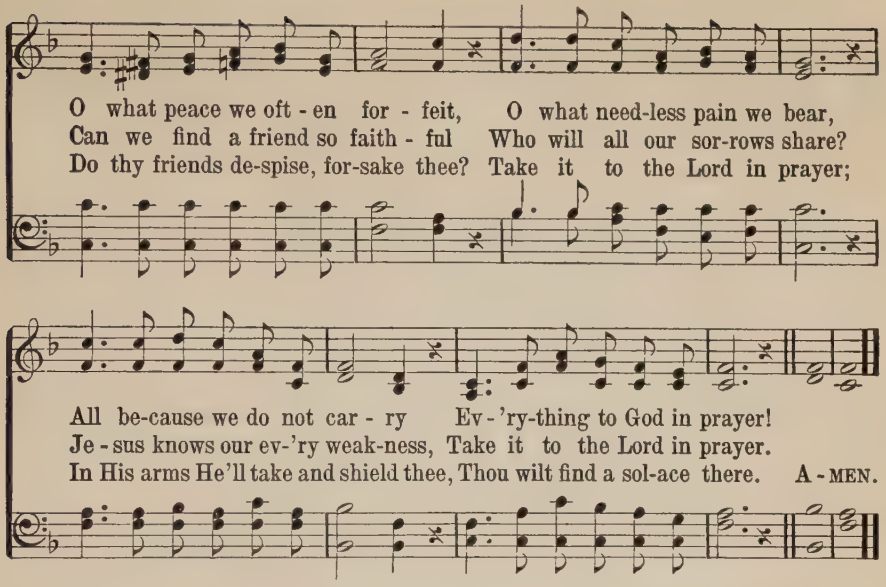

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.

86 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. *Converse. 8s. 7s. D.* Charles C. Converse.

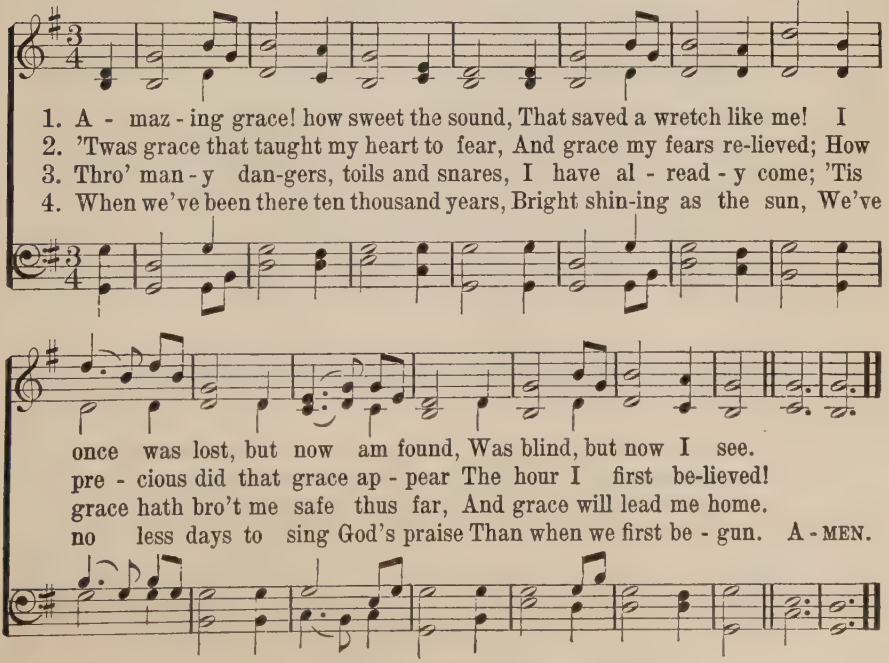

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

What a Friend.


O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there. A - MEN.

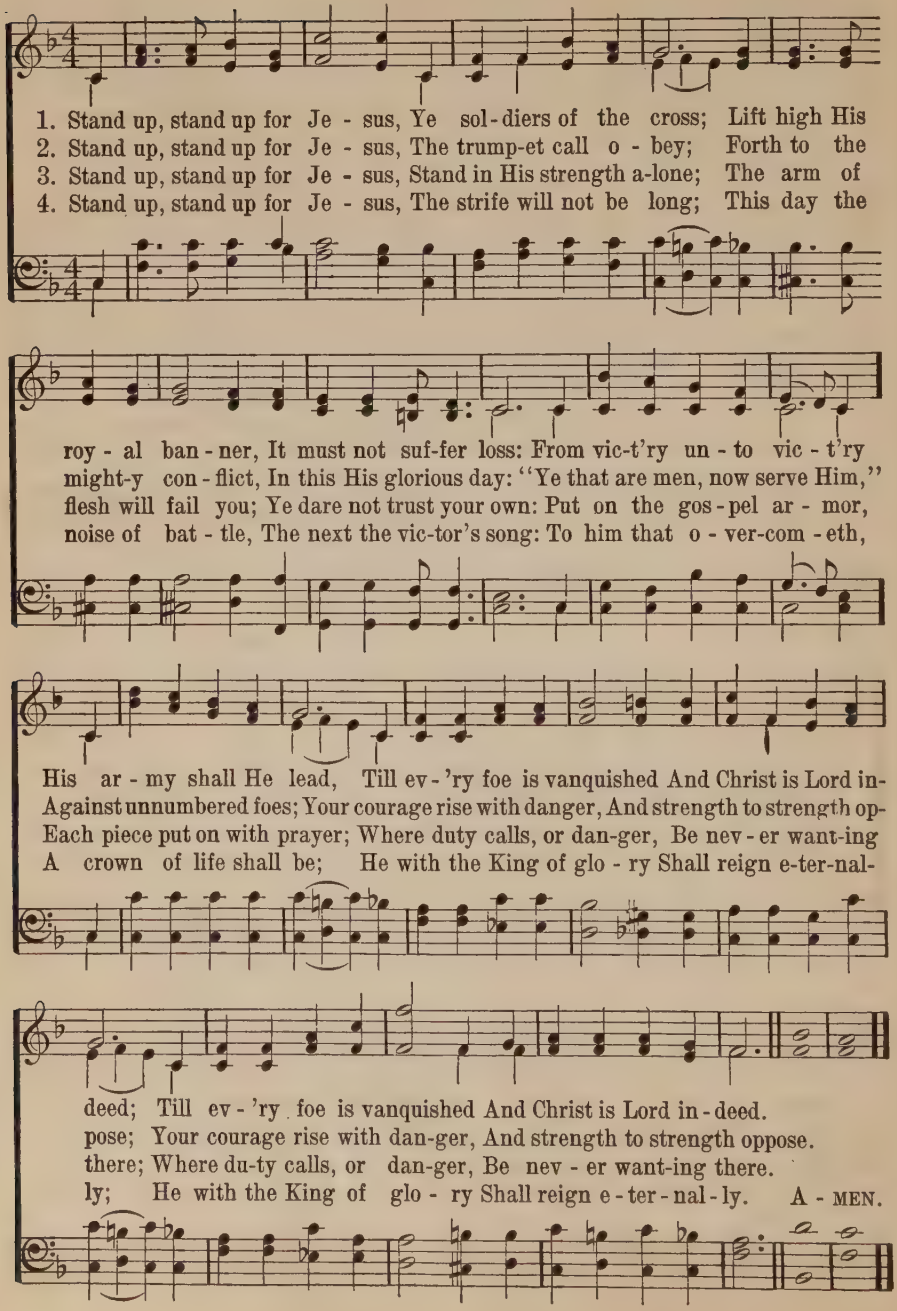
87 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *McIntosh. C. M.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've
once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

88 Stand Up For Jesus.

G. Duffield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the
roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry
might-y con - flict, In this His glorious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor,
noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song: To him that o - ver-com - eth,
His ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-
Against unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength op-
Each piece put on with prayer; Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er want-ing
A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-
deed; Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
pose; Your courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
there; Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
ly; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

89 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

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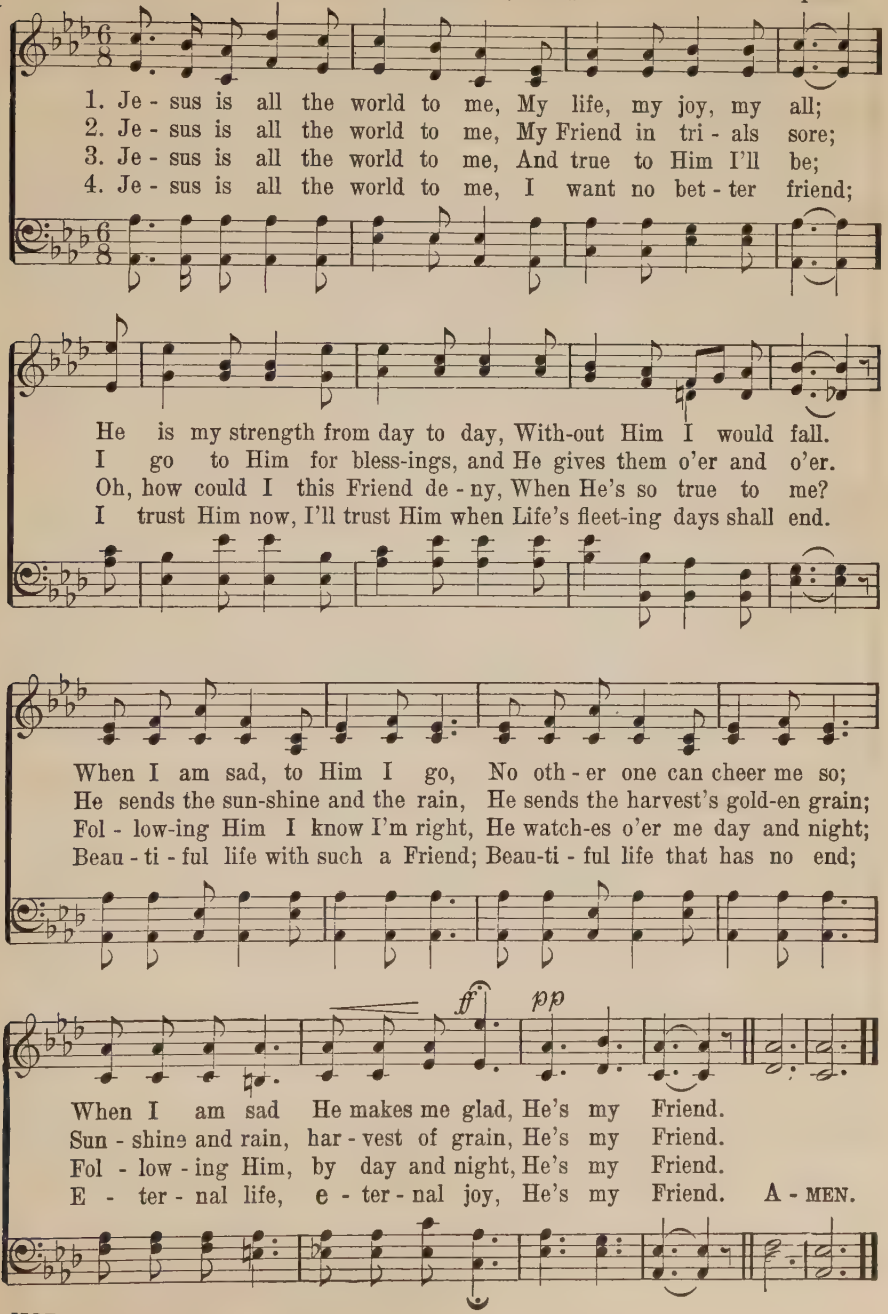
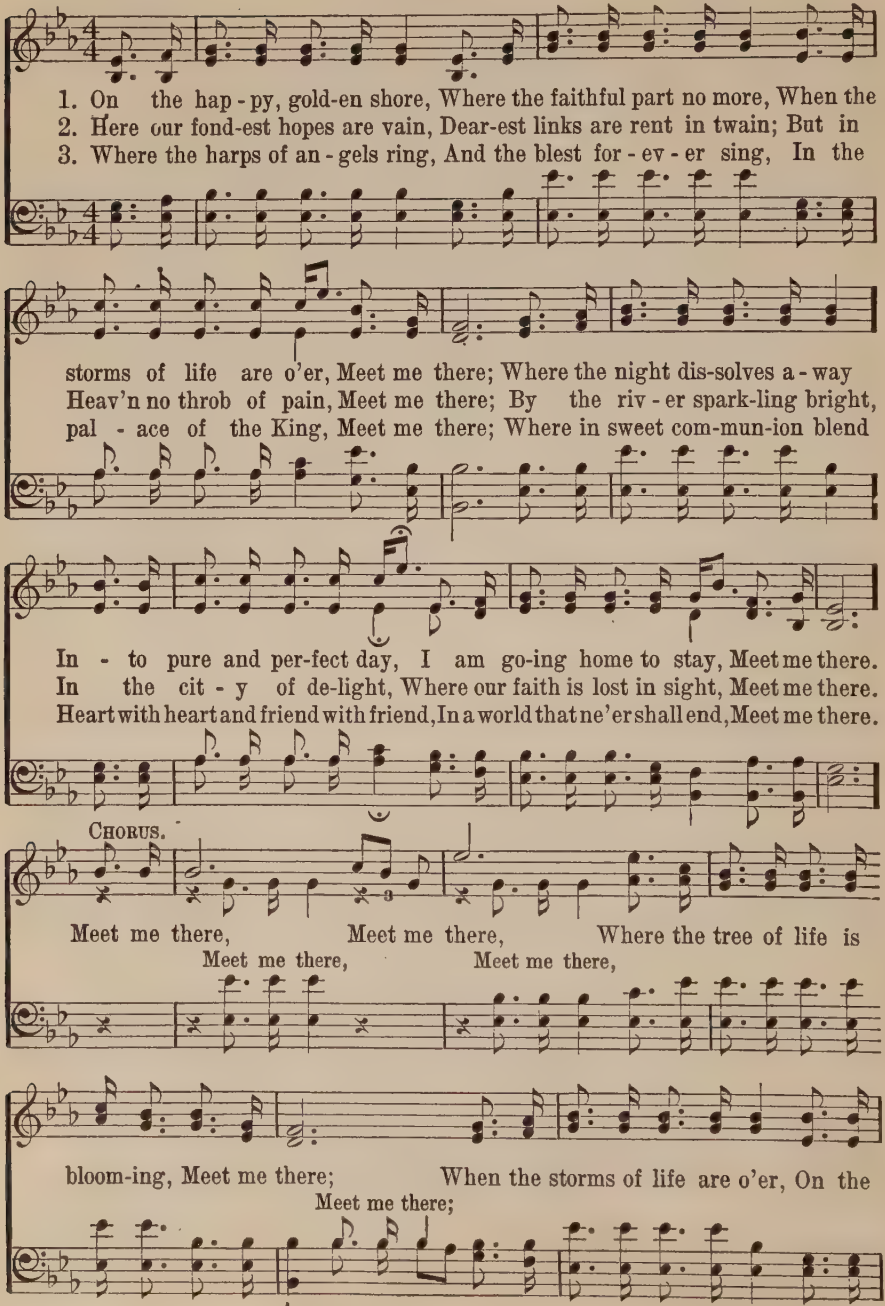
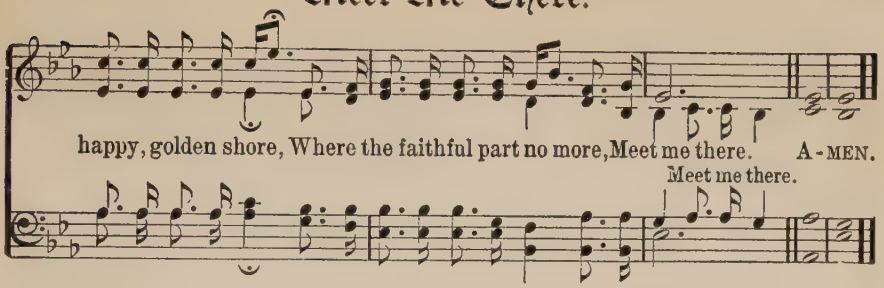
Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
ff
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend. A - MEN.

90 Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair. COPYRIGHT, 1885 AND 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. IN RENEWAL. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

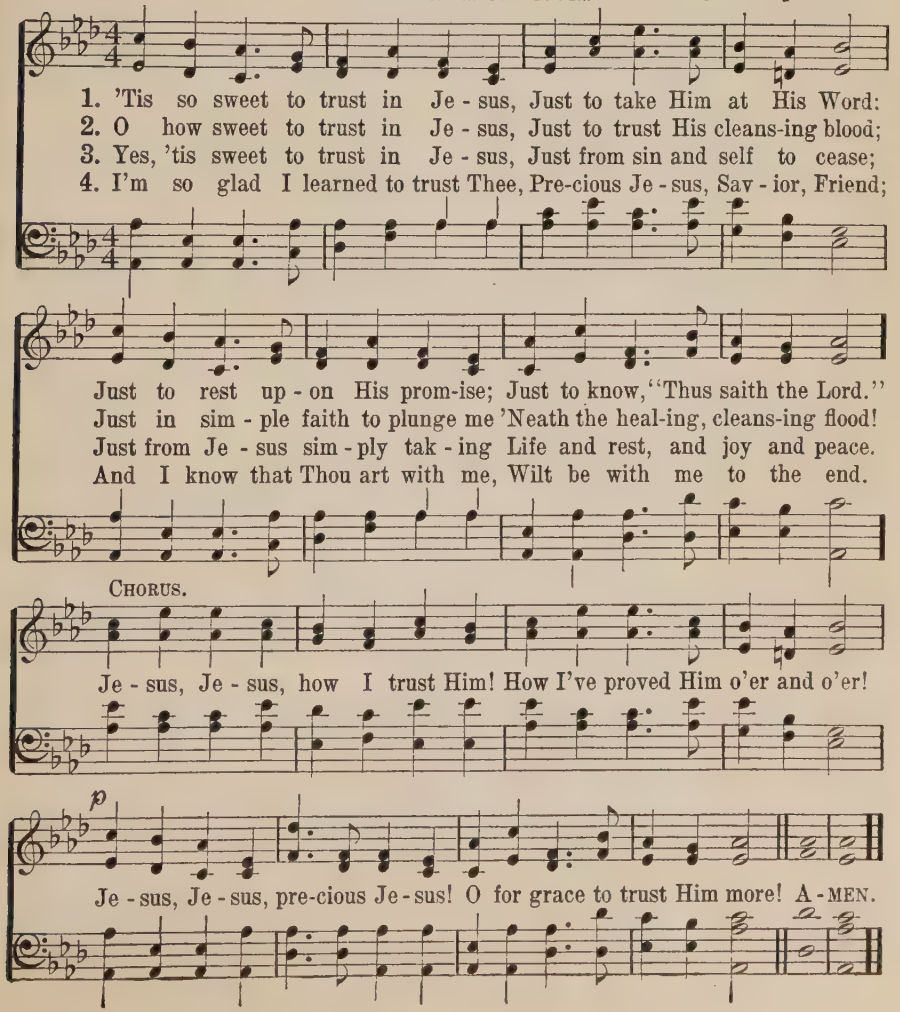

1. On the hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dis-solves a - way
Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er spark-ling bright,
pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet com-mun-ion blend
In - to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
Chorus.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,
bloom-ing, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;

Meet Me There.



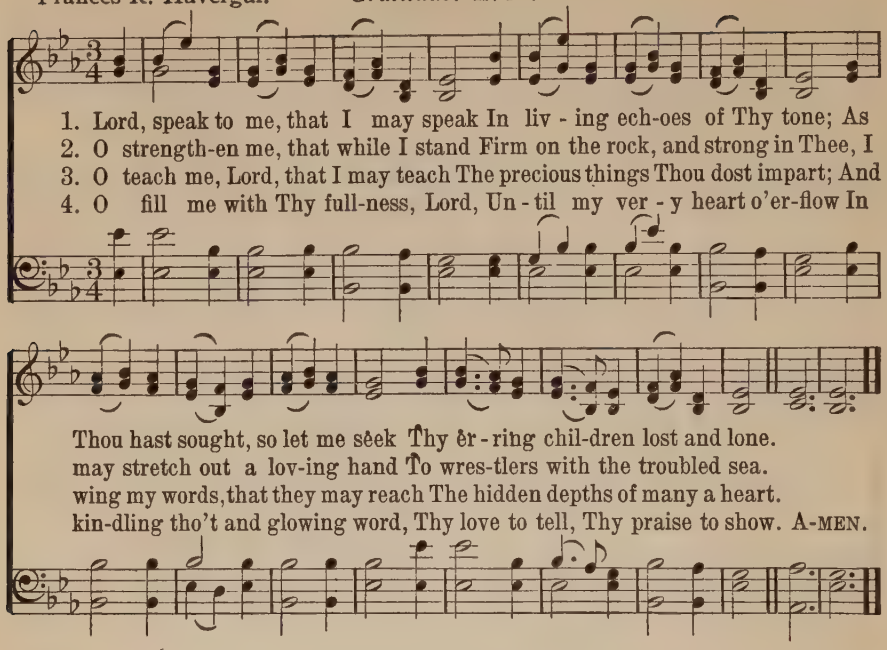
91 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Louisa M. R. Stead. COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word:
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more! A-MEN.

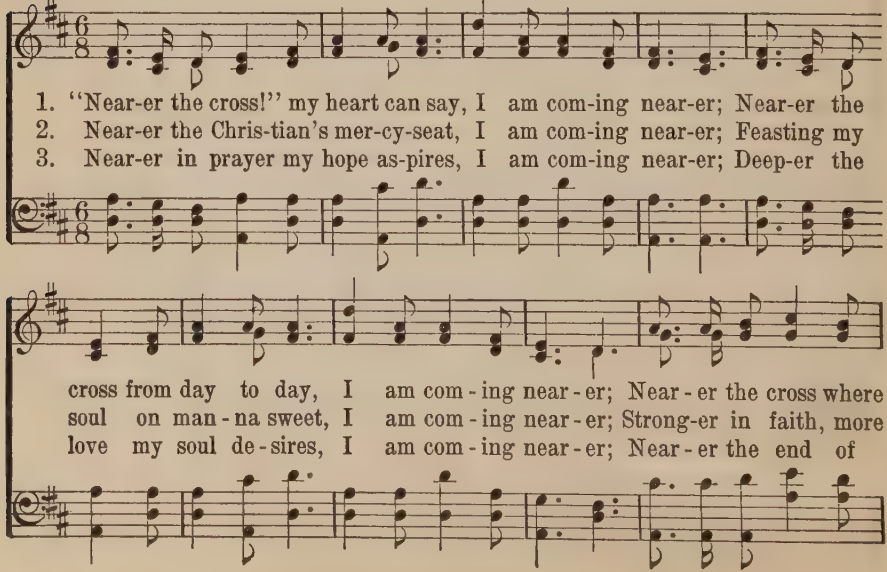
92 Lord, Speak to Me.

Frances R. Havergal. *Gratitude. L. M.* A. Bost.

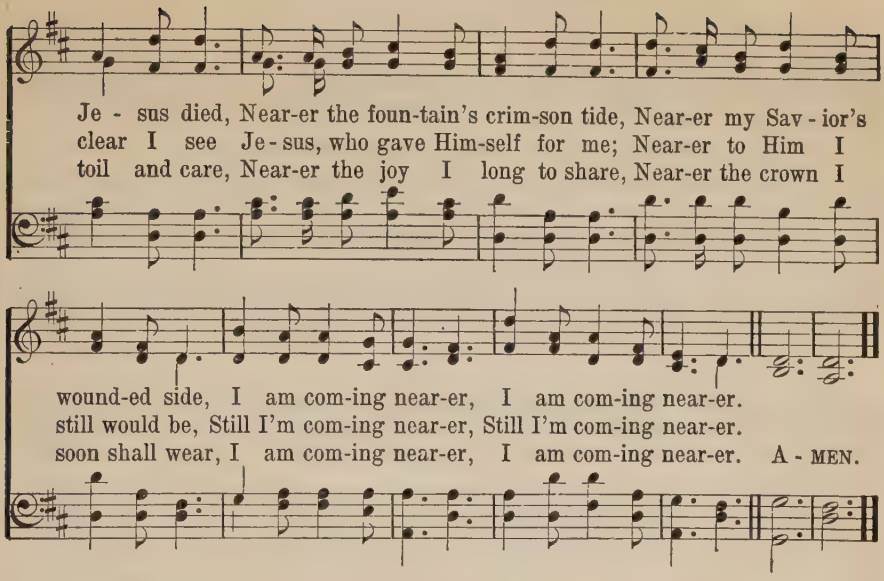

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech-oes of Thy tone; As
2. O strength-en me, that while I stand Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee, I
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost impart; And
4. O fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er-flow In
Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy er - ring chil-dren lost and lone.
may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wres-tlers with the troubled sea.
wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.
kin-dling tho't and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. A-MEN.

93 Nearer the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

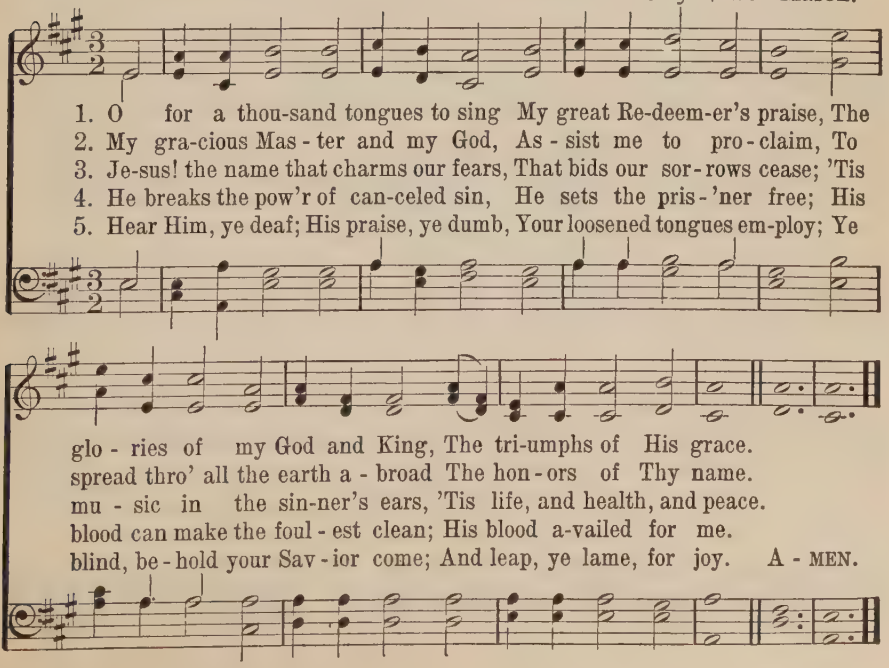

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feasting my
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the
cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Nearer the Cross.


Je - sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er. A - MEN.

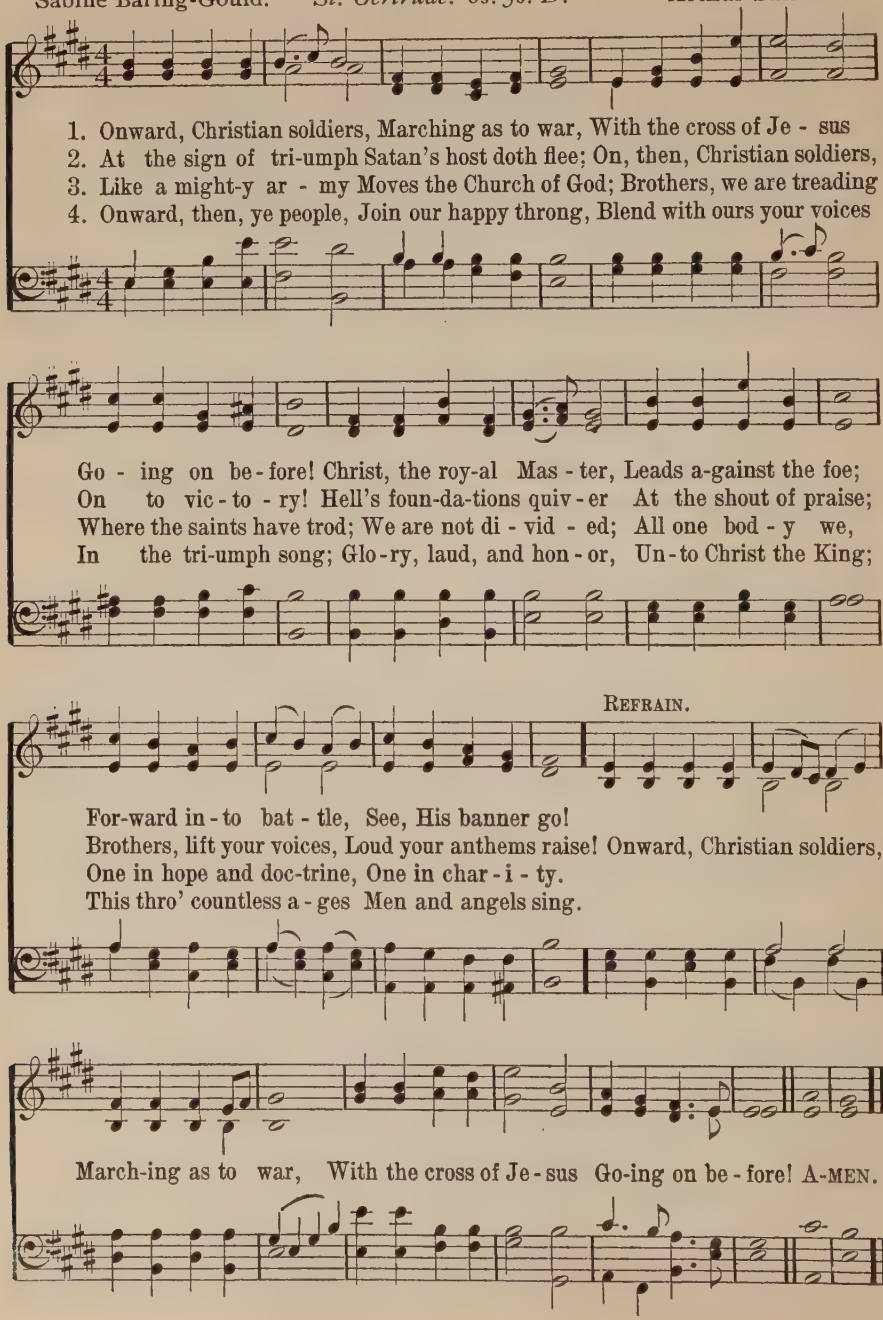
94 O for a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. *Azmon. C. M.* Carl G. Glaser.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise, The
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, To
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free; His
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy; Ye
glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A - MEN.

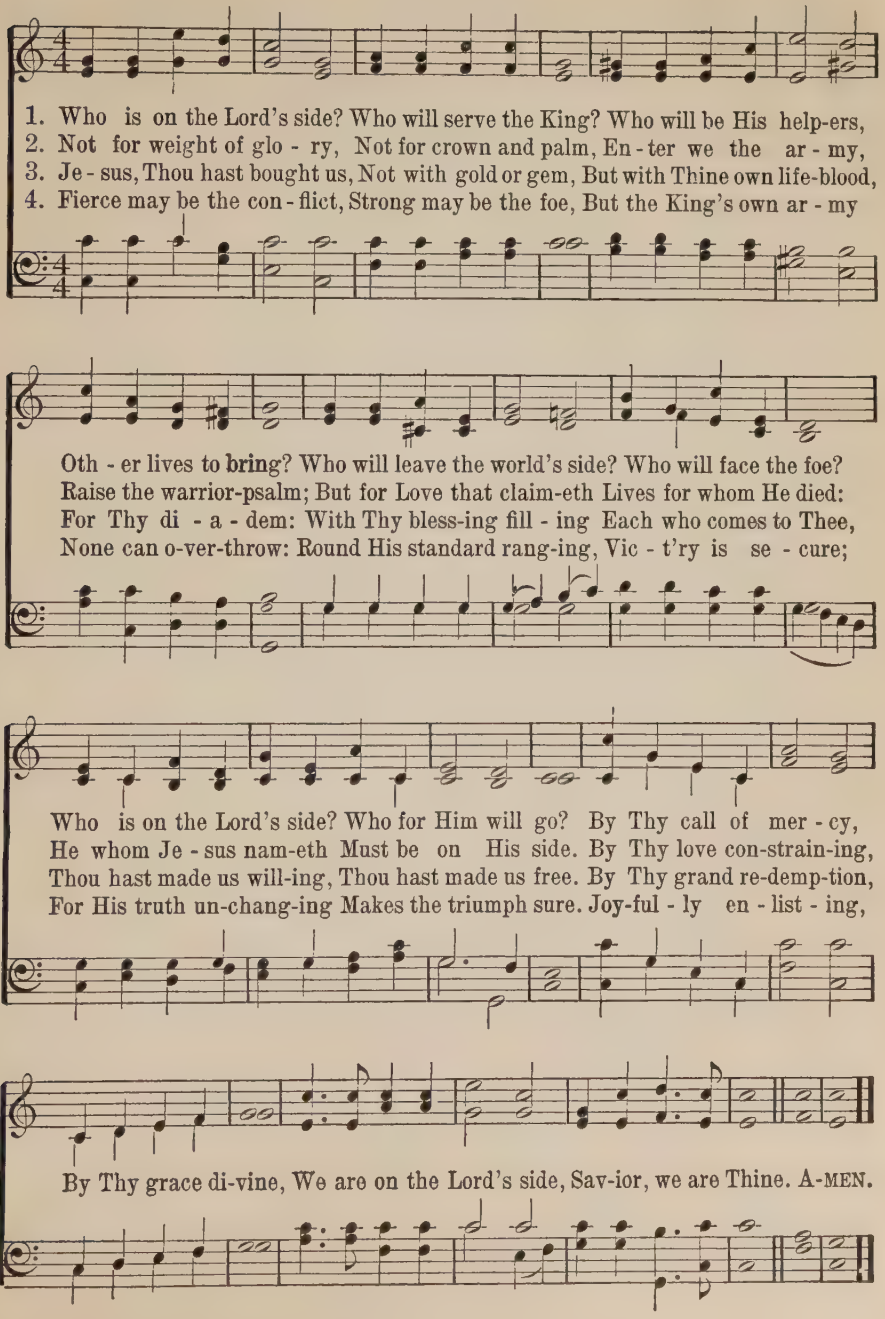
95 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.* Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;
REFRAIN.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore! A-MEN.

96 Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. *Armageddon.* Sir John Goss.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the warrior-psalm; But for Love that claim-eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o-ver-throw: Round His standard rang-ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam-eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,
Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demp-tion,
For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the triumph sure. Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing,
By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-ior, we are Thine. A-MEN.

97 My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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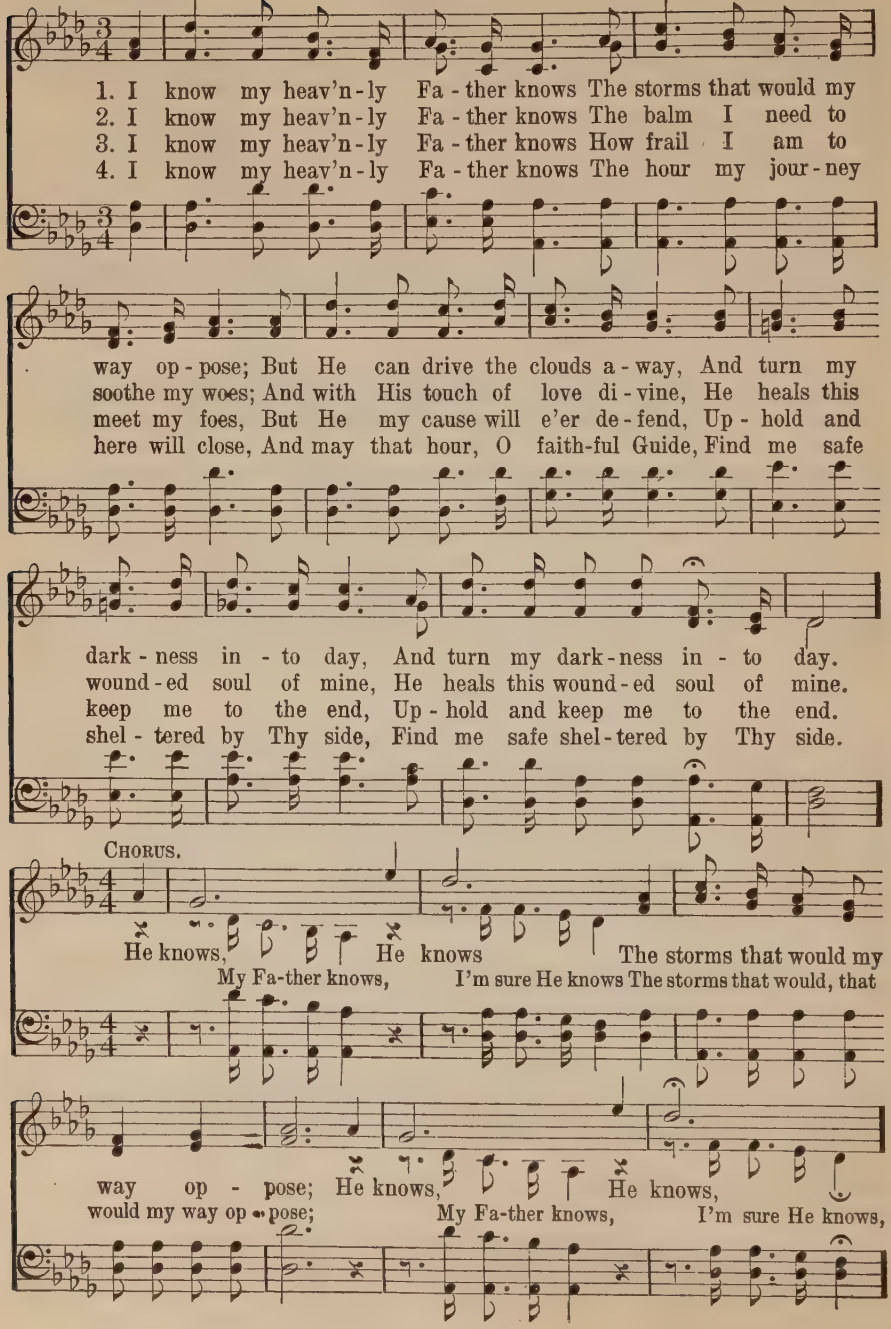
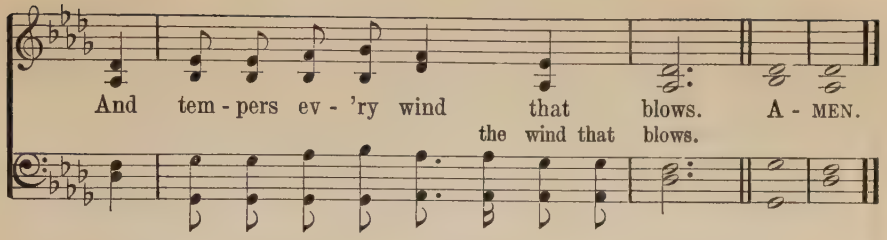
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose; But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day,
2. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes; And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
3. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up-hold and keep me to the end.
4. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close, And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide, Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.
And turn my dark-ness in-to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
Up-hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.
CHORUS.
He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op-pose; He knows, He knows,
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows The storms that would, that would my way op-pose; My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows,

My Father Knows.



98 What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
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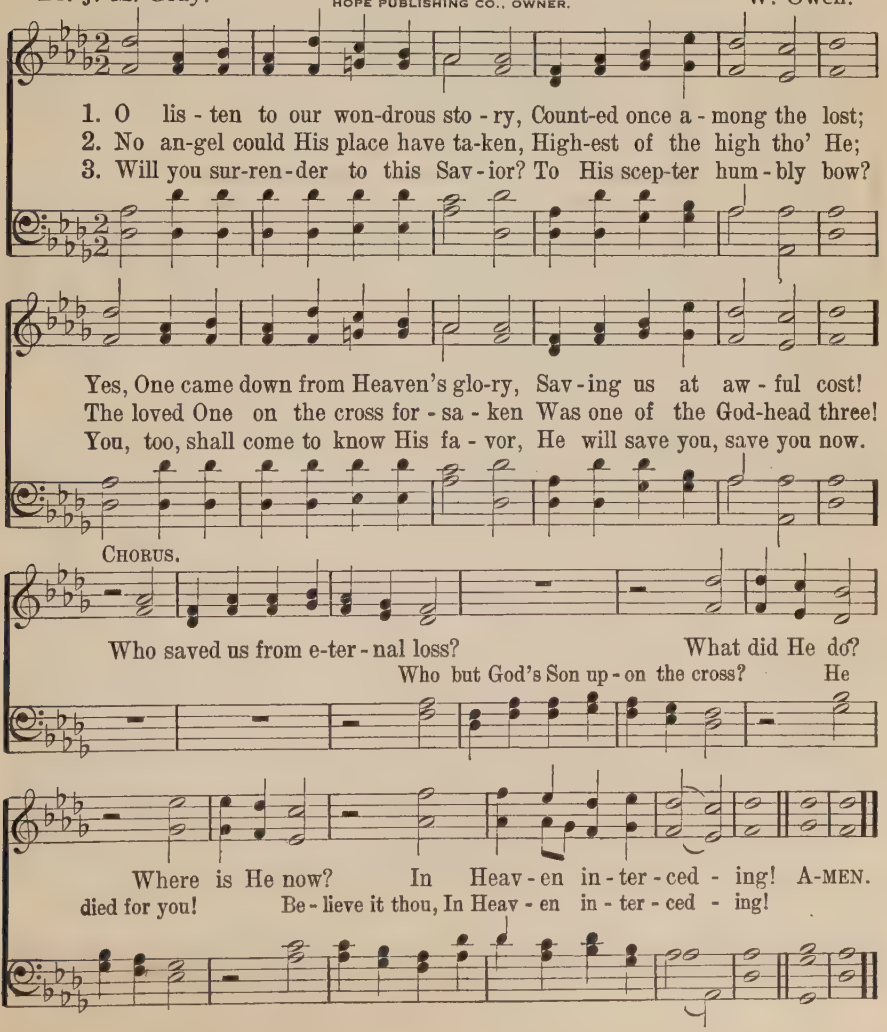
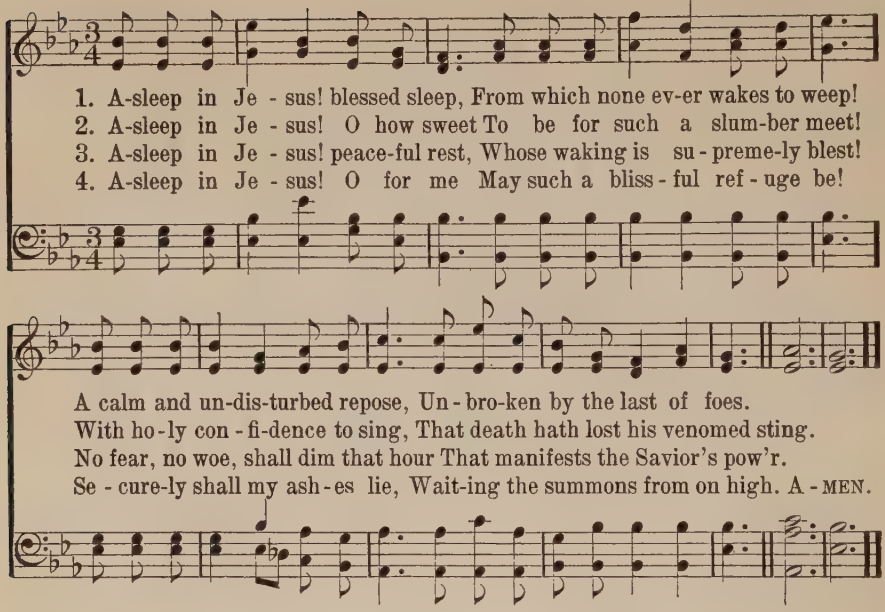

1. O lis - ten to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
2. No an-gel could His place have ta-ken, High-est of the high tho' He;
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav - ior? To His scep-ter hum - bly bow?
Yes, One came down from Heaven's glo-ry, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for - sa - ken Was one of the God-head three!
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now.
CHORUS.
Who saved us from e-ter - nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
Where is He now? In Heav - en in - ter - ced - ing! A-MEN.
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In Heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

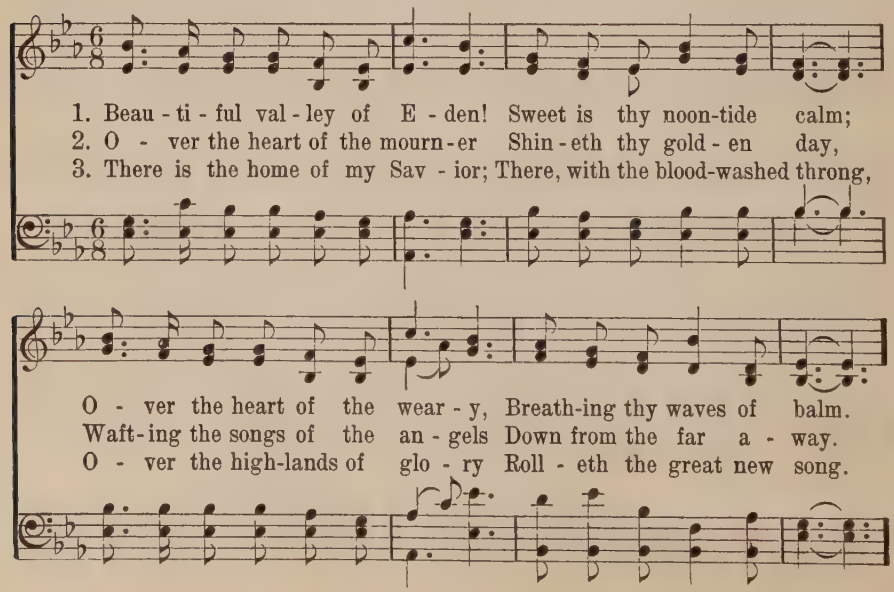
99 Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. *Rest. L. M.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

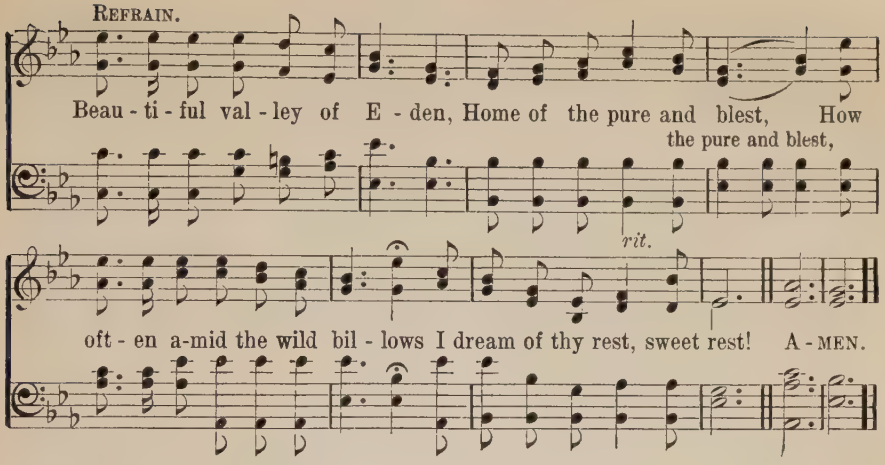

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con - fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A - MEN.

100 Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Walter O. Cushing. *Kelley. 8. 6. 8. 6.* William F. Sherwin.


1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn-er Shin - eth thy gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav - ior; There, with the blood-washed throng,
O - ver the heart of the wear - y, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.
Waft-ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

Beautiful Valley of Eden.


REFRAIN.
Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How
the pure and blest,
rit.
oft - en a-mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest! A - MEN.

101 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

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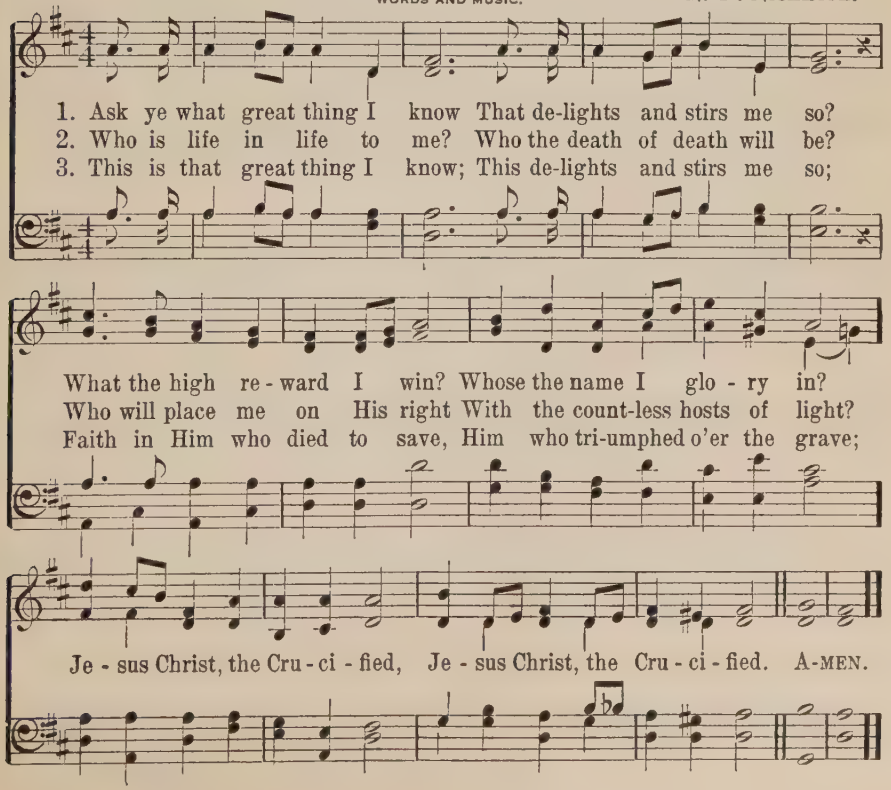
WORDS AND MUSIC.

L. D. Eichhorn.


1. Ask ye what great thing I know That de-lights and stirs me so?
2. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be?
3. This is that great thing I know; This de-lights and stirs me so;
What the high re - ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in?
Who will place me on His right With the count-less hosts of light?
Faith in Him who died to save, Him who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied, Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied. A-MEN.

102 The Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. Jno. R. Sweney.

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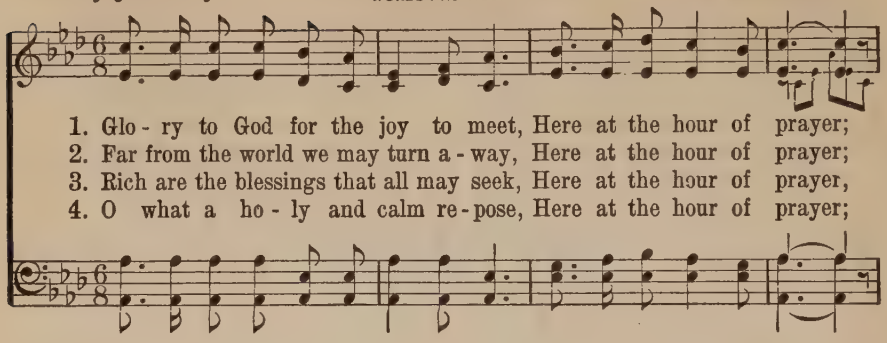
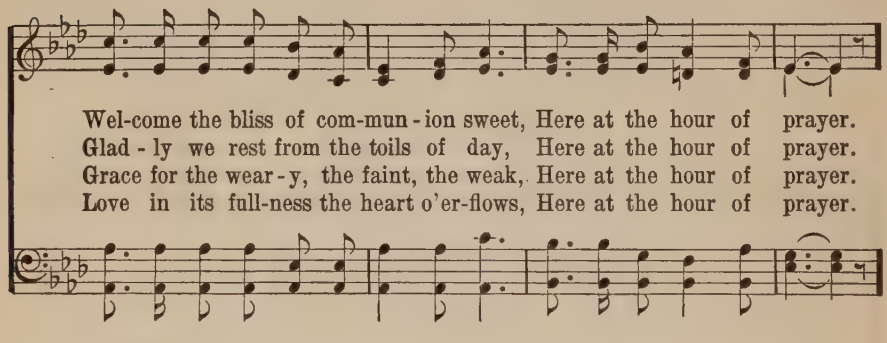
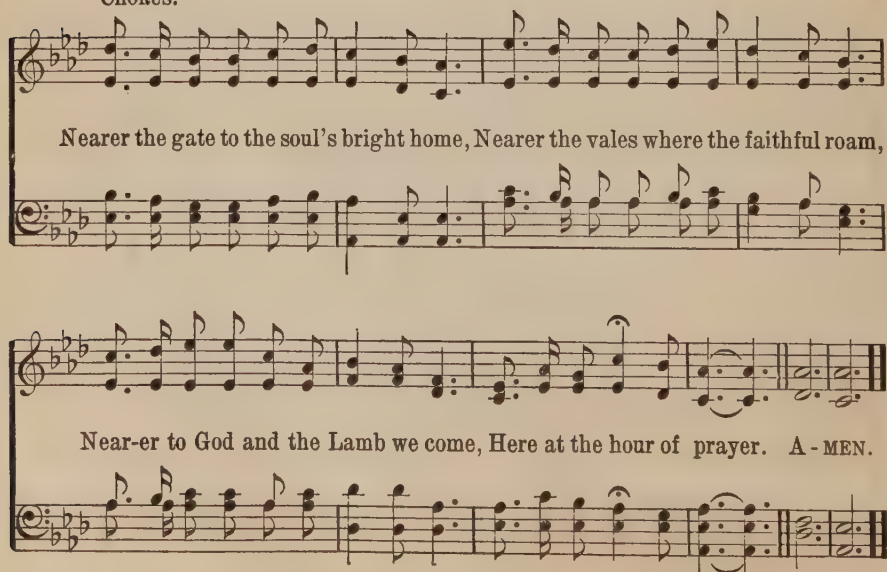


1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer,
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;



Wel-come the bliss of com-mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wear - y, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its full-ness the heart o'er-flows, Here at the hour of prayer.



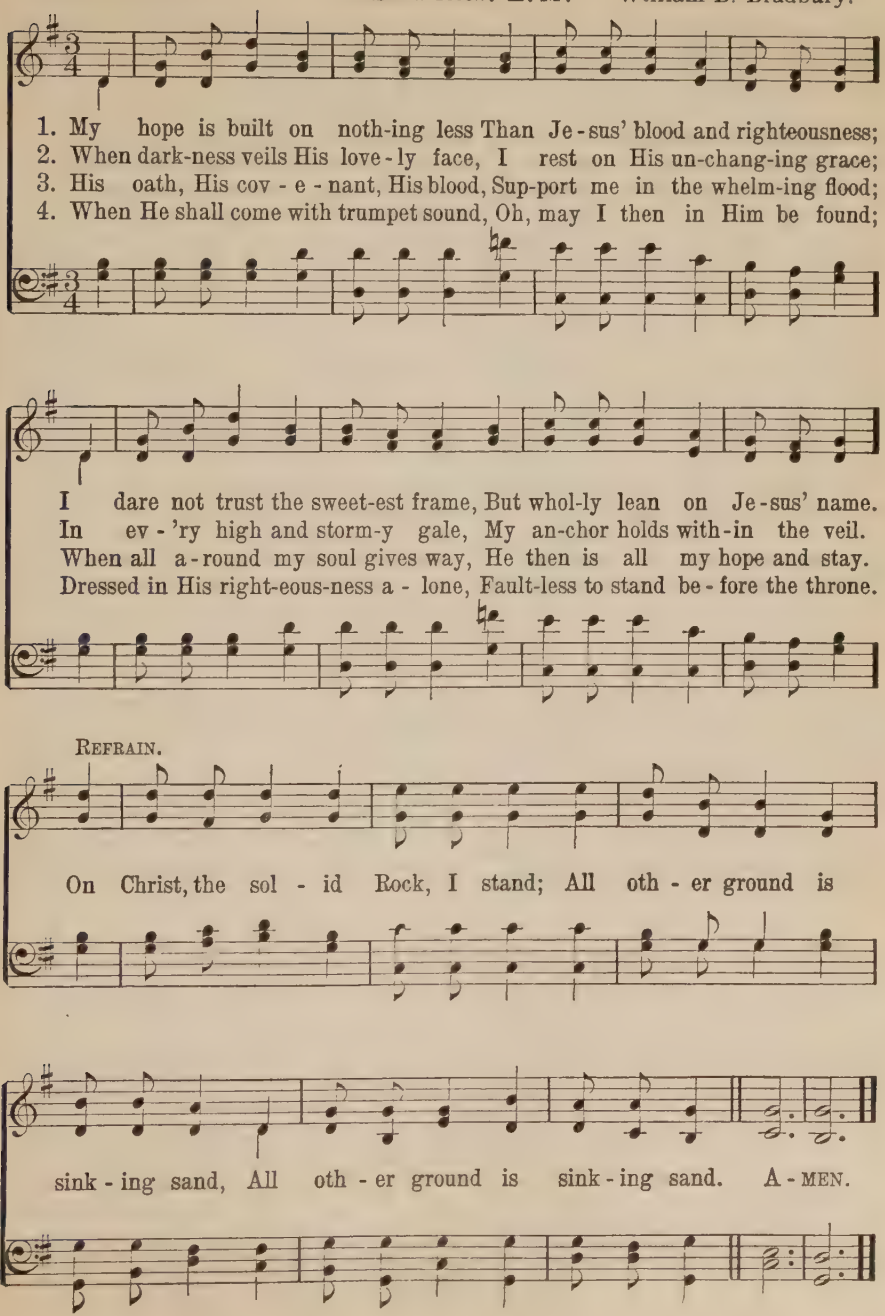
CHORUS.

Nearer the gate to the soul's bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,

Near-er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer. A - MEN.

103 My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. *The Solid Rock. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.
Refrain.
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-men.

104 Give Me Jesus.

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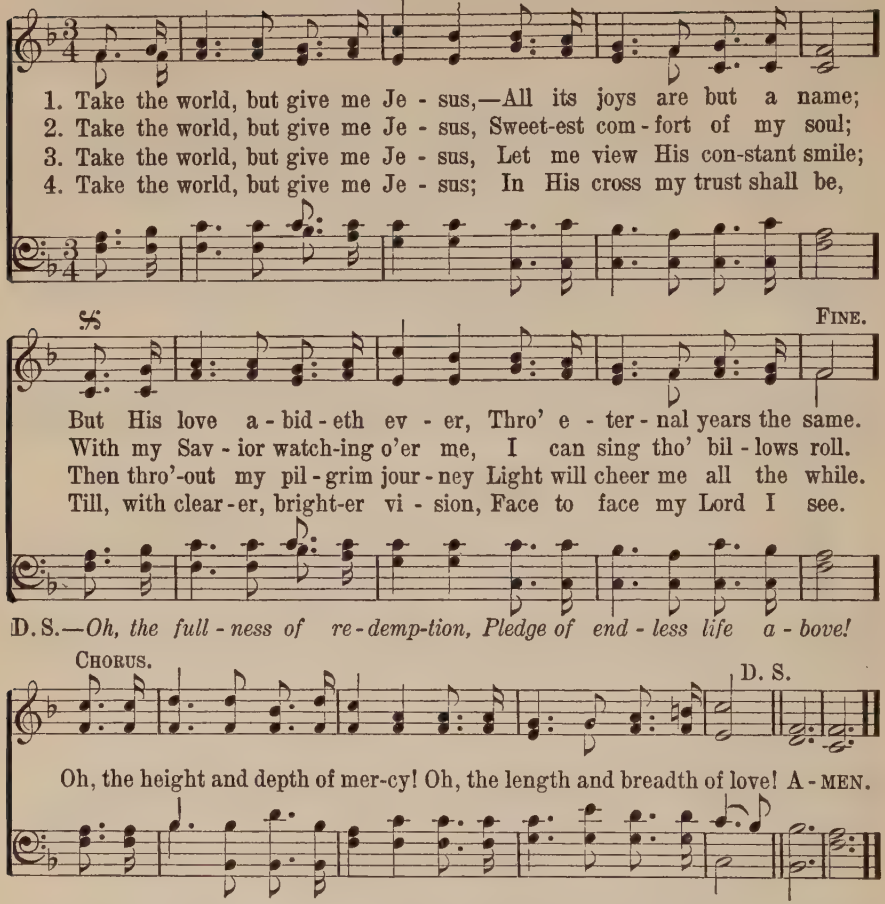
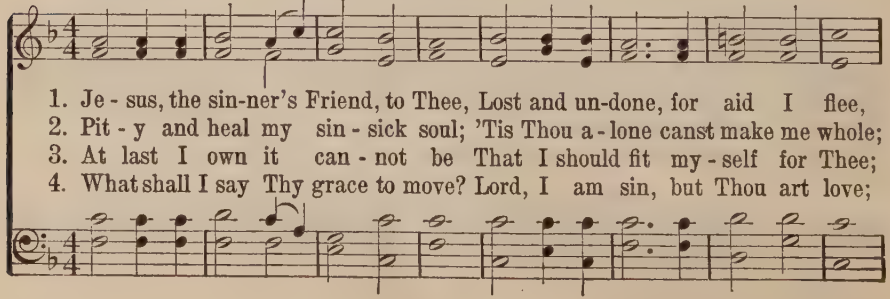
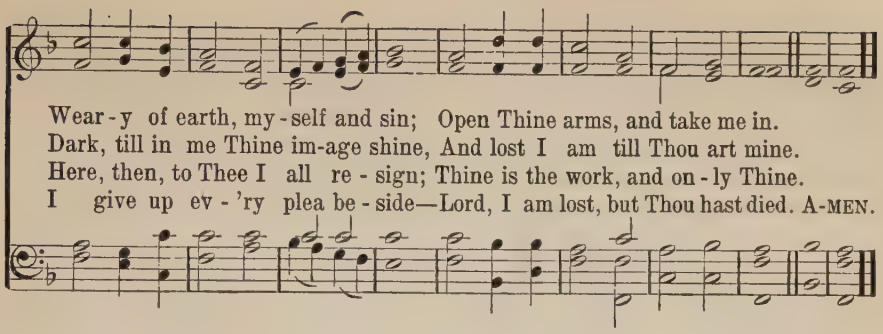

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In His cross my trust shall be,
But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watch-ing o'er me, I can sing tho' bil - lows roll.
Then thro'-out my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vi - sion, Face to face my Lord I see.
FINE.
D. S.—Oh, the full - ness of re - demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!
CHORUS.
D. S.
Oh, the height and depth of mer-cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love! A - MEN.

105 Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.

Charles Wesley. *Federal Street. L. M.* Henry K. Oliver.


1. Je - sus, the sin-ner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and un-done, for aid I flee,
2. Pit - y and heal my sin - sick soul; 'Tis Thou a - lone canst make me whole;
3. At last I own it can - not be That I should fit my - self for Thee;
4. What shall I say Thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love;

Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.


Wear - y of earth, my - self and sin; Open Thine arms, and take me in.
Dark, till in me Thine im-age shine, And lost I am till Thou art mine.
Here, then, to Thee I all re - sign; Thine is the work, and on - ly Thine.
I give up ev - 'ry plea be - side—Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died. A-MEN.

106 More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

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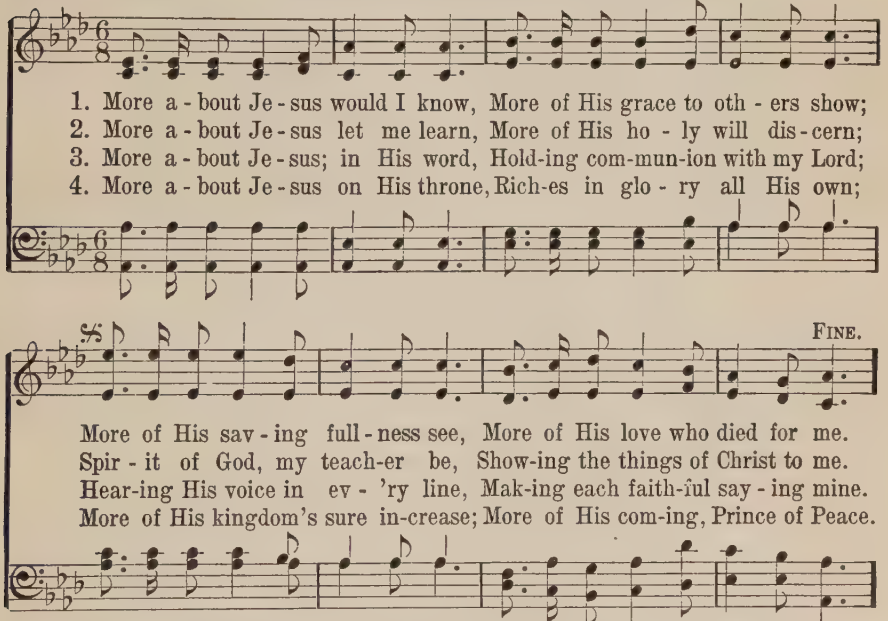
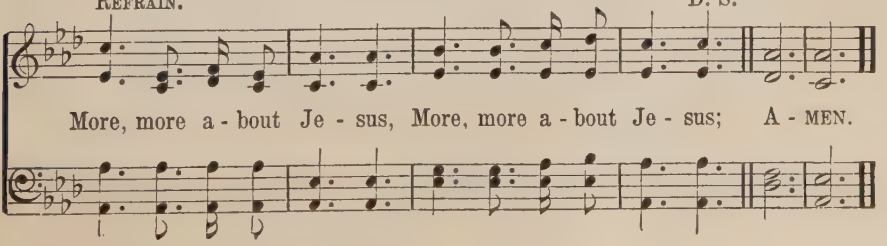
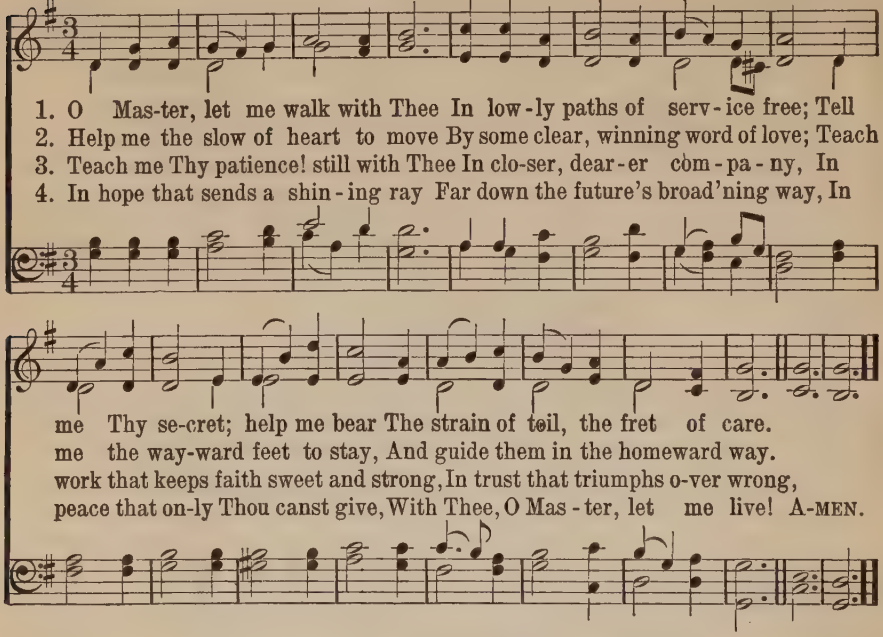

1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;
FINE.
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—*More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.*



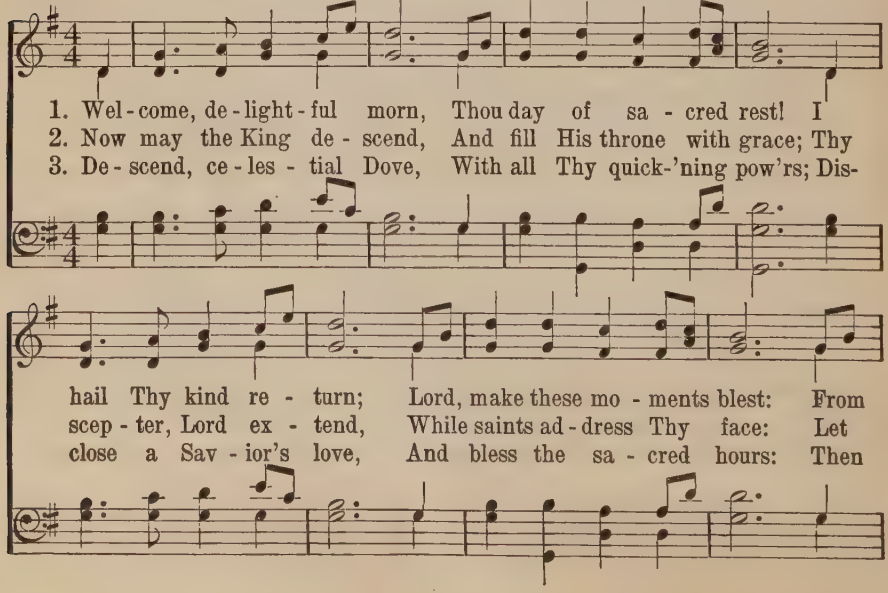
107 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden. *Saxby. L. M.* J. B. Dykes.

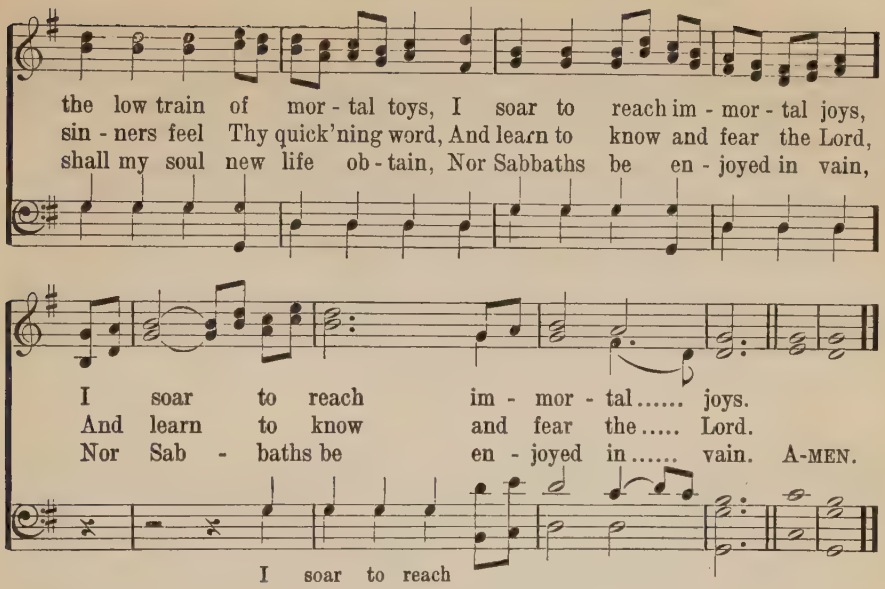

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free; Tell
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love; Teach
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clo-ser, dear-er com-pa-ny, In
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way, In
me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong,
peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live! A-MEN.

108 Welcome, Delightful Morn.

Hayward. *Lischer. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Friedrich Schneider.

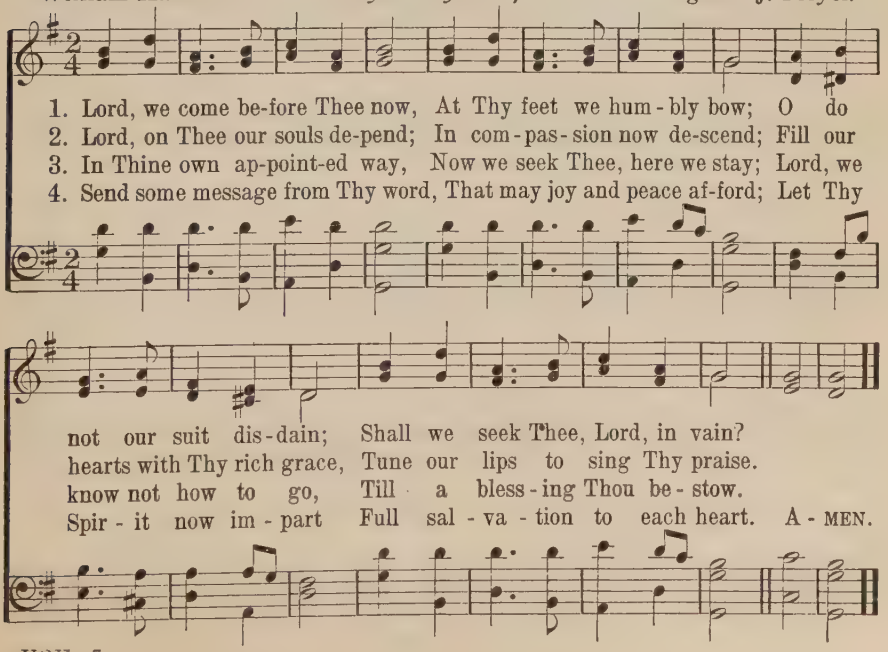

1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! I
2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs; Dis-
hail Thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these mo-ments blest: From
scep-ter, Lord ex-tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face: Let
close a Sav-ior's love, And bless the sa-cred hours: Then

Welcome, Delightful Morn.


the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,
sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord,
shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths be en - joyed in vain,
I soar to reach im - mor - tal..... joys.
And learn to know and fear the..... Lord.
Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in..... vain. A-MEN.
I soar to reach

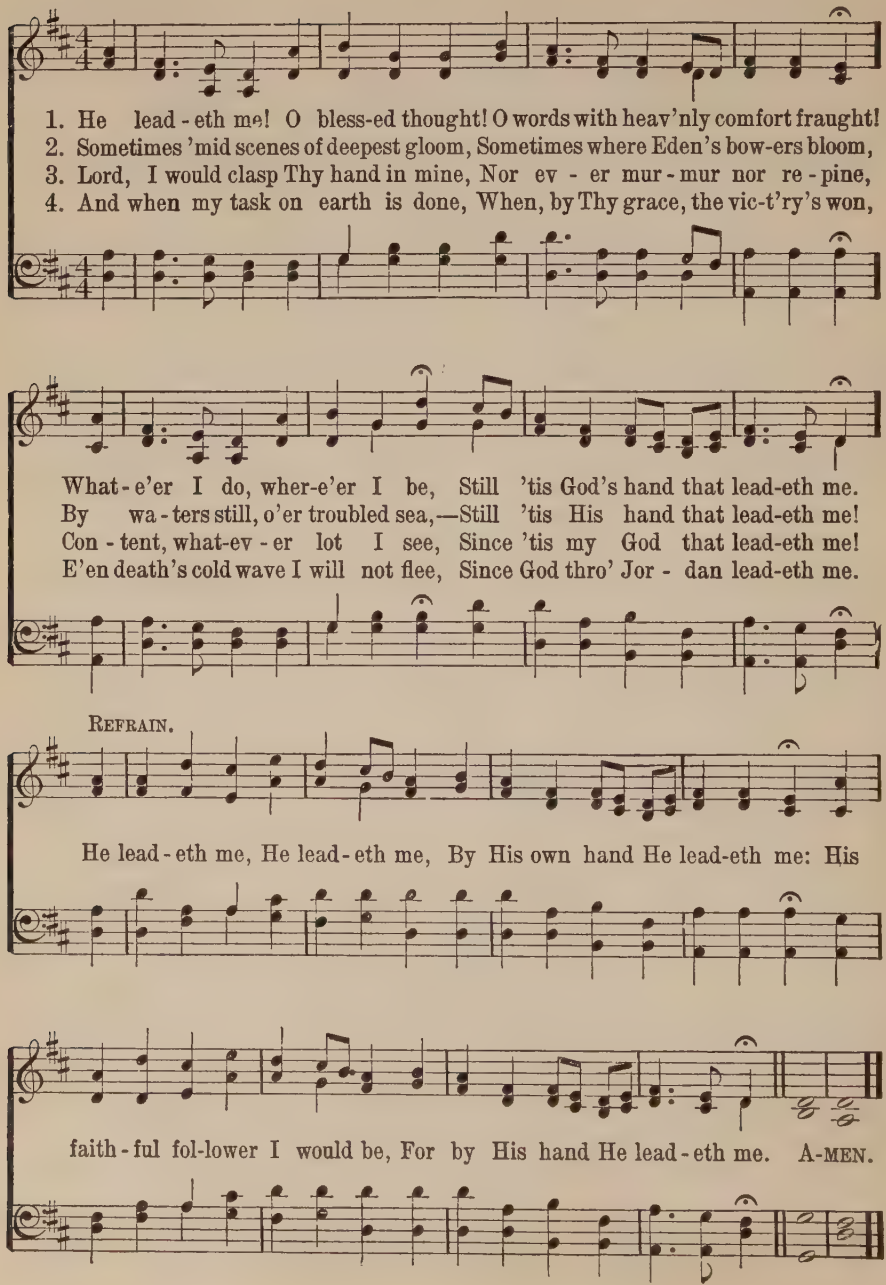
109 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

William Hammond. *Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.* Ignace J. Pleyel.

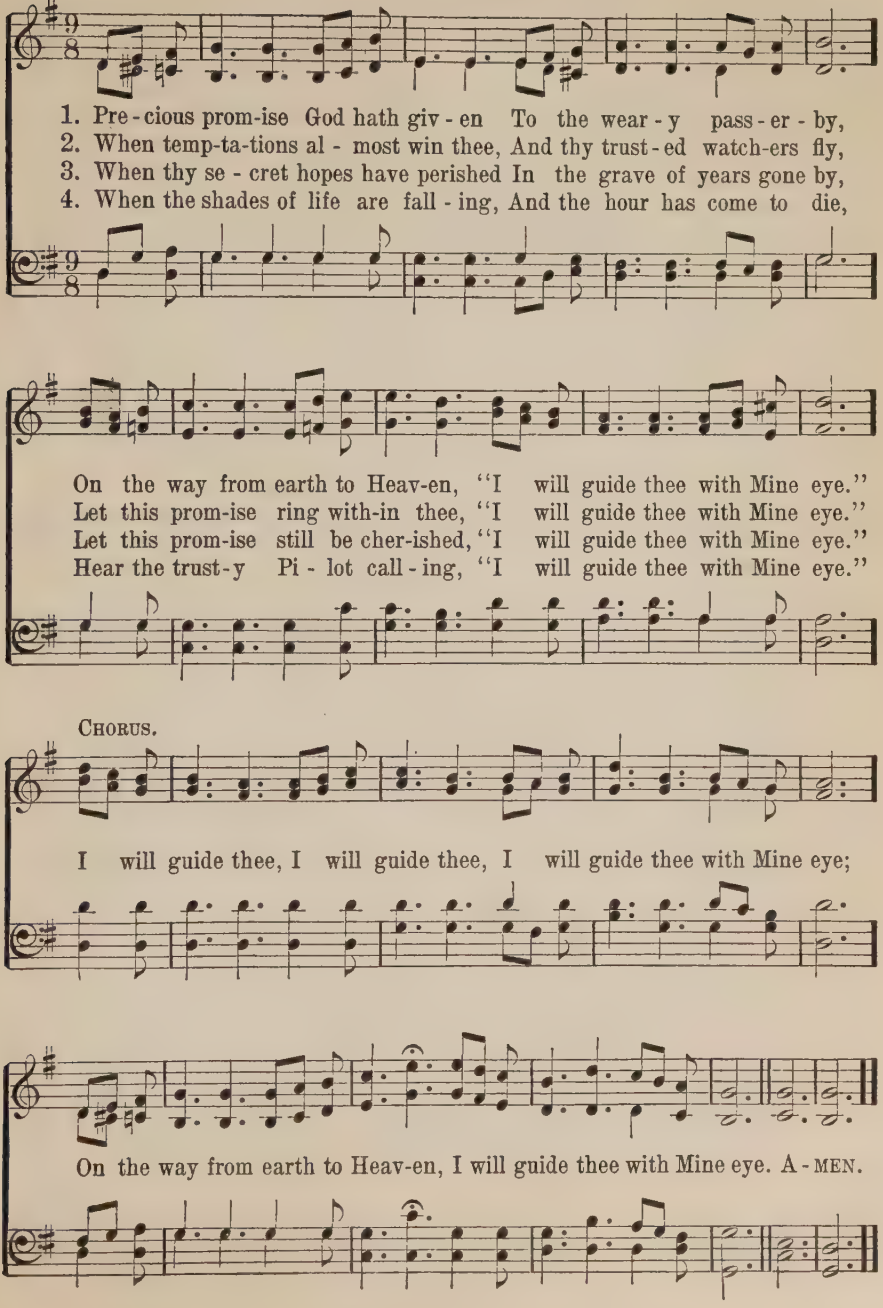

1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow; O do
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend; In com - pas - sion now de-scend; Fill our
3. In Thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we
4. Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace af-ford; Let Thy
not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
know not how to go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart. A - MEN.

110 He Leadeth Me.

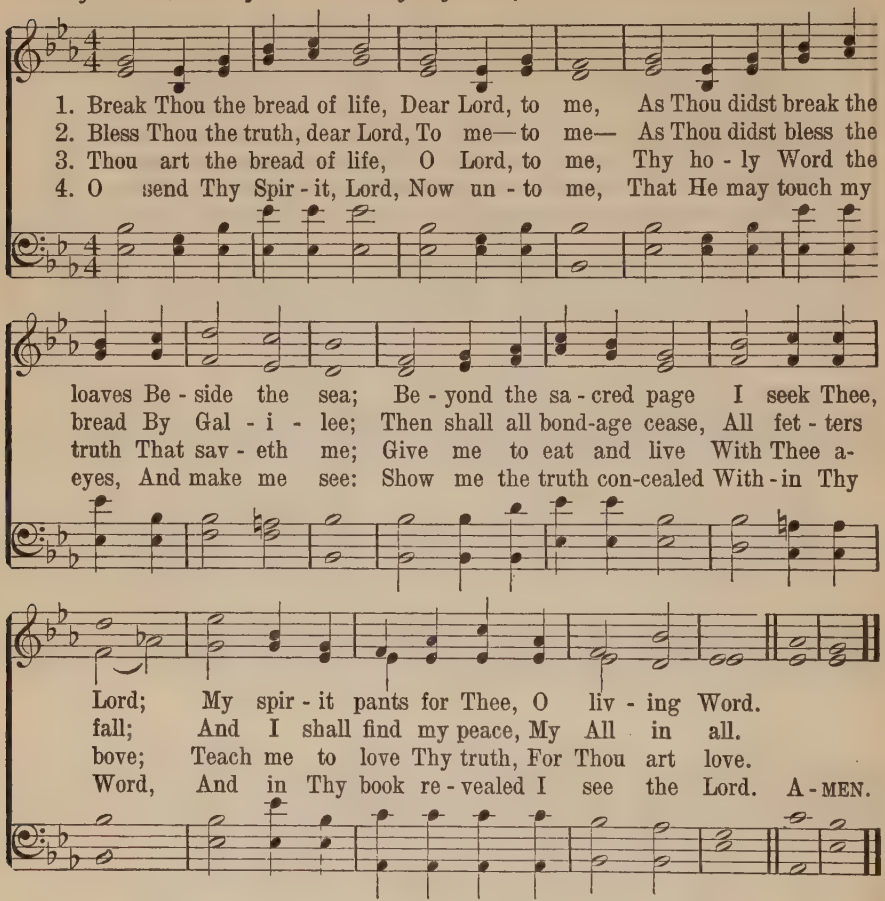
Joseph H. Gilmore. *He Leadeth Me. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me: His
faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-MEN.

111 Precious Promise.

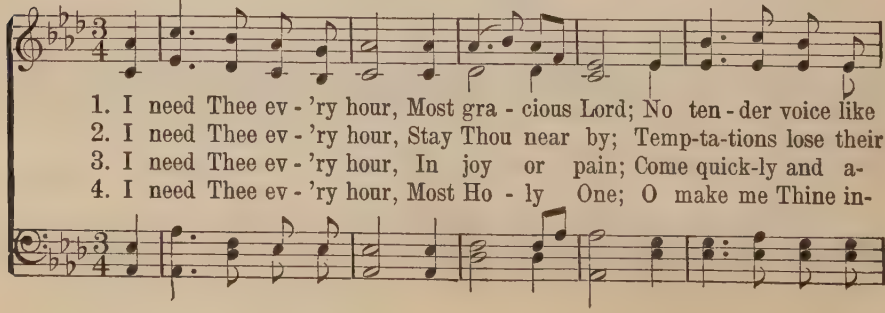
Nathaniel Niles. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. Pre - cious prom-ise God hath giv - en To the wear - y pass - er - by,
2. When temp-ta-tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watch-ers fly,
3. When thy se - cret hopes have perished In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die,
On the way from earth to Heav-en, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom-ise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom-ise still be cher-ished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Hear the trust-y Pi - lot call - ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
CHORUS.
I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to Heav-en, I will guide thee with Mine eye. A - MEN.

112 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. *Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.* William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my
loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters
truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a-
eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed With - in Thy
Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - MEN.

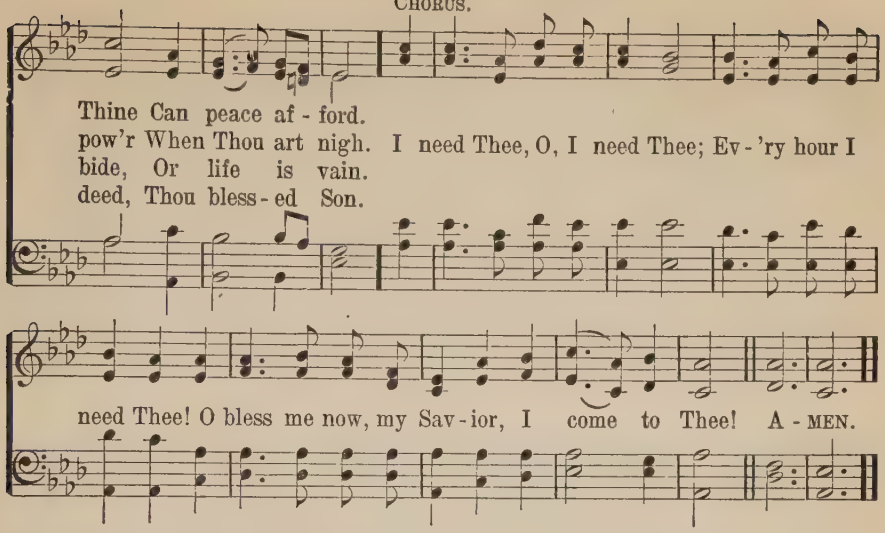
113 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

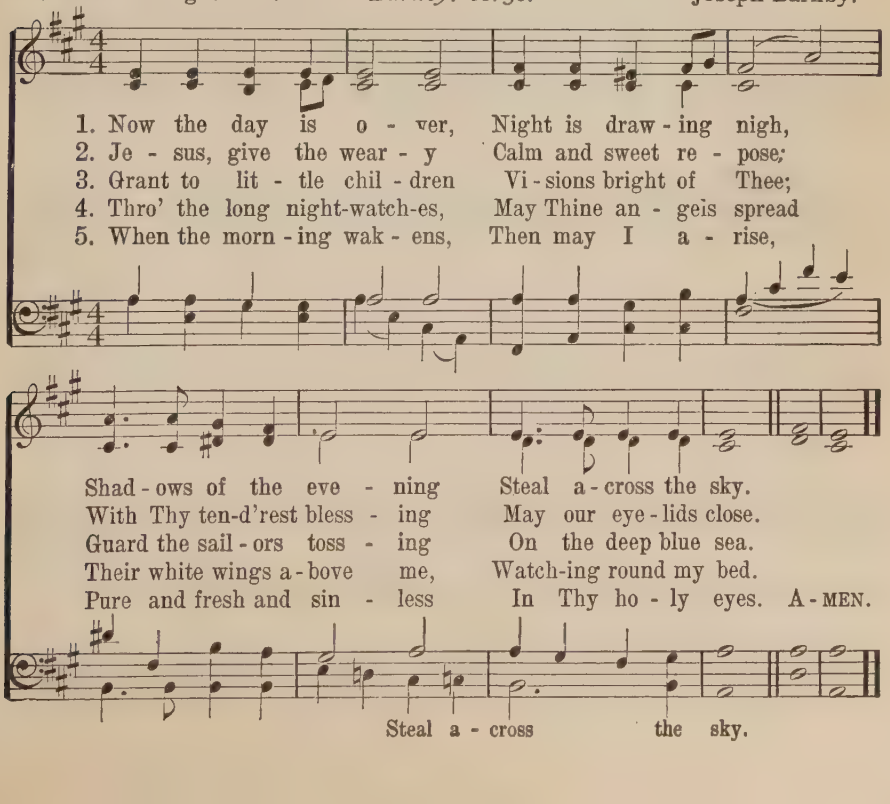
I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.


Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee! A - MEN.

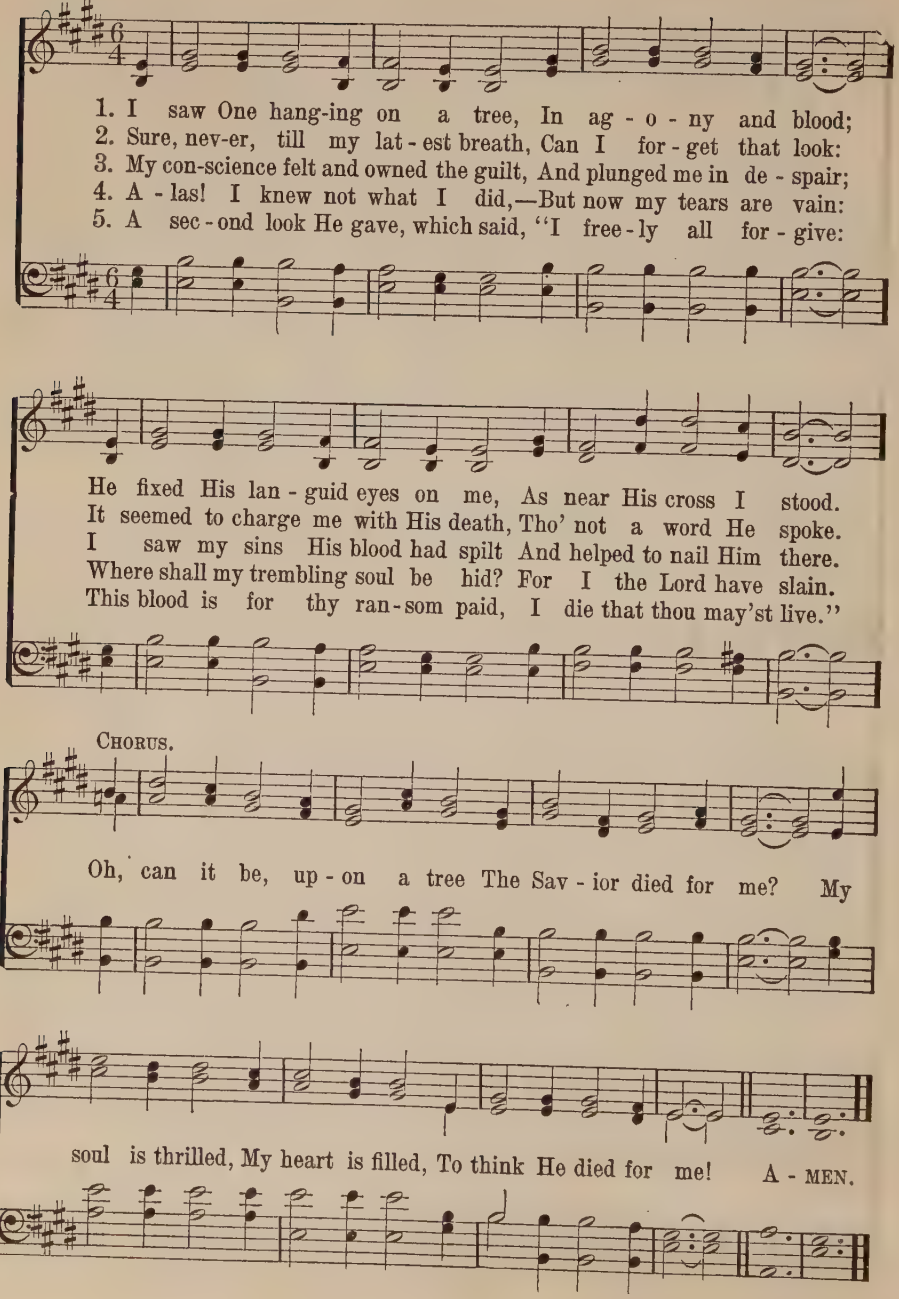
114 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *Barnby. 6s. 5s.* Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.
Steal a - cross the sky.

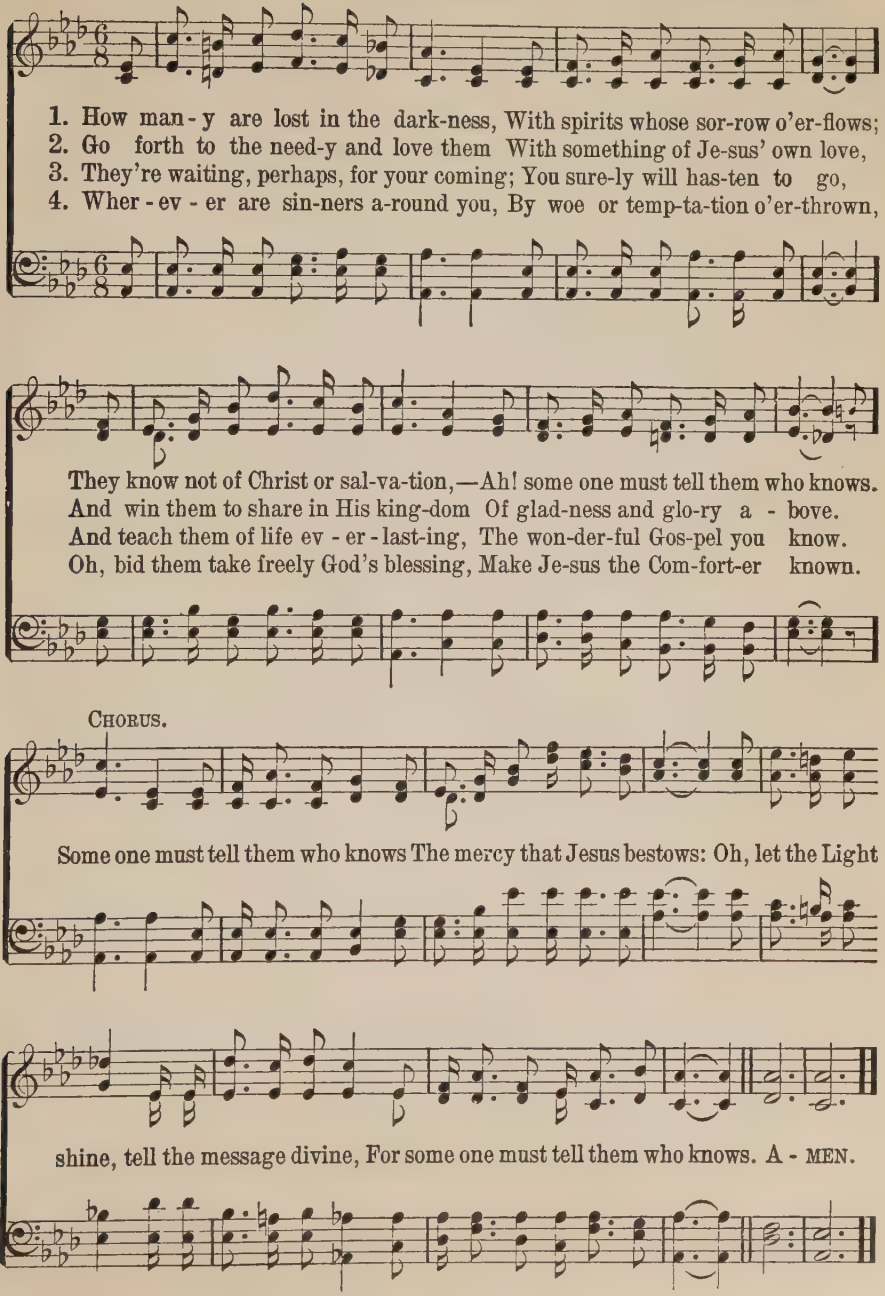
115 He Died For Me.

John Newton. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.


1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My con-science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trembling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."
CHORUS.
Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me? My
soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me! A - MEN.

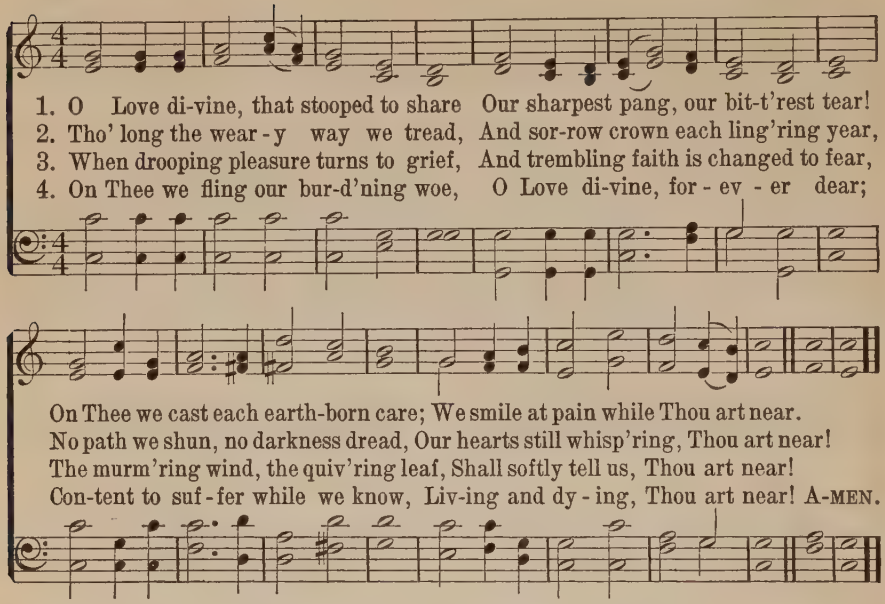
116 Some One Who Knows.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. How man - y are lost in the dark-ness, With spirits whose sor-row o'er-flows;
2. Go forth to the need-y and love them With something of Je-sus' own love,
3. They're waiting, perhaps, for your coming; You sure-ly will has-ten to go,
4. Wher - ev - er are sin-ners a-round you, By woe or temp-ta-tion o'er-thrown,
They know not of Christ or sal-va-tion,—Ah! some one must tell them who knows.
And win them to share in His king-dom Of glad-ness and glo-ry a - bove.
And teach them of life ev - er - last-ing, The won-der-ful Gos-pel you know.
Oh, bid them take freely God's blessing, Make Je-sus the Com-fort-er known.
CHORUS.
Some one must tell them who knows The mercy that Jesus bestows: Oh, let the Light
shine, tell the message divine, For some one must tell them who knows. A - MEN.

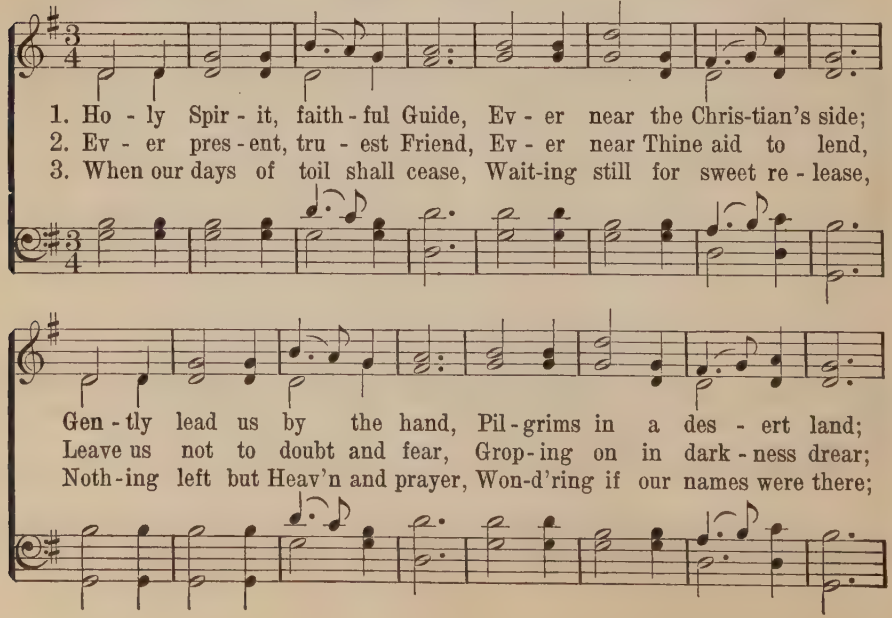
117 O Love Divine.

Oliver W. Holmes. *Zephyr. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

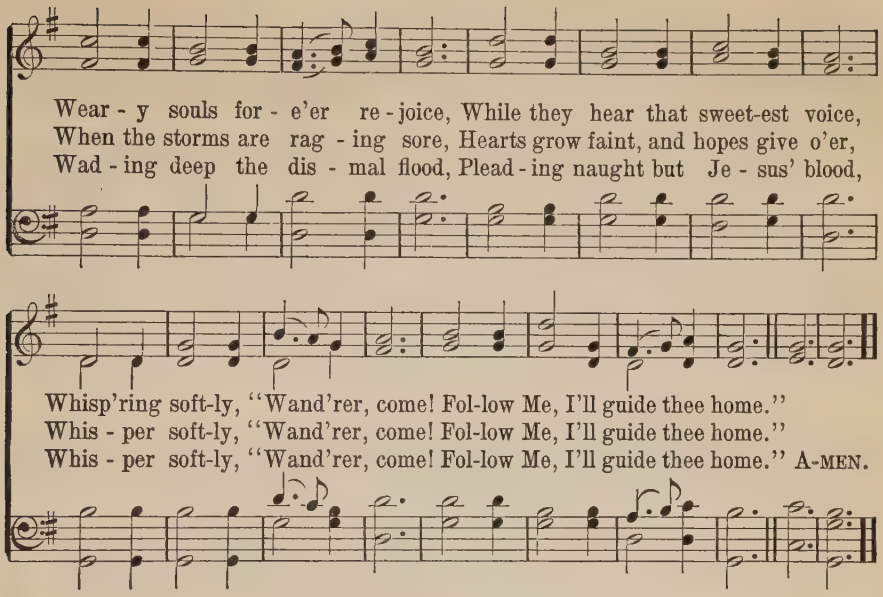

1. O Love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear!
2. Tho' long the wear-y way we tread, And sor-row crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our bur-d'ning woe, O Love di-vine, for-ev-er dear;
On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near!
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!
Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing, Thou art near! A-MEN.

118 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcus M. Wells. *Faithful Guide. 7s. D.* Marcus M. Wells.

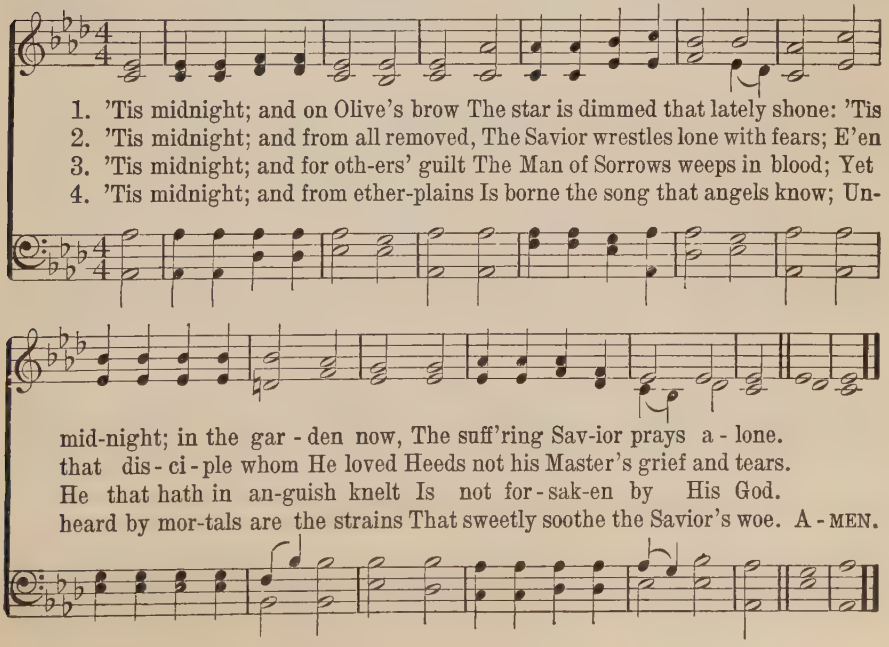

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side;
2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease,
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear;
Noth-ing left but Heav'n and prayer, Won-d'ring if our names were there;

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.


Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,
Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home." A-MEN.

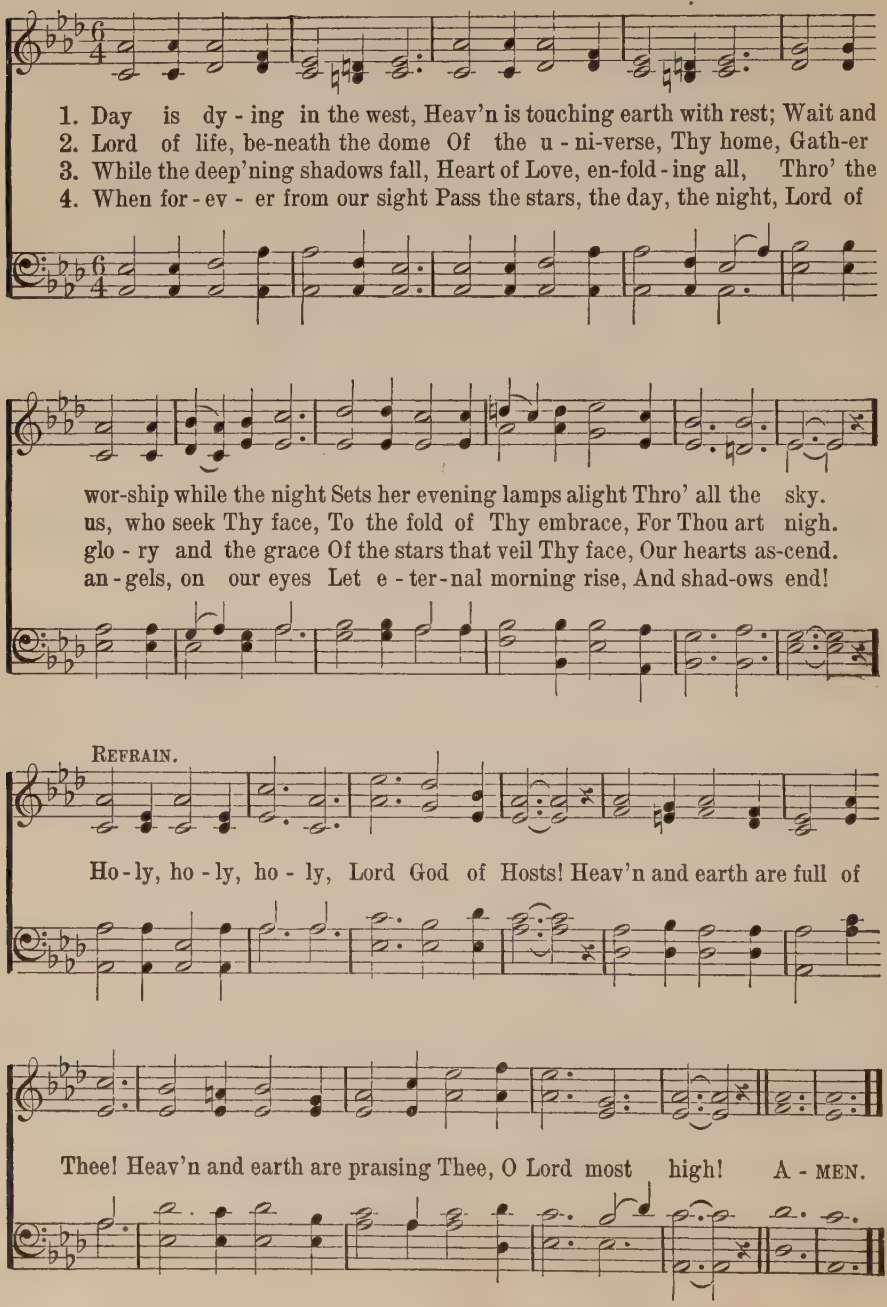
119 'Tis Midnight.

William B. Tappan. *Olive's Brow. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

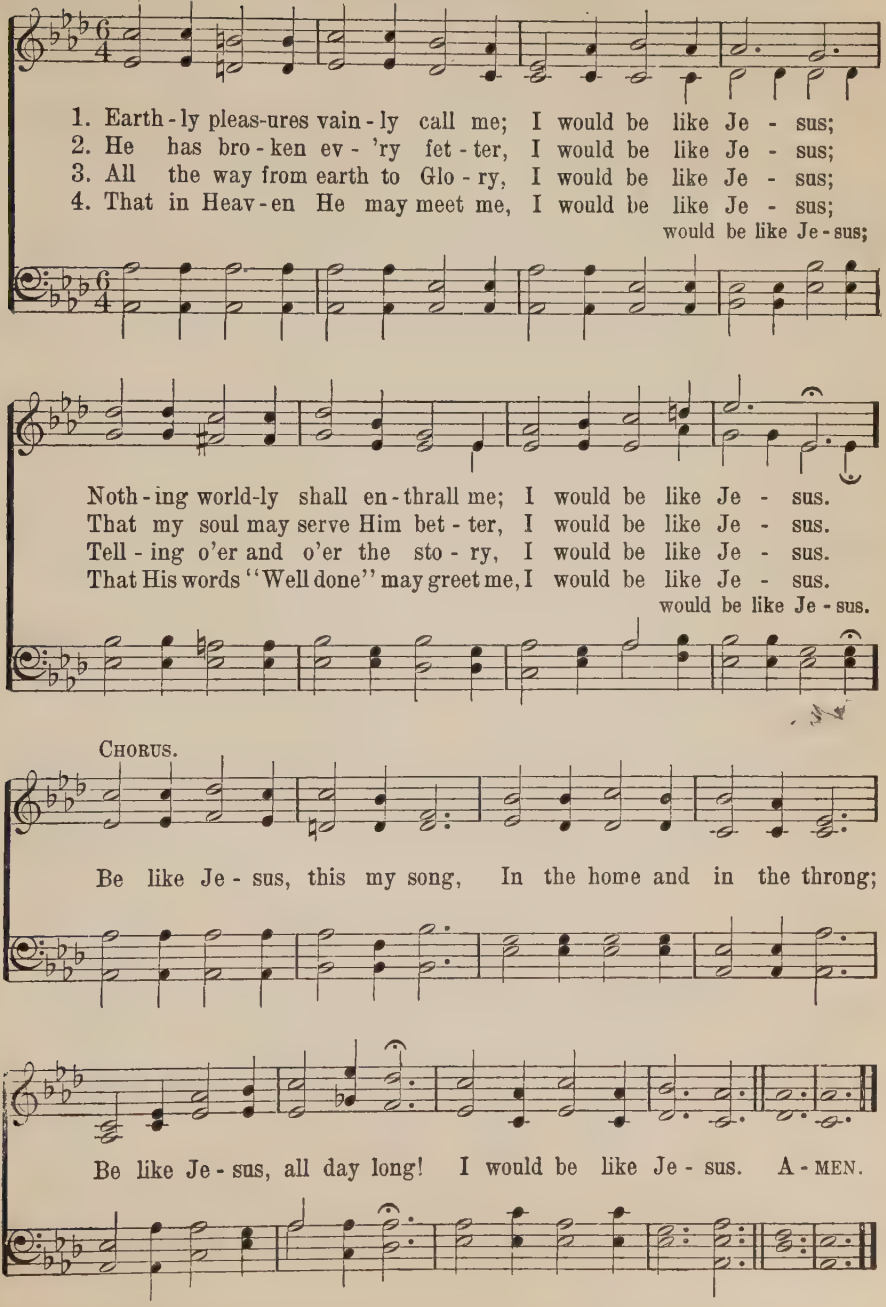

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Savior wrestles lone with fears; E'en
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood; Yet
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that angels know; Un-
mid-night; in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for - sak-en by His God.
heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe. A - MEN.

120 Day is Dying in the West.

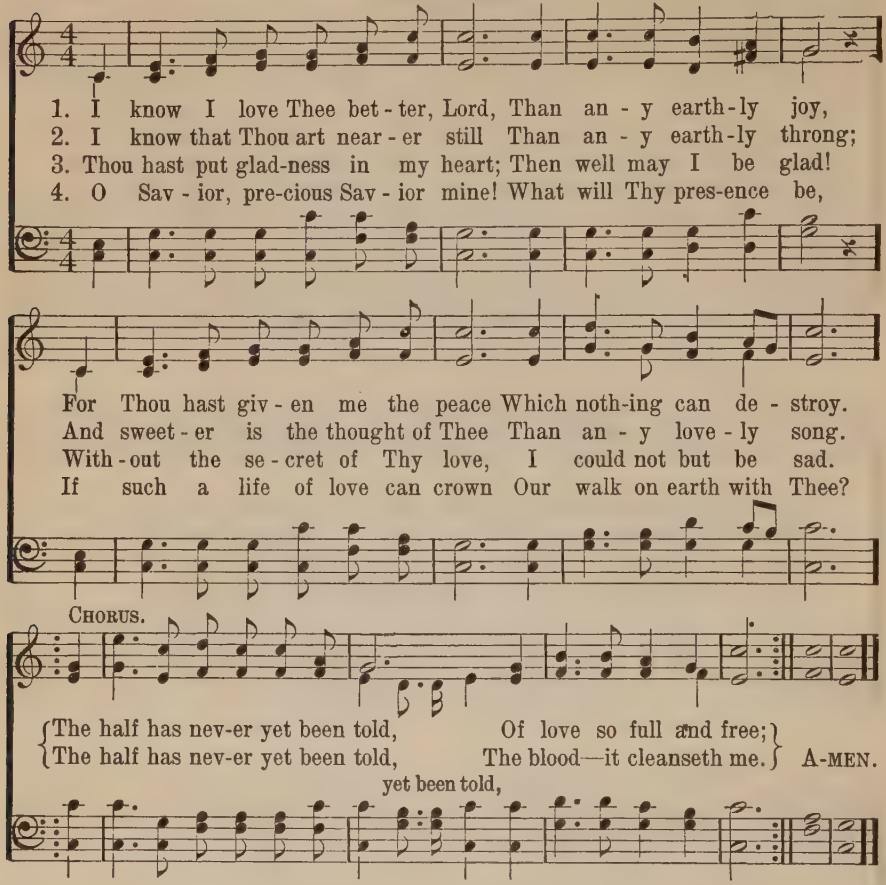
Mary A. Lathbury. *Evening Praise. 7s. 4.* William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!
REFRAIN.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

121 I Would Be Like Jesus.

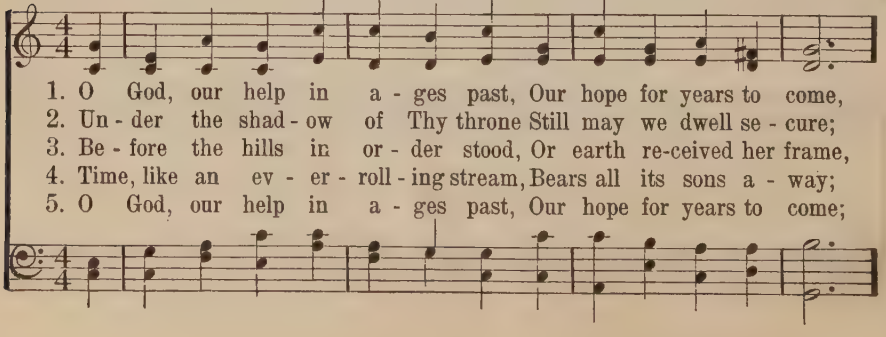
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je-sus;
Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je-sus.
CHORUS.
Be like Je-sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;
Be like Je-sus, all day long! I would be like Je-sus. A-MEN.

122 The Half Has Never Been Told.

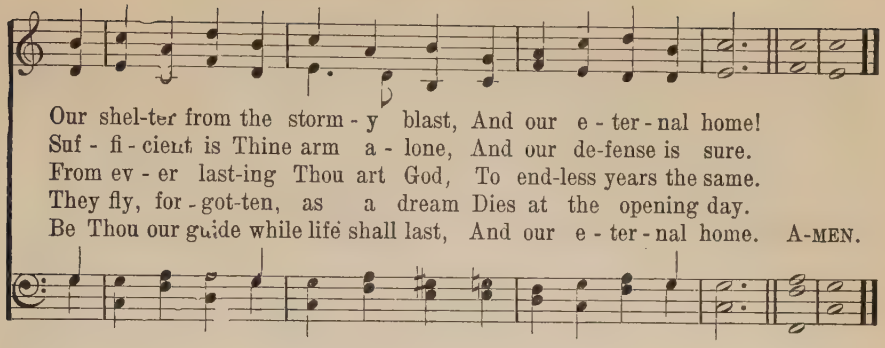
Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PERMISSION. R. E. Hudson.

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an-y earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than an-y earth-ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav-ior, pre-cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,
For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
And sweet-er is the thought of Thee Than an-y love-ly song.
With-out the se-cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
Chorus.
The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
A-men.
yet been told,

123 O God, Our Help.

Isaac Watts. *St. Anne. C. M.* William Croft.

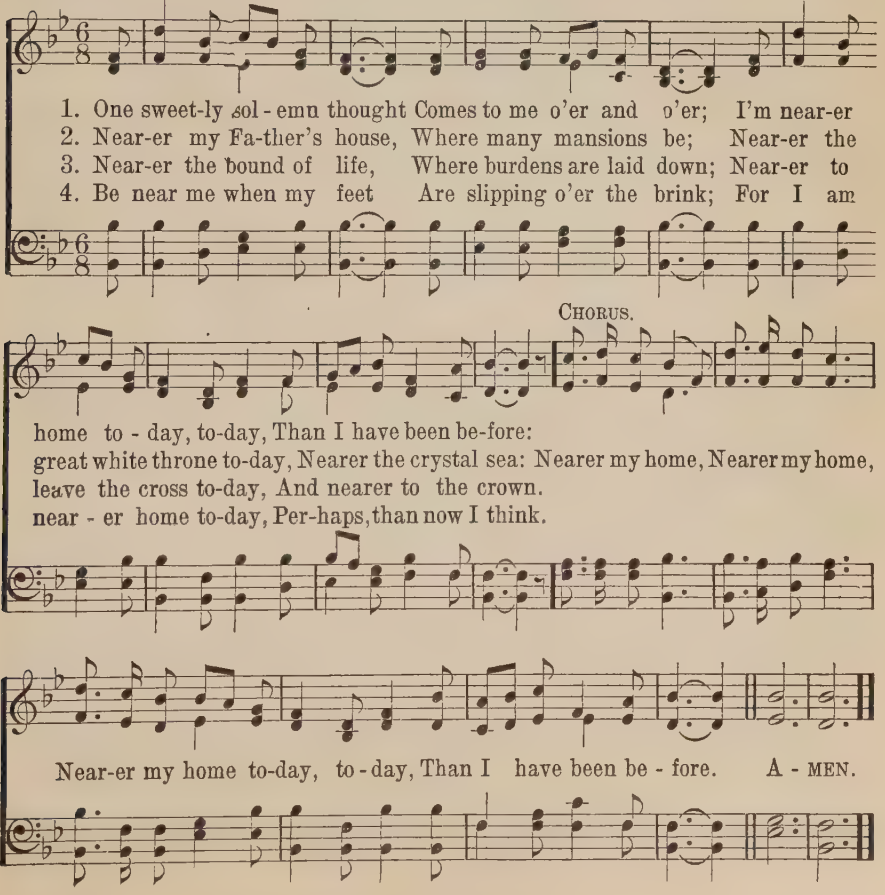

1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un-der the shad-ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se-cure;
3. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
4. Time, like an ev-er-roll-ing stream, Bears all its sons a-way;
5. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come;

O God, Our Help.


Our shel-ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fense is sure.
From ev - er last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
They fly, for - got-ten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home. A-MEN.

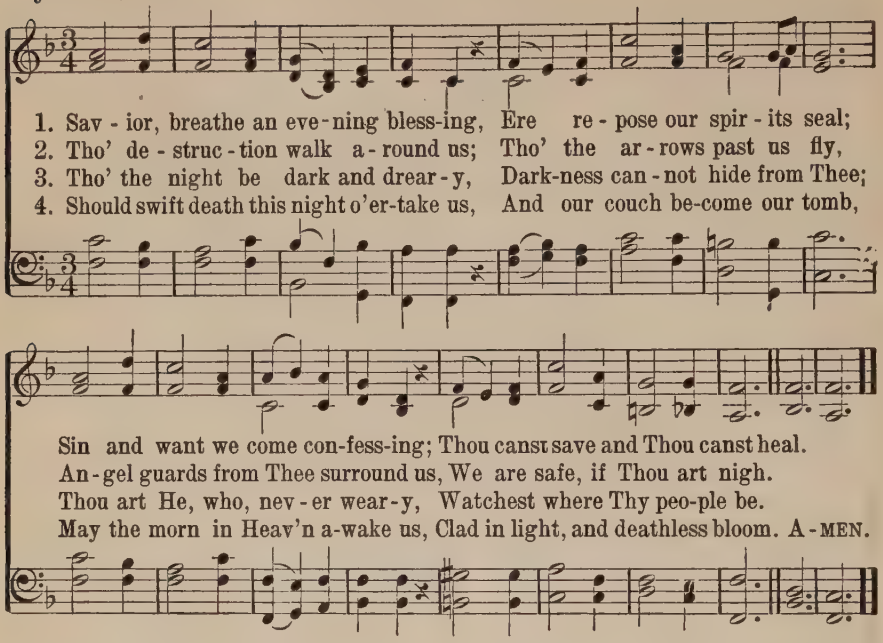
124 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Phœbe Cary. Philip Phillips.


1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where many mansions be; Near-er the
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near-er to
4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink; For I am
CHORUS.
home to - day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore:
great white throne to-day, Nearer the crystal sea: Nearer my home, Nearer my home,
leave the cross to-day, And nearer to the crown.
near - er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.
Near-er my home to-day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore. A - MEN.

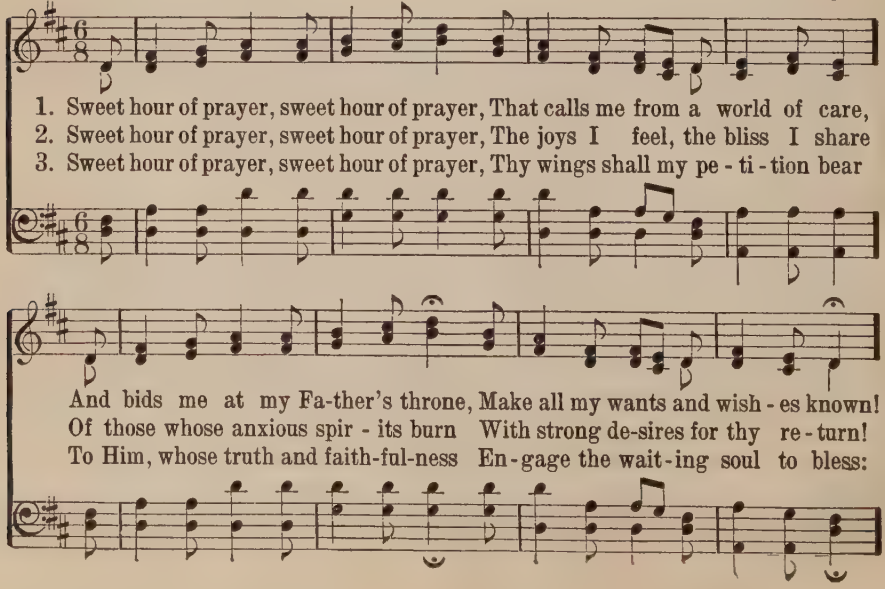
125 Closing Hymn.

James Edmeston. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

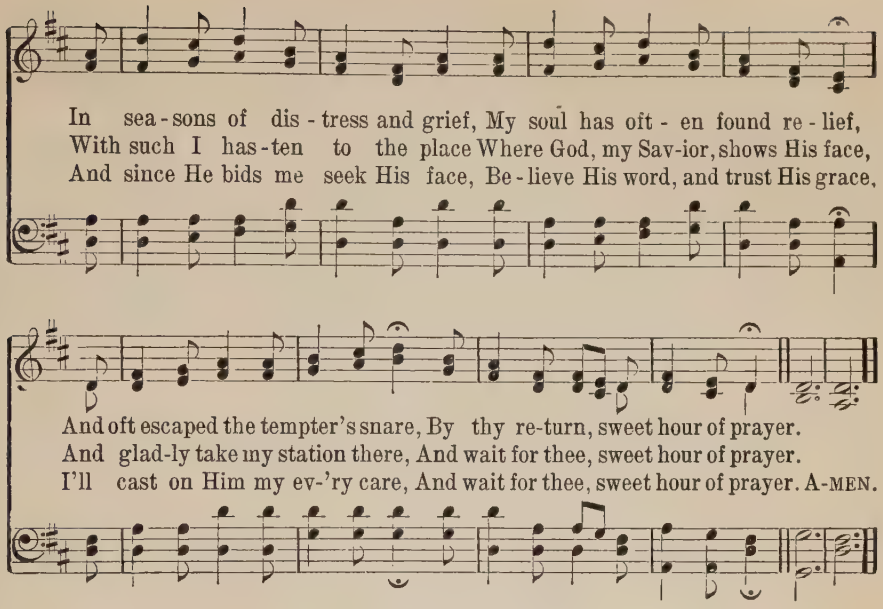

1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us; Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be-come our tomb,
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He, who, nev - er wear - y, Watchest where Thy peo-ple be.
May the morn in Heav'n a-wake us, Clad in light, and deathless bloom. A - MEN.

126 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

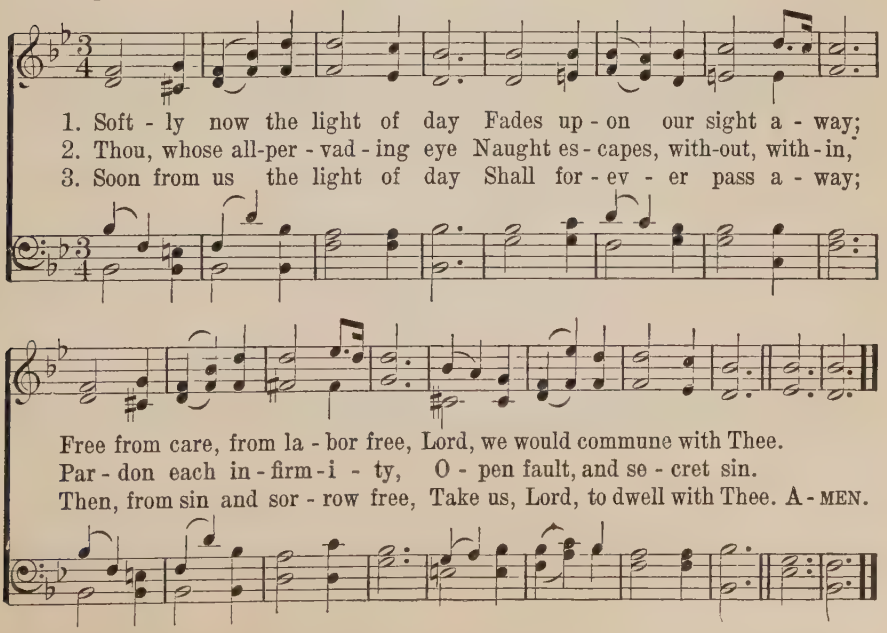

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:

Sweet Hour of Prayer.


In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
With such I has-ten to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
And glad-ly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. A-MEN.

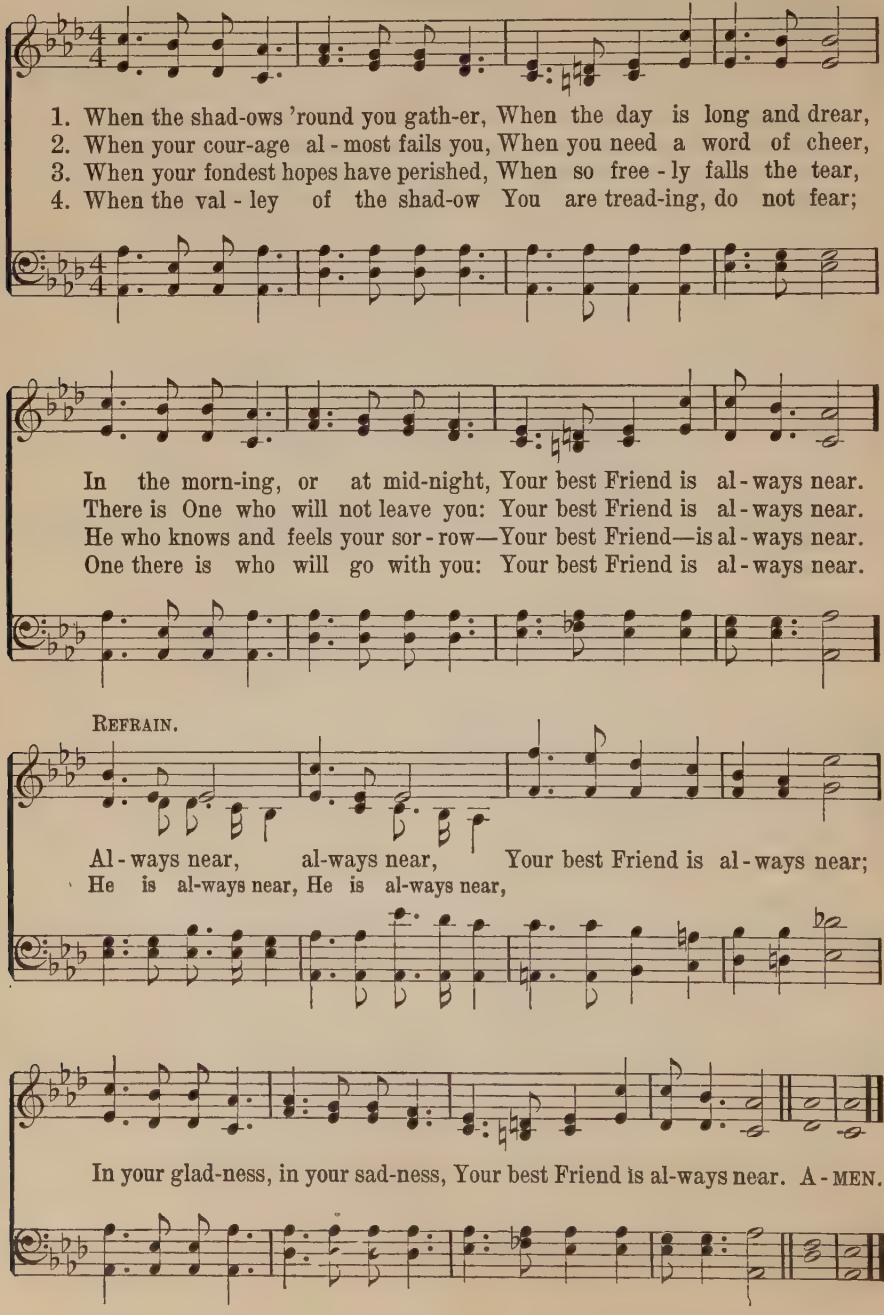
127 Softly Now the Light of Day!

George W. Doane. *Mercy. 7s.* Louis M. Gottschalk.


1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a-way;
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad-ing eye Naught es-capes, with-out, with-in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way;
Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault, and se-cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee. A-MEN.

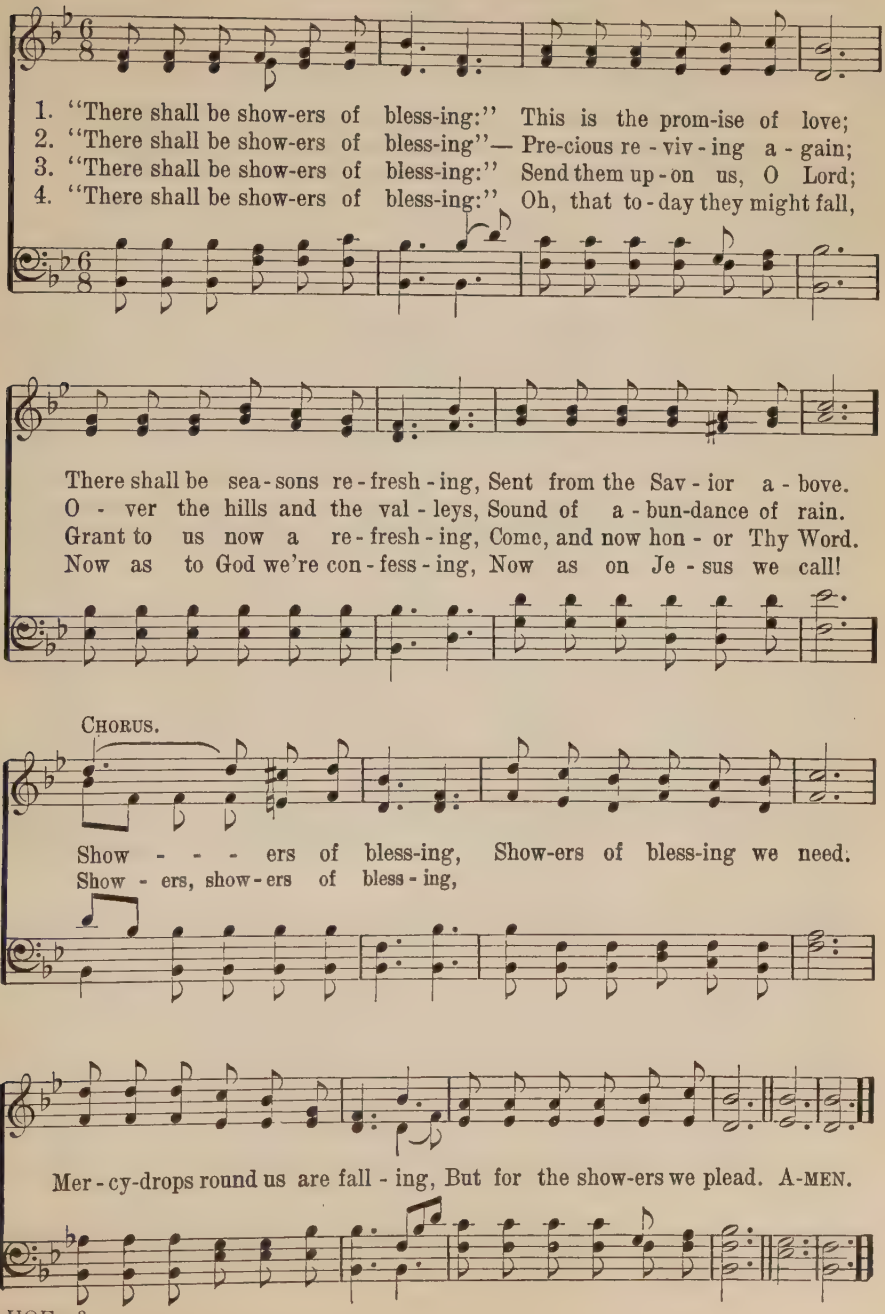
128 Your Best Friend is Always Near.

Isabel C. Allam. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al-most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fondest hopes have perished, When so free-ly falls the tear,
4. When the val-ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;
In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al-ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor-row—Your best Friend—is al-ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
REFRAIN.
Al-ways near, al-ways near, Your best Friend is al-ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,
In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near. A-MEN.

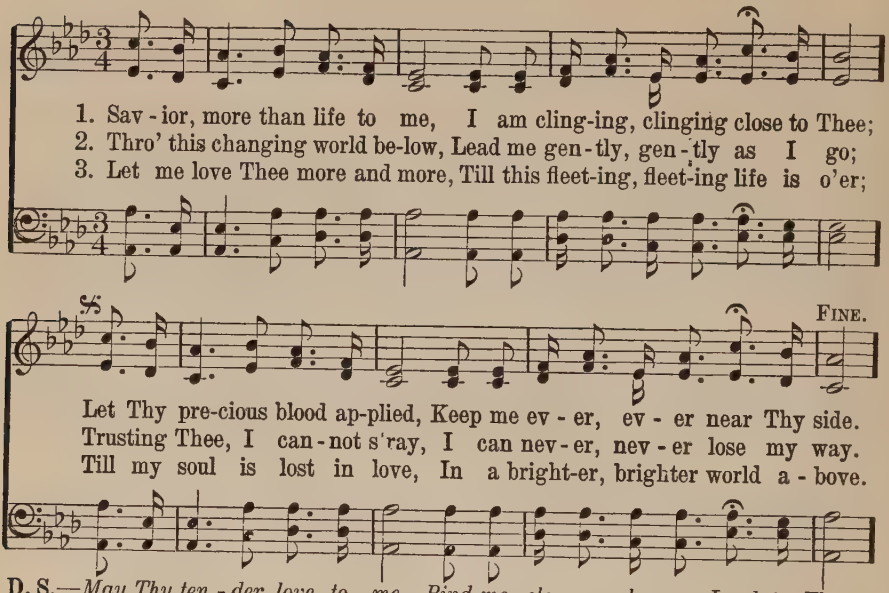
129 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan. COPYRIGHT, 1893, 1910, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. James McGranahan.


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show - - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need.
Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing,
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead. A-MEN.

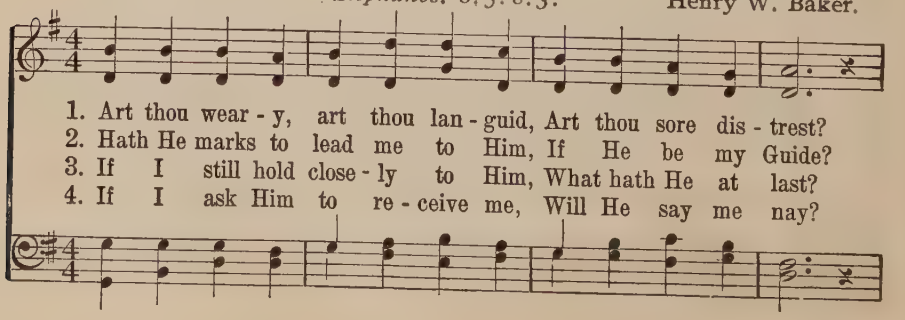
130 Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

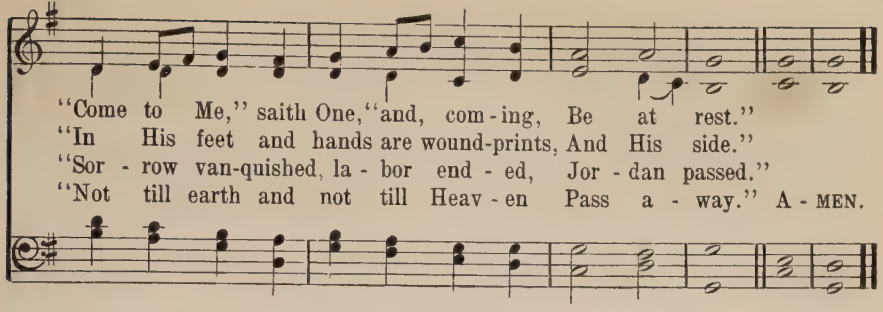

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
FINE.
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not s'ray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.
D. S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Ev - 'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

131 Art Thou Weary?

John M. Neale. *Stephanos. 8. 5. 8. 3.* Henry W. Baker.

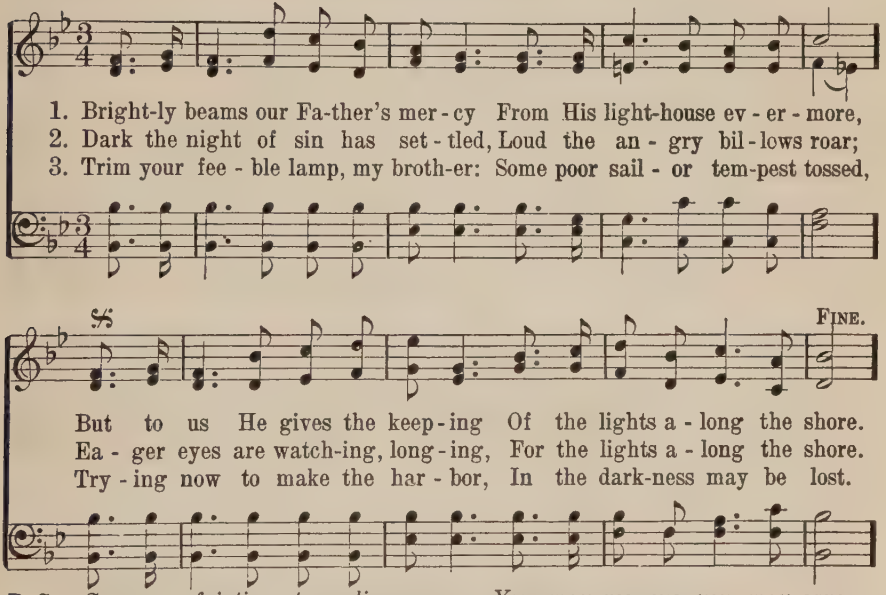

1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

Art Thou Weary?


"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com-ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Sor-row van-quished, la-bor end-ed, Jor-dan passed."
"Not till earth and not till Heav-en Pass a-way." A-MEN.

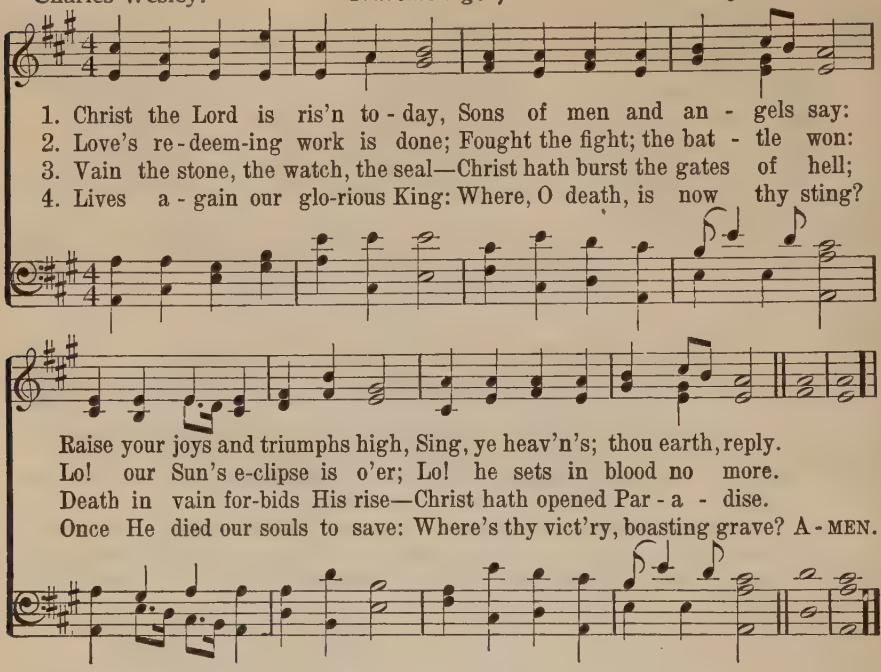
132 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,
FINE.
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
D. S.—Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A-MEN.

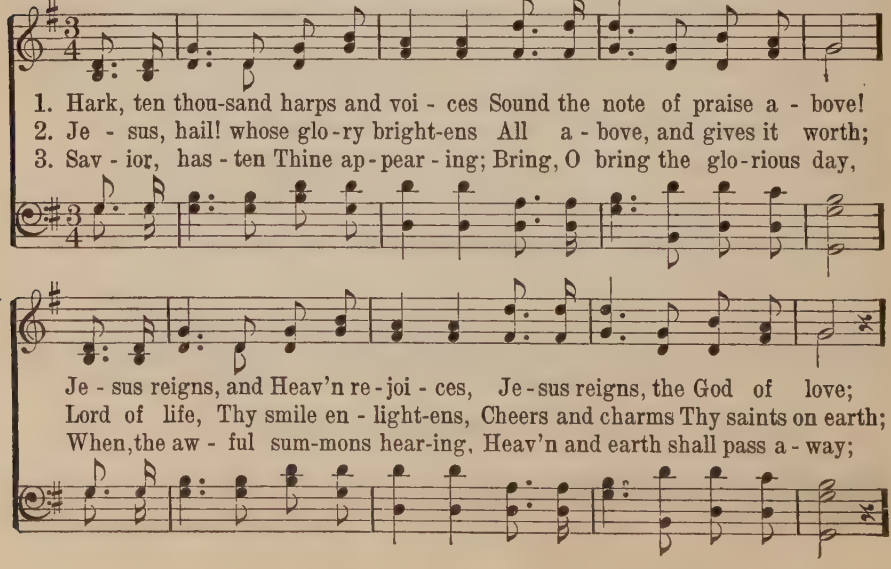
133 Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.

Charles Wesley. *Nuremburg. 7s.* J. R. Ahle.

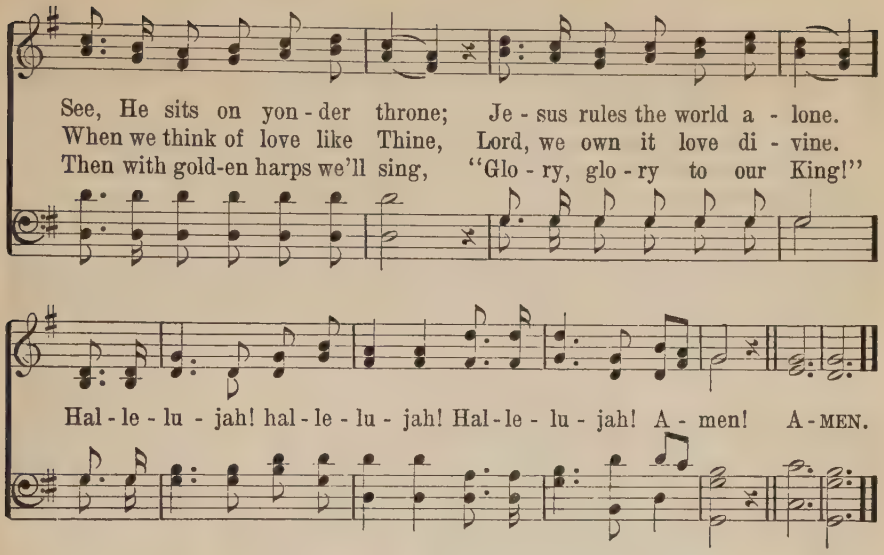

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight; the bat - tle won:
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King: Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'n's; thou earth, reply.
Lo! our Sun's e-clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Death in vain for-bids His rise—Christ hath opened Par - a - dise.
Once He died our souls to save: Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave? A - MEN.

134 Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

Thomas Kelly. *Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.* Lowell Mason.

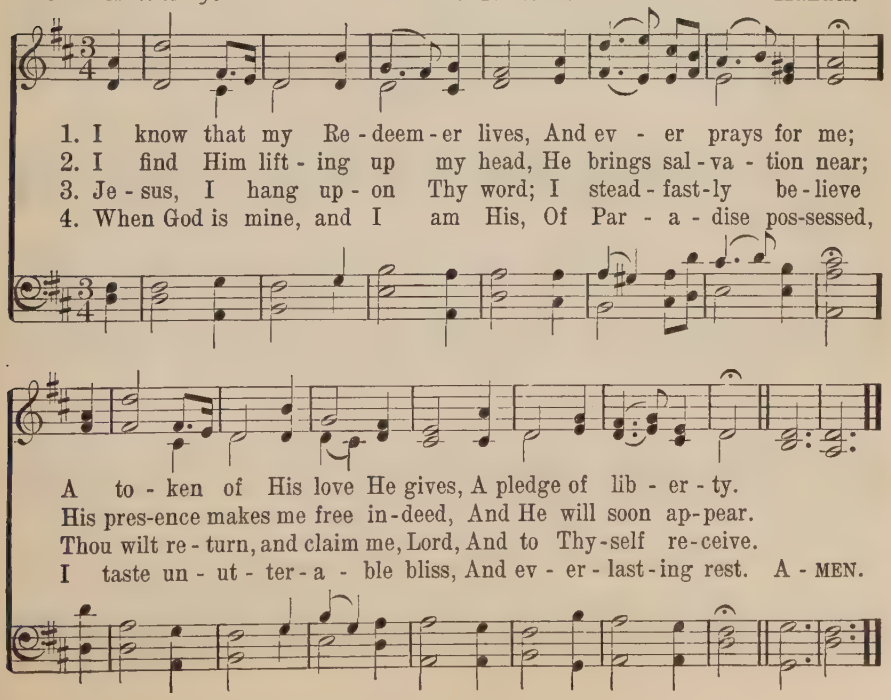

1. Hark, ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove!
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
3. Sav - ior, has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,
Je - sus reigns, and Heav'n re - joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Lord of life, Thy smile en - light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

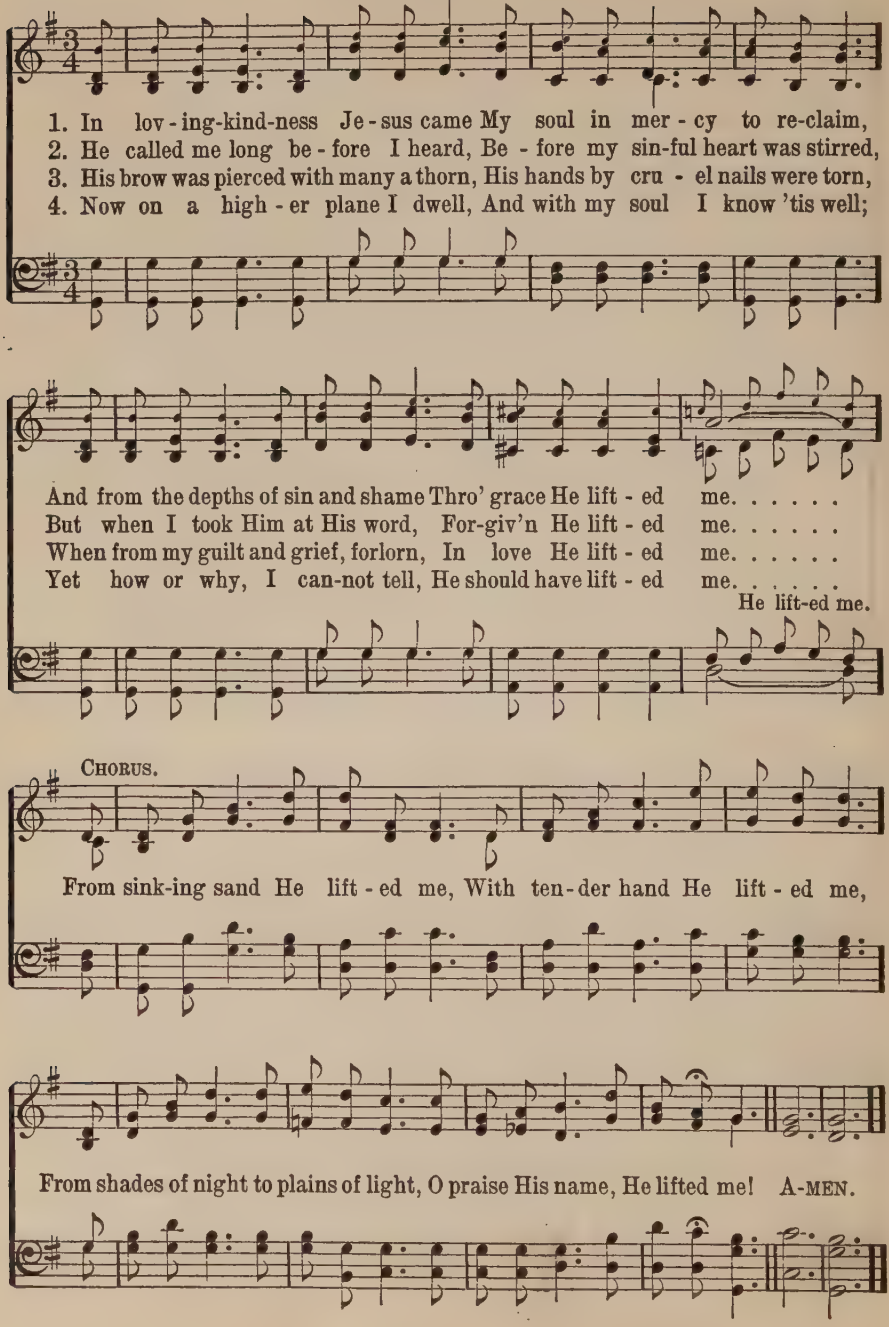

See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Then with gold-en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - MEN.

135 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Charles Wesley. *Messiah. C. M.* Handel.

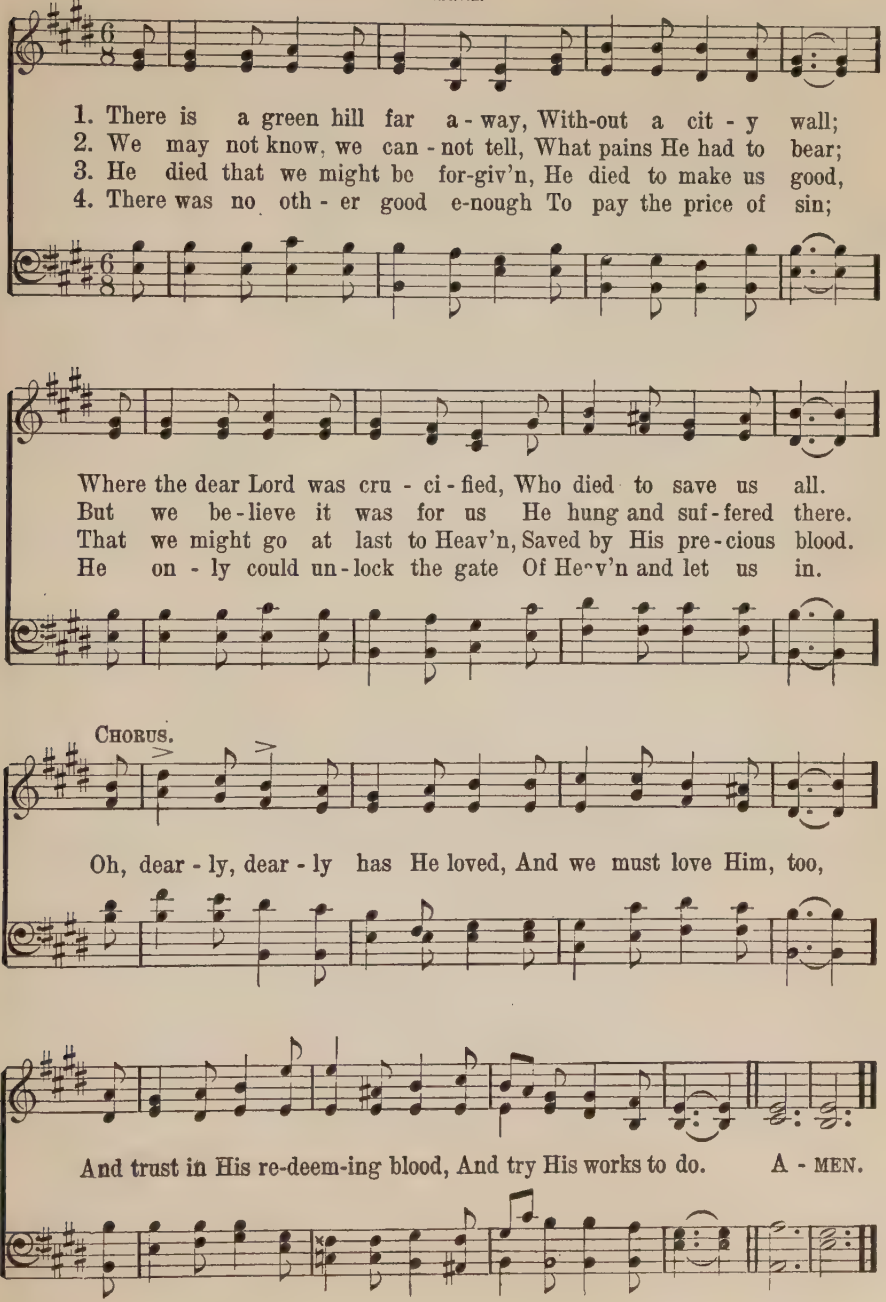

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead - fast-ly be - lieve
4. When God is mine, and I am His, Of Par - a - dise pos-sessed,
A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres-ence makes me free in-deed, And He will soon ap-pear.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re-ceive.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last-ing rest. A - MEN.

136 He Lifted Me.

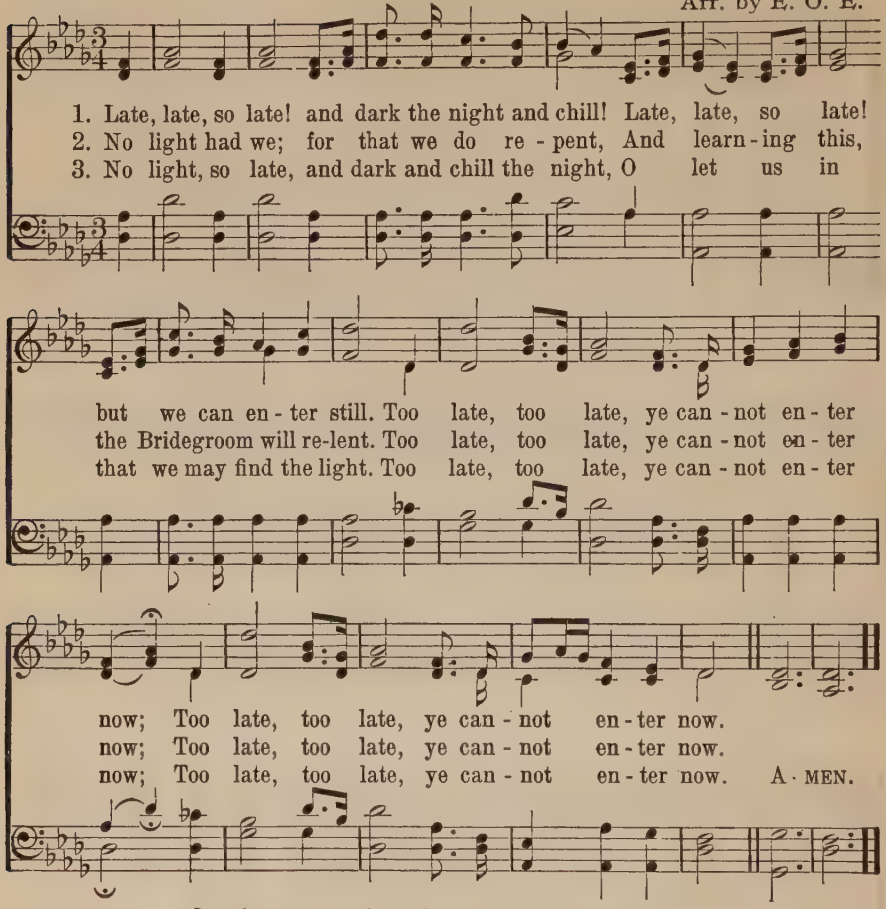
Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift-ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.
CHORUS.
From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,
From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.

137 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Cecil F. Alexander. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

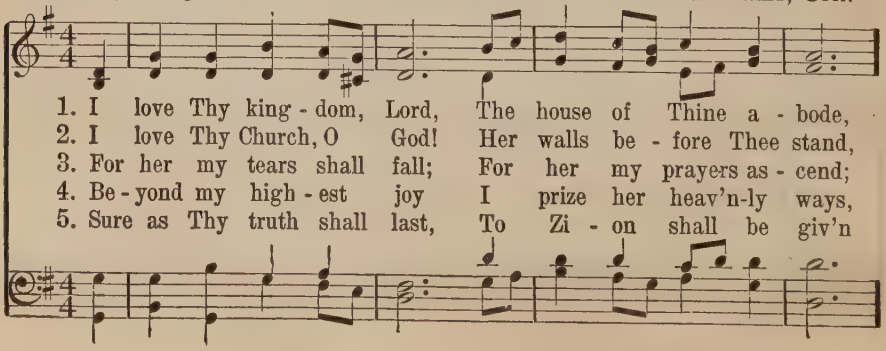

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.
CHORUS.
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A - MEN.

138 Too Late, Too Late.

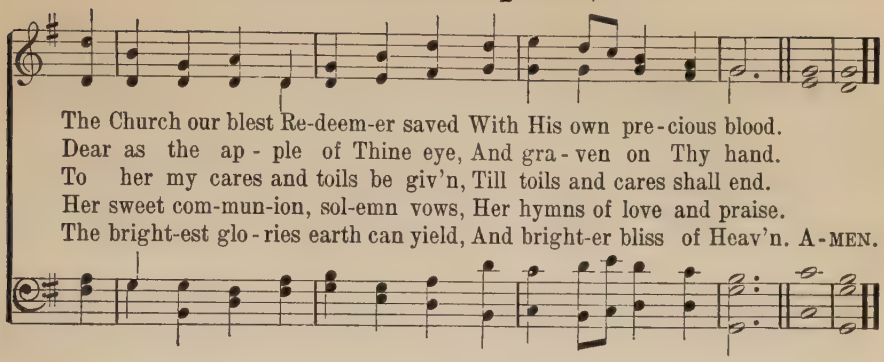
Alfred Tennyson. ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. Brahms. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late!
2. No light had we; for that we do re-pent, And learn-ing this,
3. No light, so late, and dark and chill the night, O let us in
but we can en-ter still. Too late, too late, ye can-not en-ter
the Bridegroom will re-lent. Too late, too late, ye can-not en-ter
that we may find the light. Too late, too late, ye can-not en-ter
now; Too late, too late, ye can-not en-ter now.
now; Too late, too late, ye can-not en-ter now.
now; Too late, too late, ye can-not en-ter now. A-MEN.

139 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

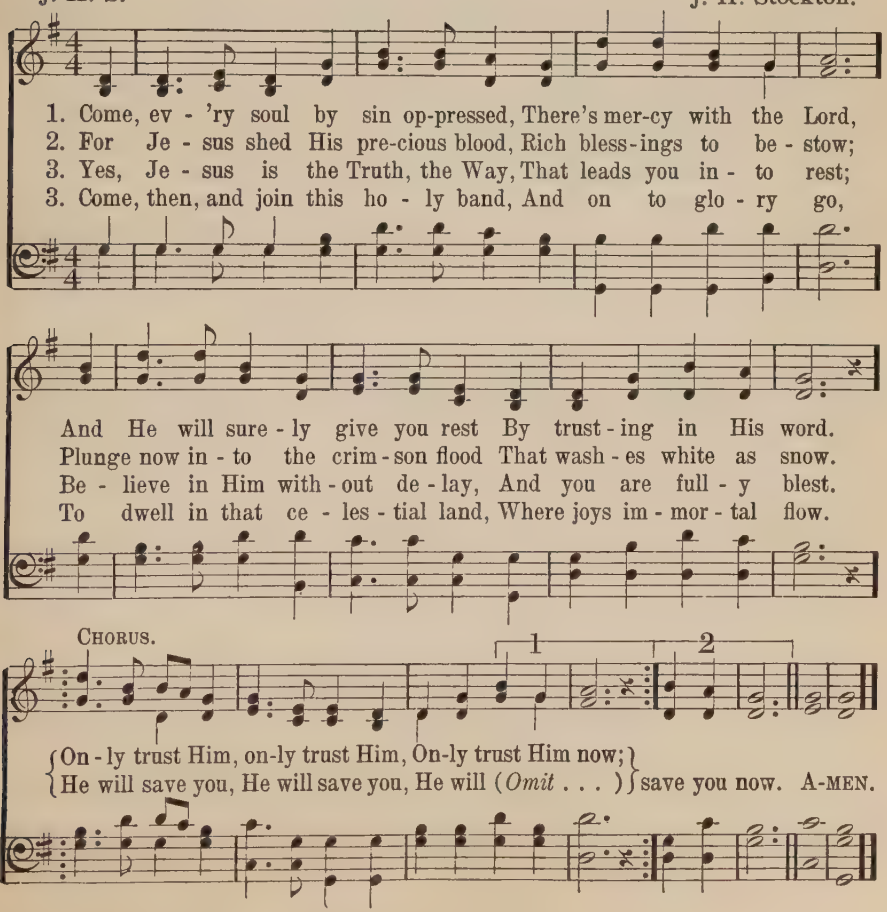
Timothy Dwight. *St. Thomas. S. M.* Aaron Williams, Coll.


1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as-cend;
4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi-on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.


The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

140 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,
And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full-y blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.
CHORUS.
1
2
On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will (*Omit . . .*) save you now. A-MEN.

141 Friend of Friends.

J. P. S.

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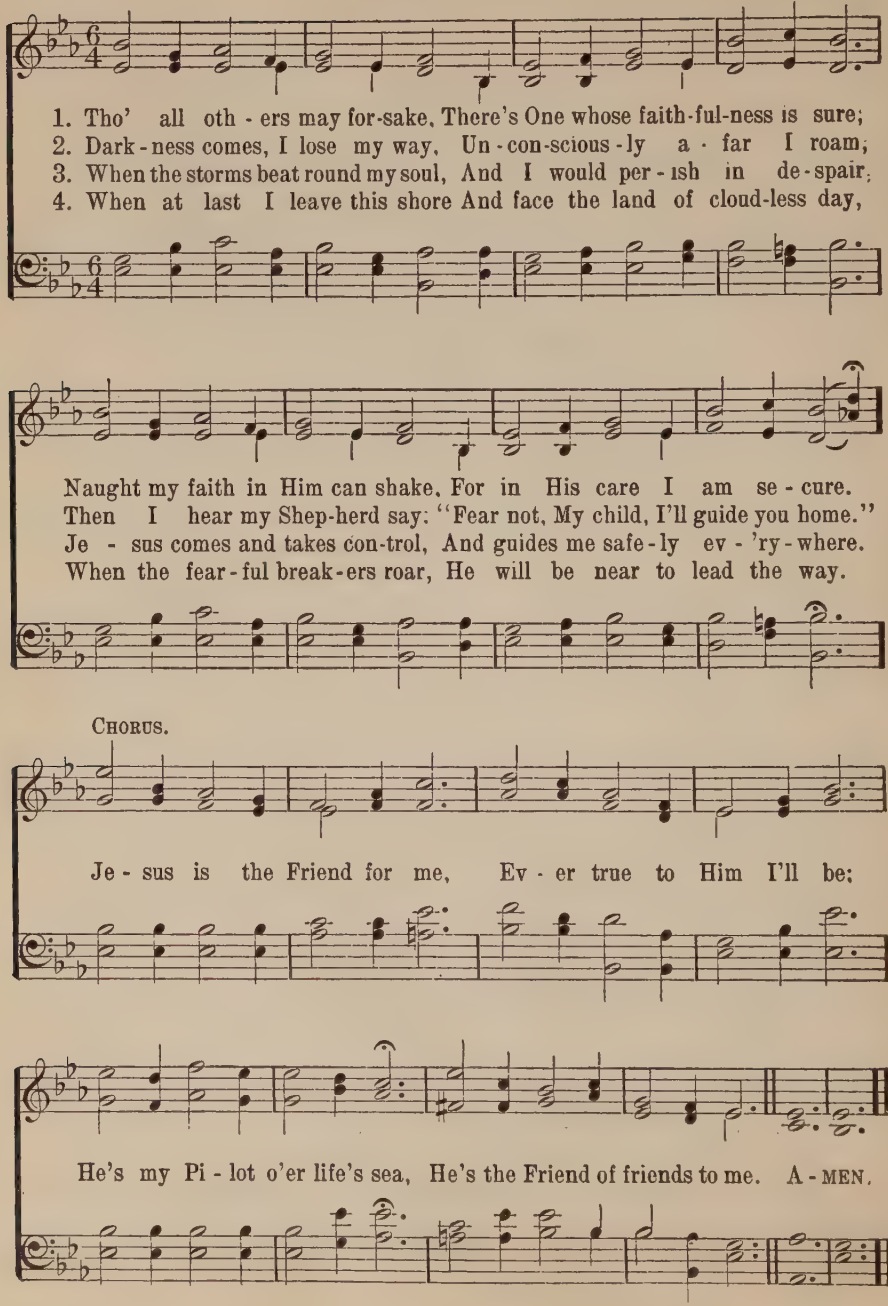
WORDS AND MUSIC

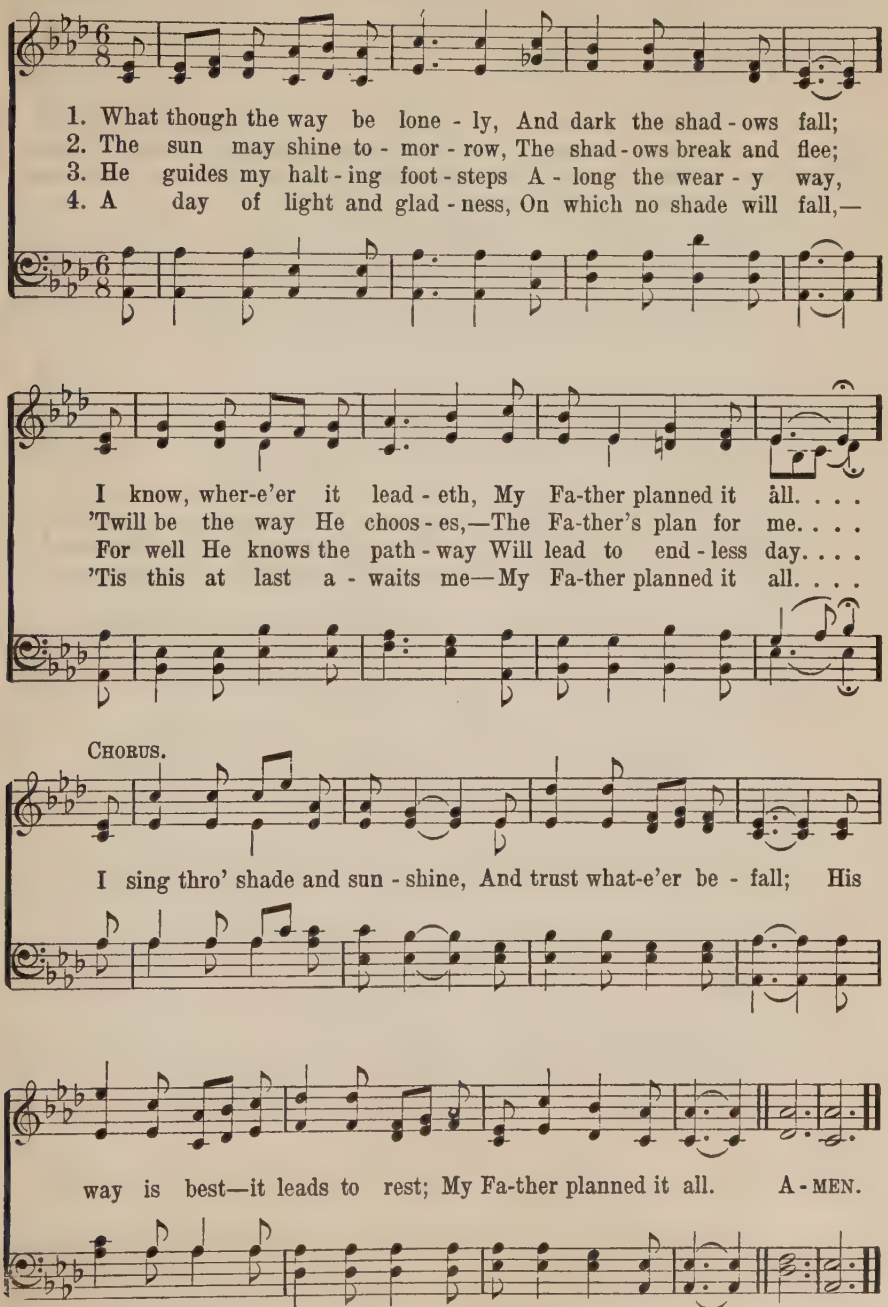
J. P. Scholfield.


1. Tho' all oth - ers may for-sake, There's One whose faith-ful-ness is sure;
2. Dark - ness comes, I lose my way, Un - con-scious - ly a - far I roam;
3. When the storms beat round my soul, And I would per - ish in de - spair;
4. When at last I leave this shore And face the land of cloud-less day,
Naught my faith in Him can shake, For in His care I am se - cure.
Then I hear my Shep-herd say: "Fear not, My child, I'll guide you home."
Je - sus comes and takes con-trol, And guides me safe - ly ev - 'ry - where.
When the fear - ful break - ers roar, He will be near to lead the way.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is the Friend for me, Ev - er true to Him I'll be;
He's my Pi - lot o'er life's sea, He's the Friend of friends to me. A - MEN.

142 My Father Planned It All.

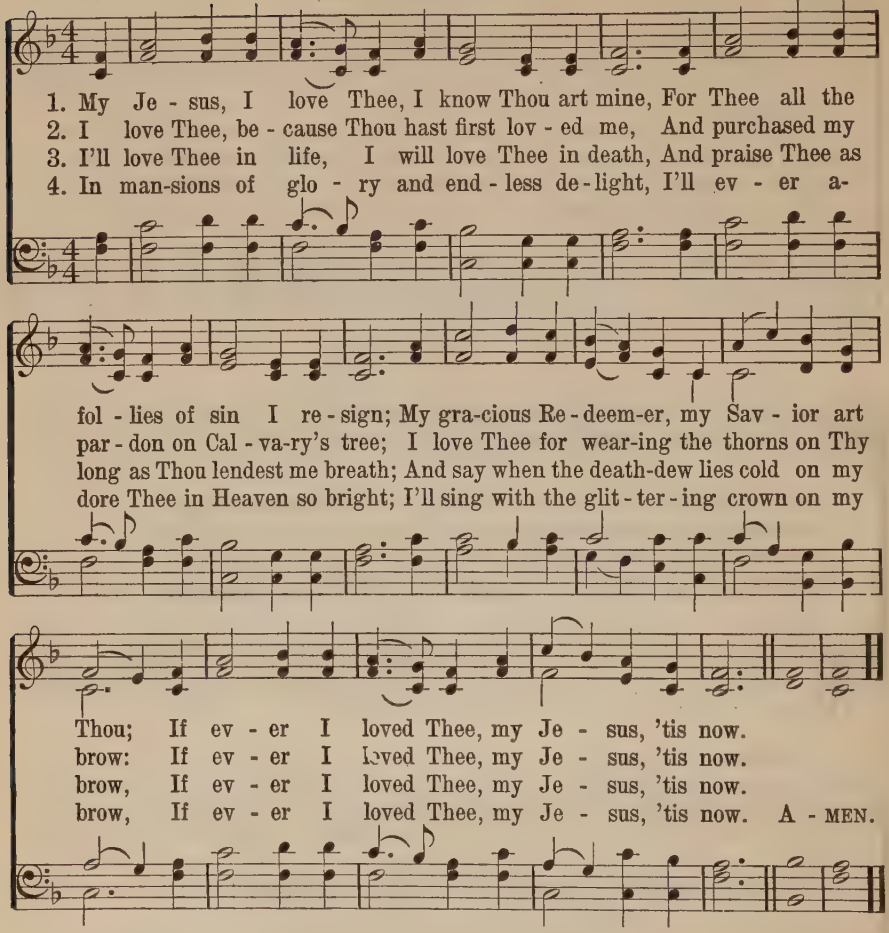
H. H. Pierson. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. What though the way be lone - ly, And dark the shad - ows fall;
2. The sun may shine to - mor - row, The shad - ows break and flee;
3. He guides my halt - ing foot - steps A - long the wear - y way,
4. A day of light and glad - ness, On which no shade will fall,—
I know, wher-e'er it lead - eth, My Fa-ther planned it all. . . .
'Twill be the way He choos - es,—The Fa-ther's plan for me. . . .
For well He knows the path - way Will lead to end - less day. . . .
'Tis this at last a - waits me—My Fa-ther planned it all. . . .
CHORUS.
I sing thro' shade and sun - shine, And trust what-e'er be - fall; His
way is best—it leads to rest; My Fa-ther planned it all. A - MEN.

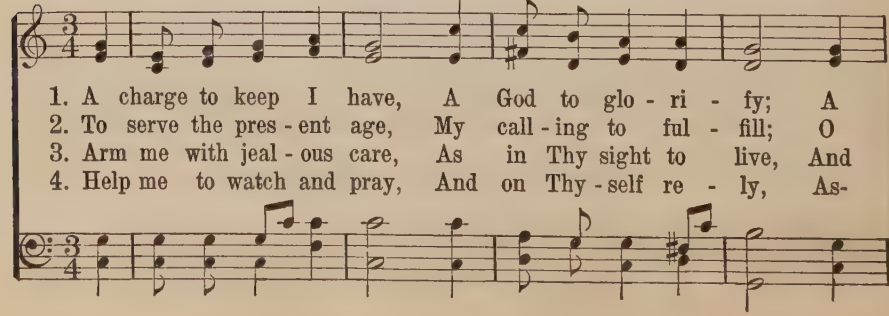
143 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anonymous. *Gordon. 11s.* A. J. Gordon.

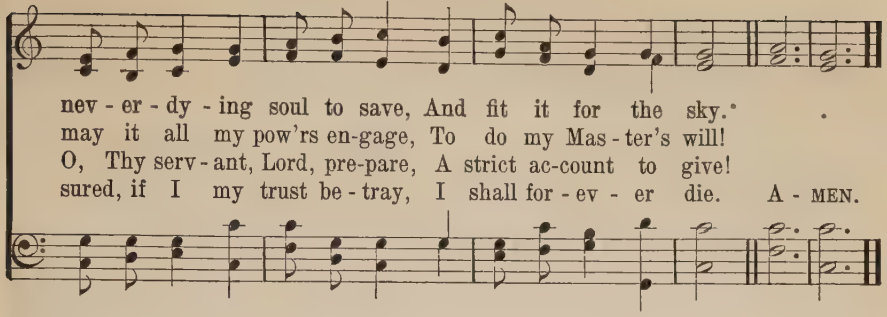

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem-er, my Sav - ior art
par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the thorns on Thy
long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies cold on my
dore Thee in Heaven so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my
Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.

144 A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

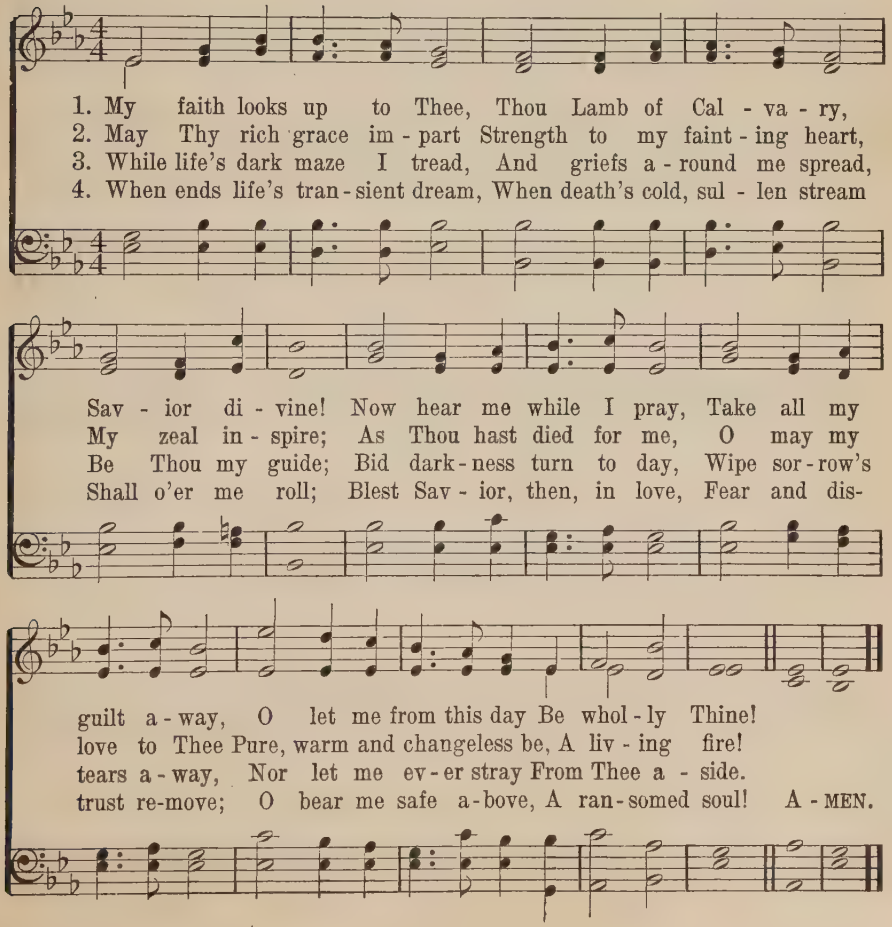

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill; O
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live, And
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly, As-

A Charge to Keep.


nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
may it all my pow'rs en-gage, To do my Mas - ter's will!
O, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac-count to give!
sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die. A - MEN.

145 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. *Olivet. 6. 4.* Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul! A - MEN.

146 Near the Cross.

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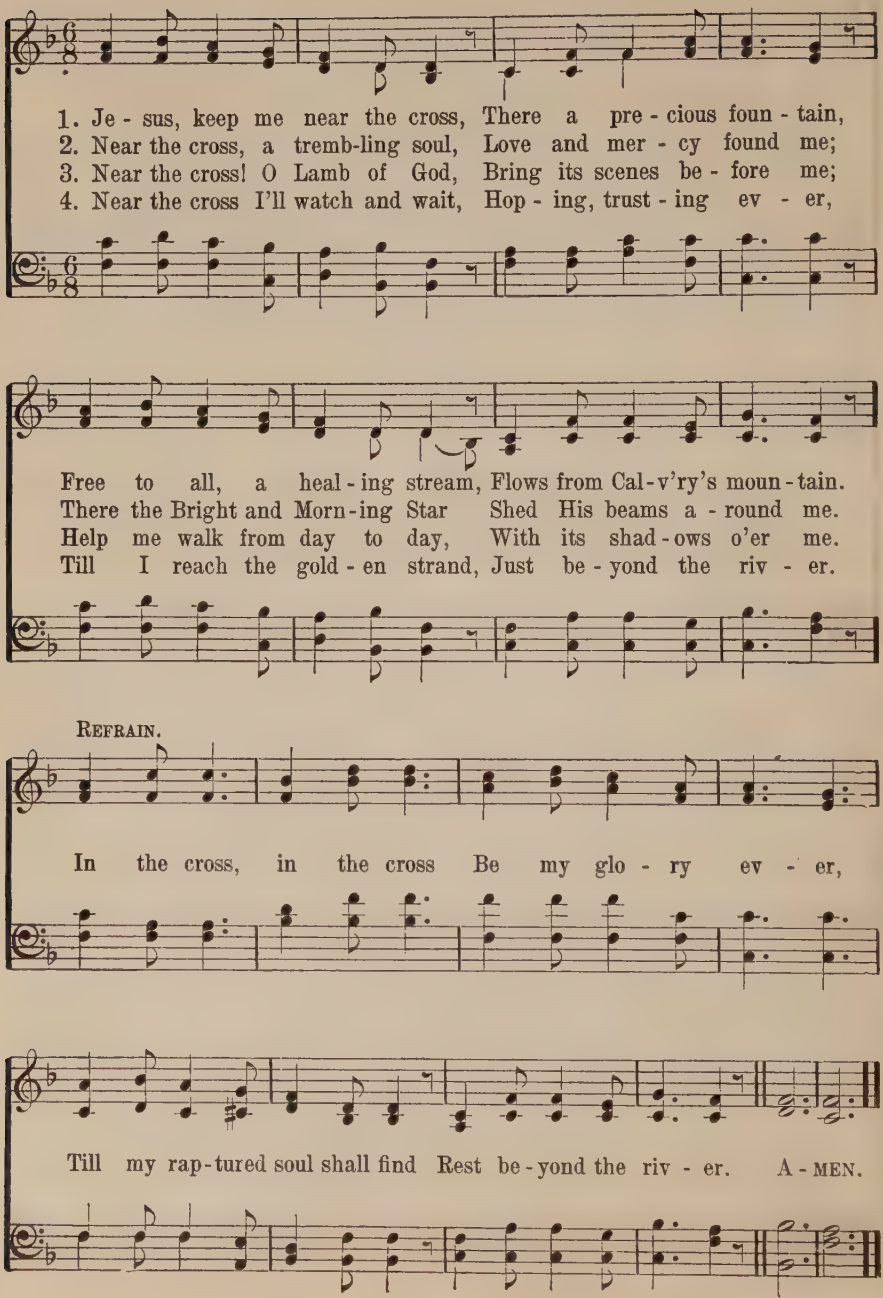
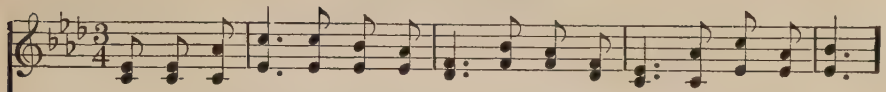
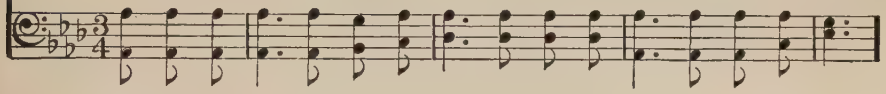
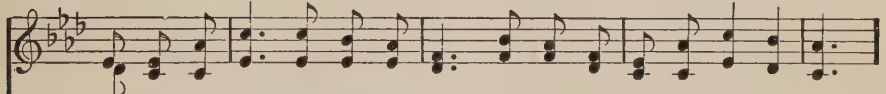
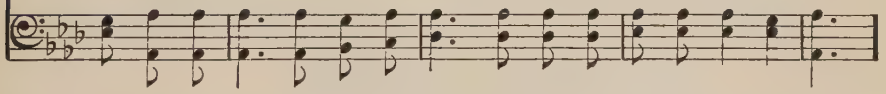
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

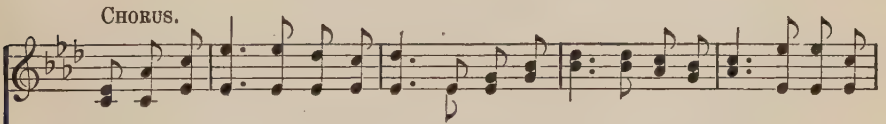

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
REFRAIN.
In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A - MEN.

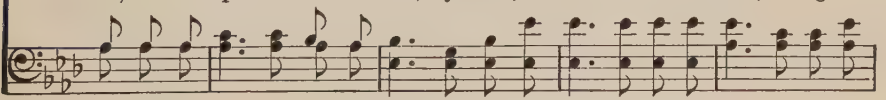
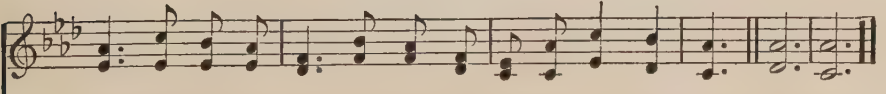
147 Higher Ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;



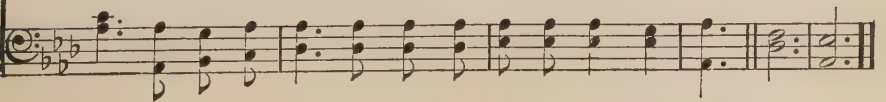
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er

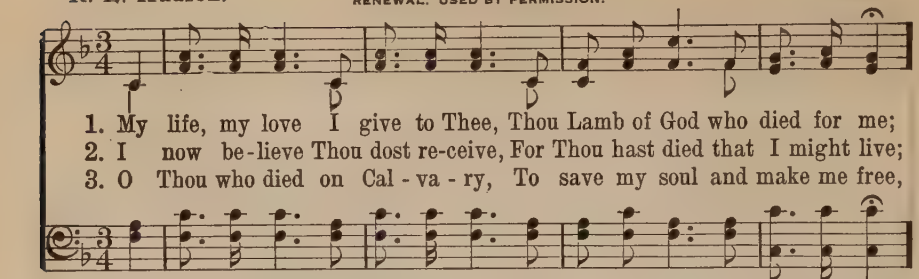


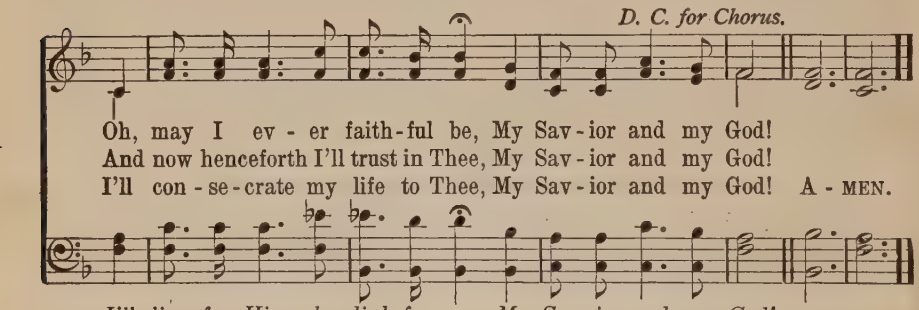
plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground. A - MEN.



148 I'll Live For Him.

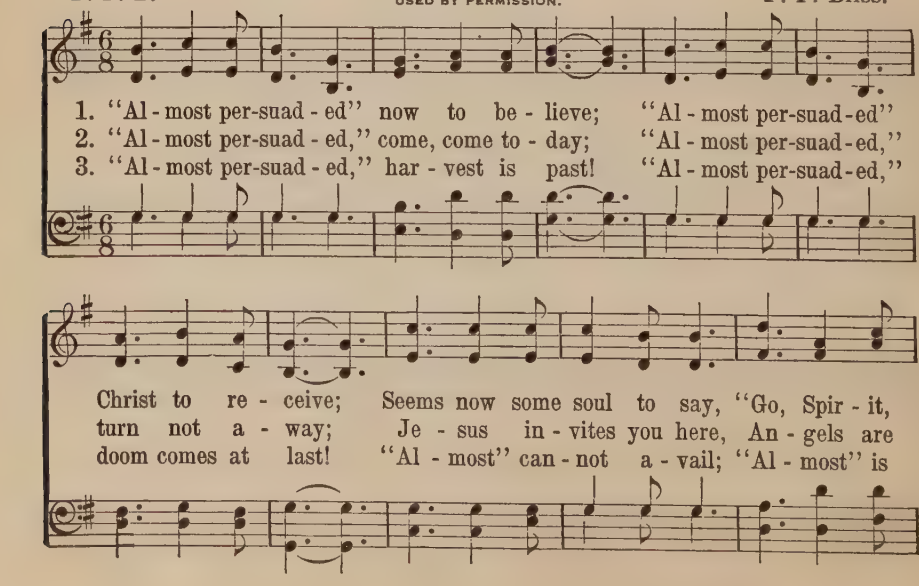
R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY MRS. MARY HUDSON. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

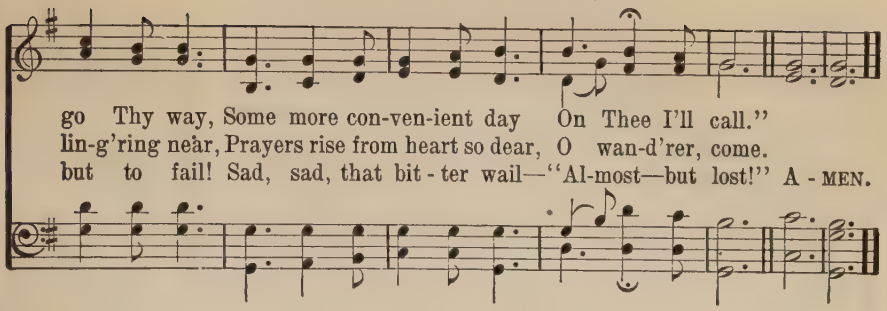

D. C. for Chorus.
Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God! A-MEN.
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

149 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is

Almost Persuaded.


go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!" A-MEN.

150 Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

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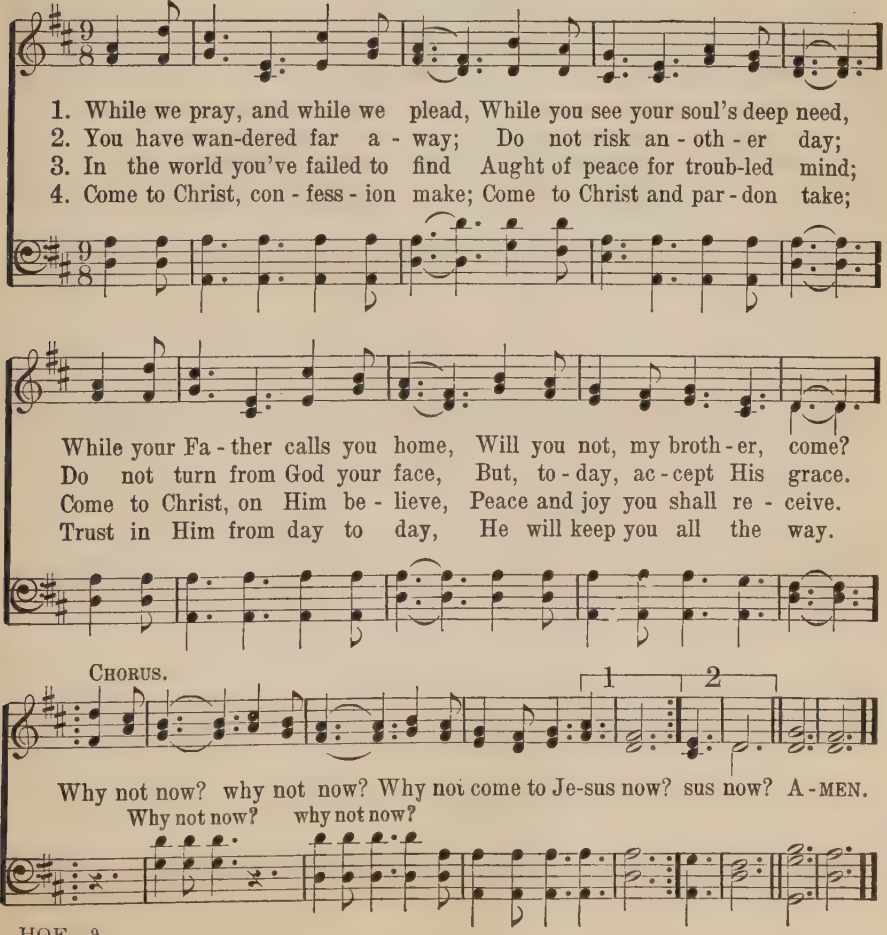
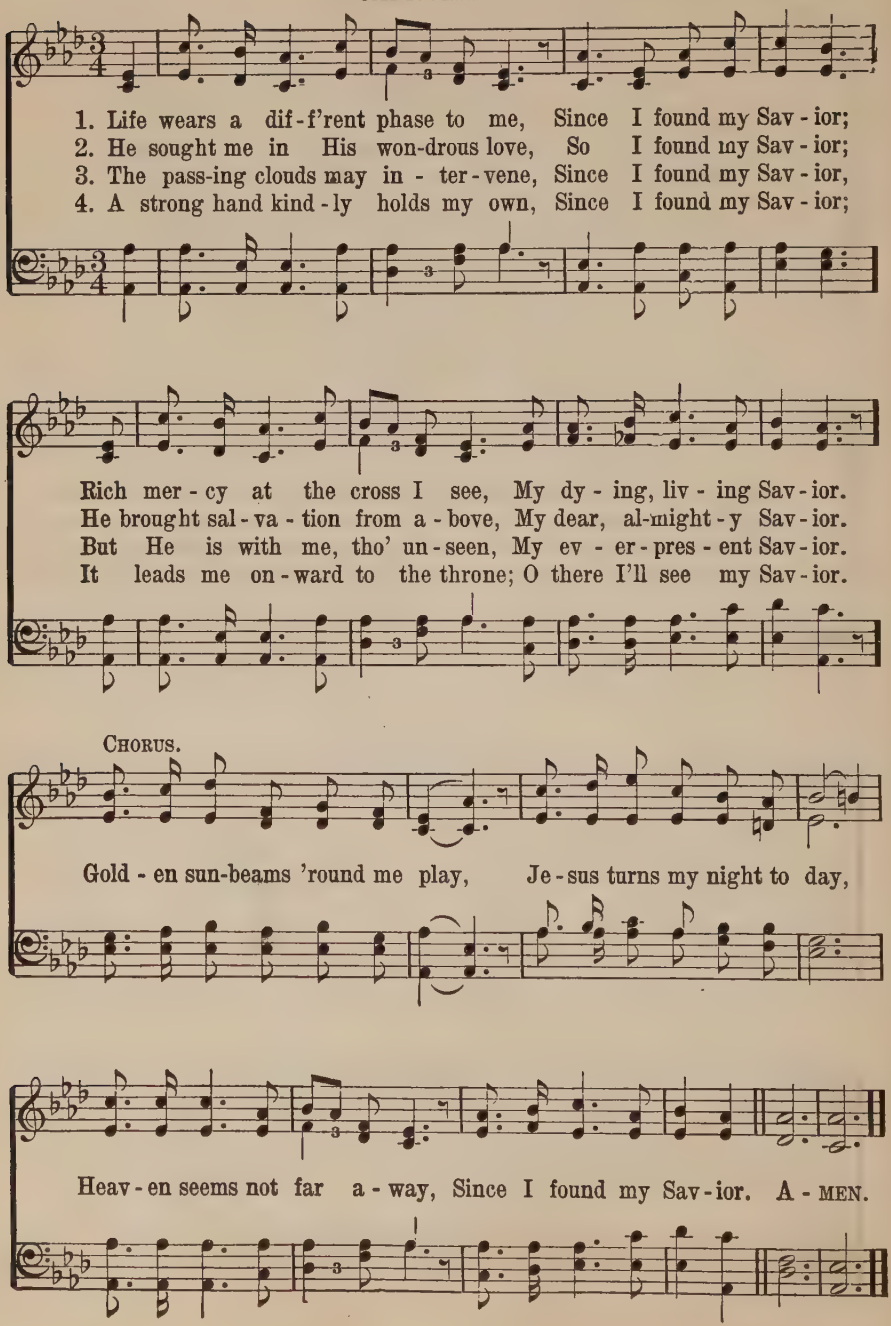
C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a-way; Do not risk an-oth-er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fess-ion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;
While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A-MEN.
Why not now? why not now?

151 Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JOHN R. SWENEY. USED BY PERMISSION. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Life wears a dif-f'rent phase to me, Since I found my Sav-ior;
2. He sought me in His won-drous love, So I found my Sav-ior;
3. The pass-ing clouds may in-ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-ior,
4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-ior;
Rich mer-cy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Sav-ior.
He brought sal-va-tion from a-bove, My dear, al-might-y Sav-ior.
But He is with me, tho' un-seen, My ev-er-pres-ent Sav-ior.
It leads me on-ward to the throne; O there I'll see my Sav-ior.
CHORUS.
Gold-en sun-beams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day,
Heav-en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Sav-ior. A-MEN.

152 Sweeter Than All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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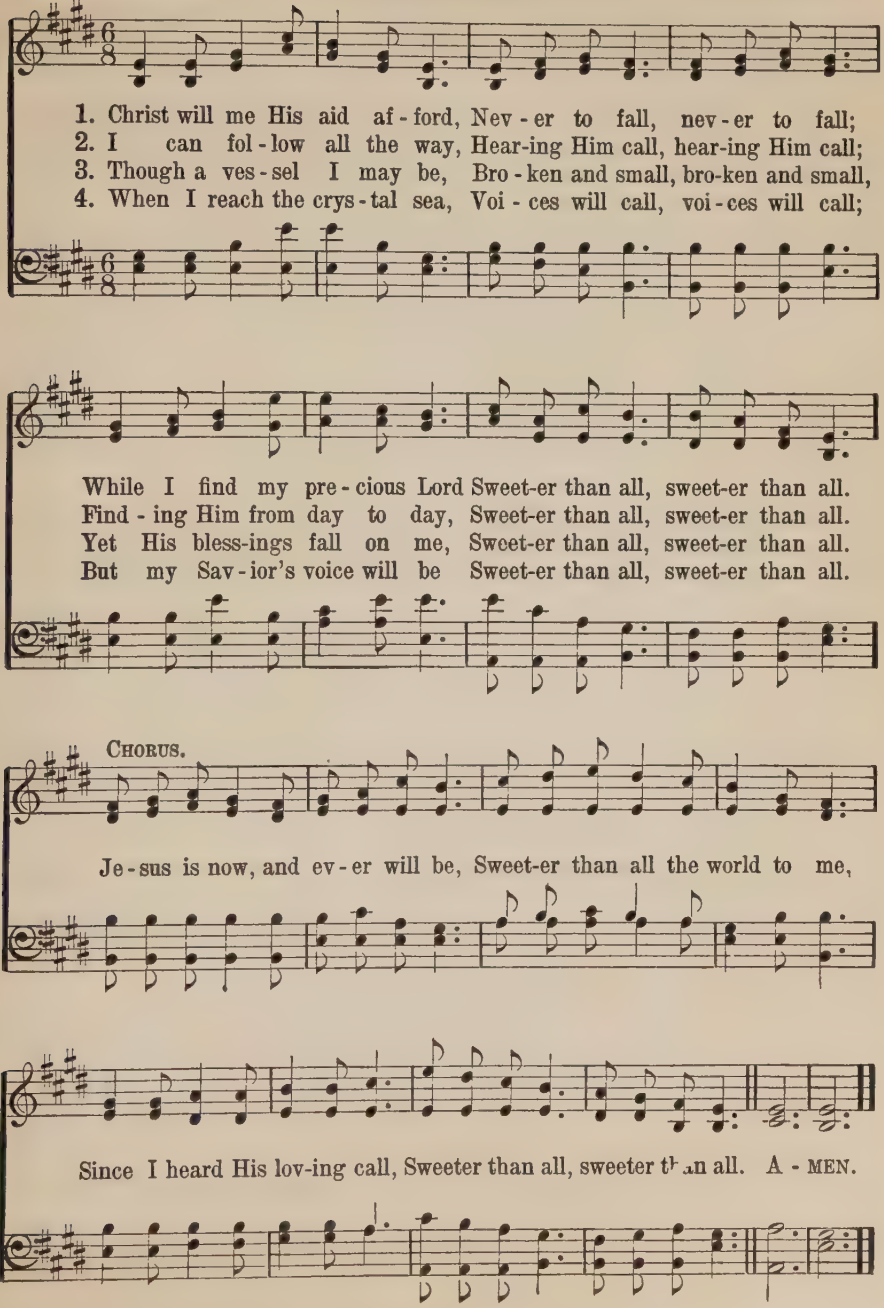
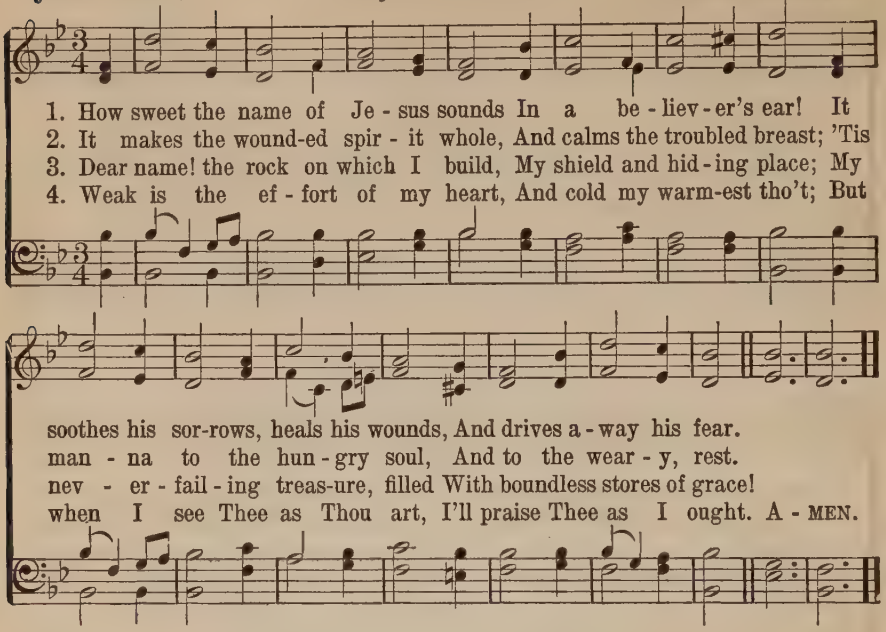
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

J. Howard Entwisle.

1. Christ will me His aid af - ford, Nev - er to fall, nev - er to fall;
2. I can fol - low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
3. Though a ves - sel I may be, Bro - ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys - tal sea, Voi - ces will call, voi - ces will call;
While I find my pre - cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find - ing Him from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav - ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is now, and ev - er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,
Since I heard His lov-ing call, Sweeter than all, sweeter than all. A - MEN.

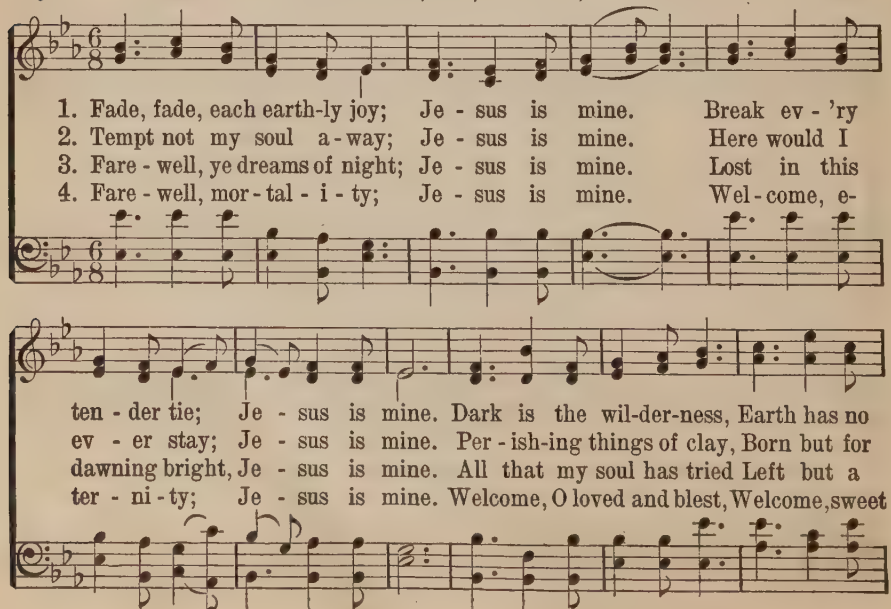
153 How Sweet the Name of Jesus.

John Newton. *Holy Cross. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.

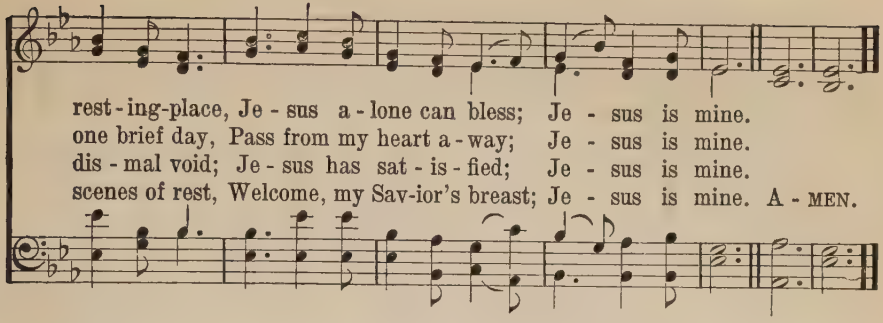

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place; My
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't; But
soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y, rest.
nev - er - fail - ing treas-ure, filled With boundless stores of grace!
when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought. A - MEN.

154 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

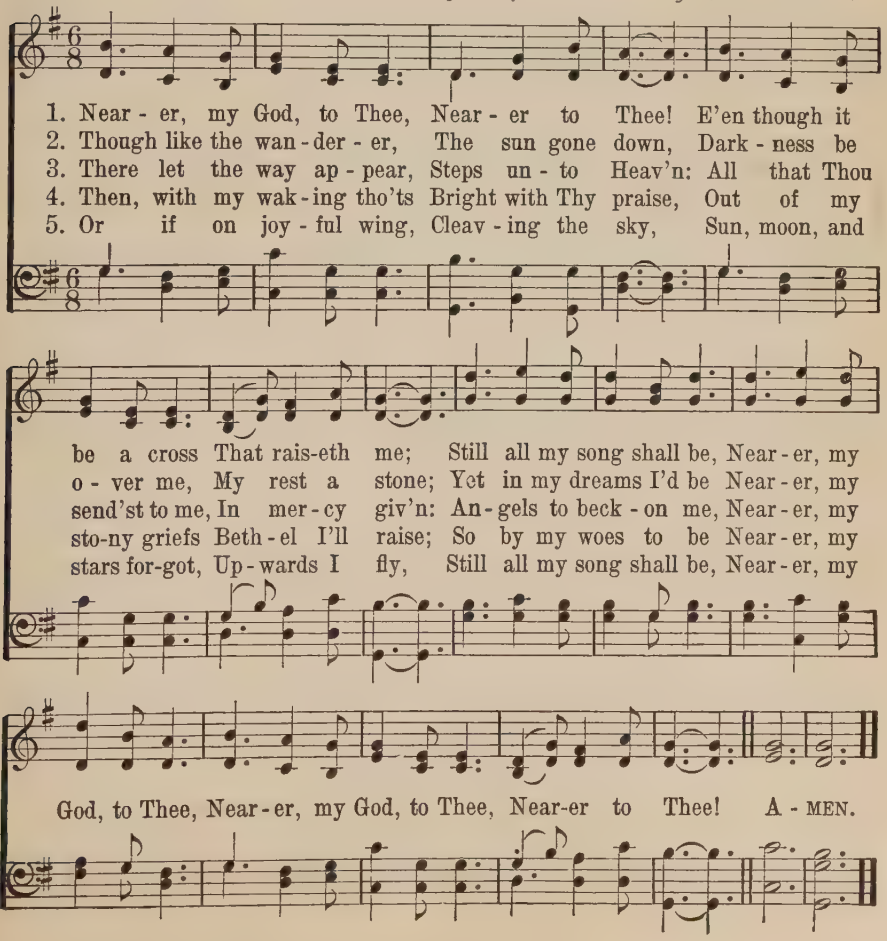
Jane C. Bonar. *Lundie. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.* Theodore E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, e-
ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no
ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for
dawning bright, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a
ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet

Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

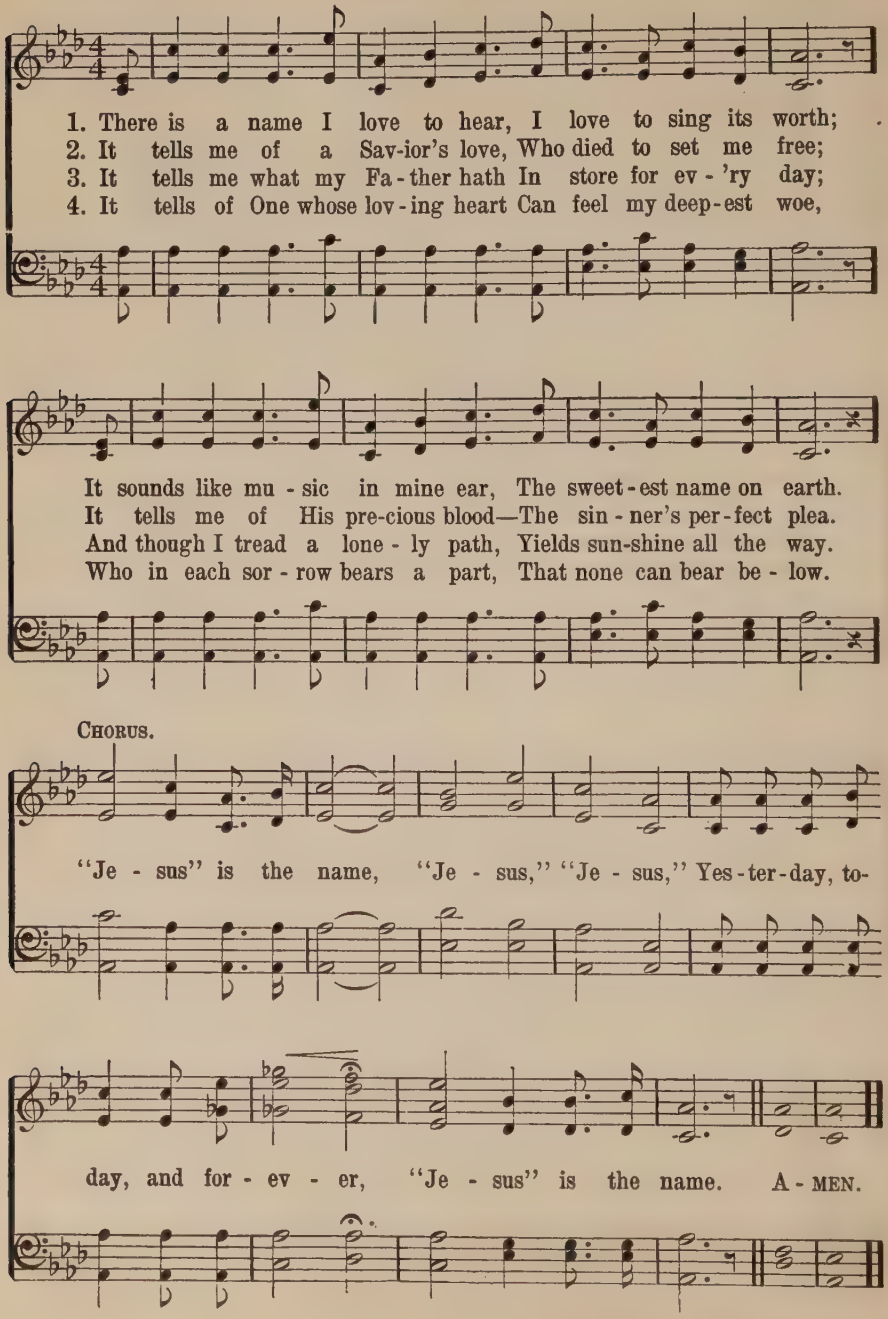

rest-ing-place, Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.
one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine.
dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine.
scenes of rest, Welcome, my Sav-ior's breast; Je - sus is mine. A - MEN.

155 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. *Bethany. 6. 4.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my
send'st to me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my
sto-ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my
stars for-got, Up - wards I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A - MEN.

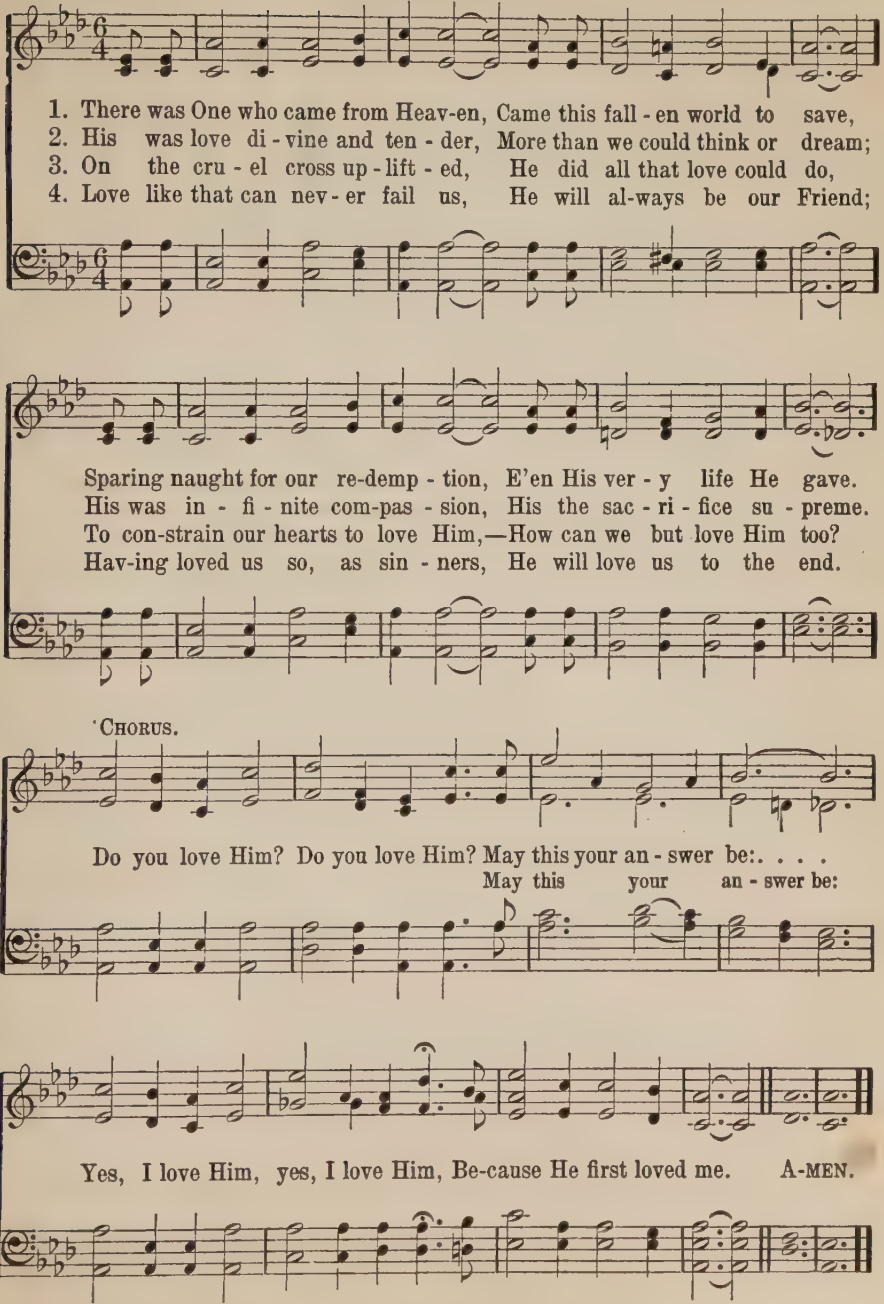
156 Jesus is the Name.

Frederick Whitfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. P. Scholfield.


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,
It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood—The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
And though I tread a lone-ly path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.
CHORUS.
"Je-sus" is the name, "Je-sus," "Je-sus," Yes-ter-day, to-
day, and for-ev-er, "Je-sus" is the name. A-MEN.

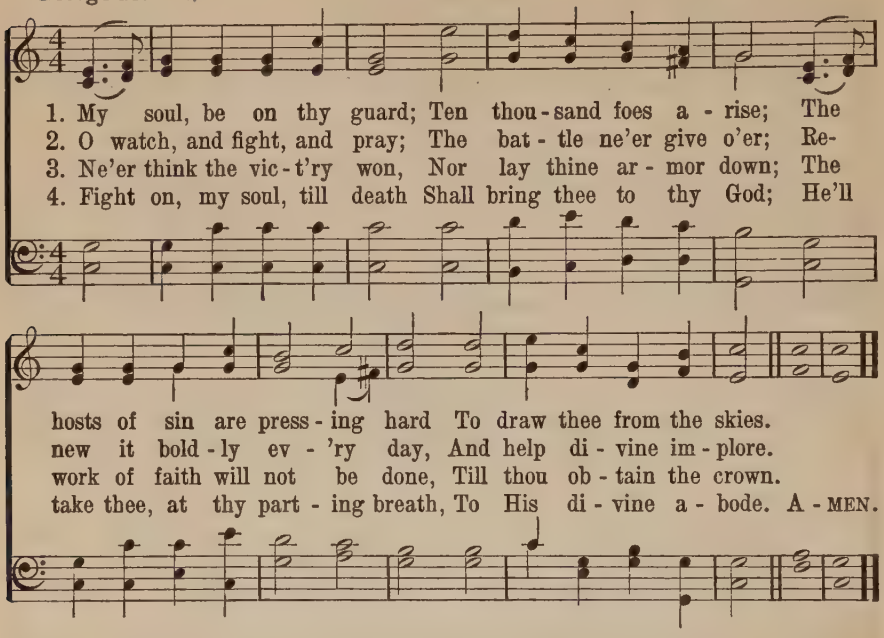
157 Do You Love Him?

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.


1. There was One who came from Heav-en, Came this fall - en world to save,
2. His was love di - vine and ten - der, More than we could think or dream;
3. On the cru - el cross up - lift - ed, He did all that love could do,
4. Love like that can nev - er fail us, He will al-ways be our Friend;
Sparing naught for our re-demp - tion, E'en His ver - y life He gave.
His was in - fi - nite com-pas - sion, His the sac - ri - fice su - preme.
To con-strain our hearts to love Him,—How can we but love Him too?
Hav-ing loved us so, as sin - ners, He will love us to the end.
CHORUS.
Do you love Him? Do you love Him? May this your an - swer be:. . . .
May this your an - swer be:
Yes, I love Him, yes, I love Him, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

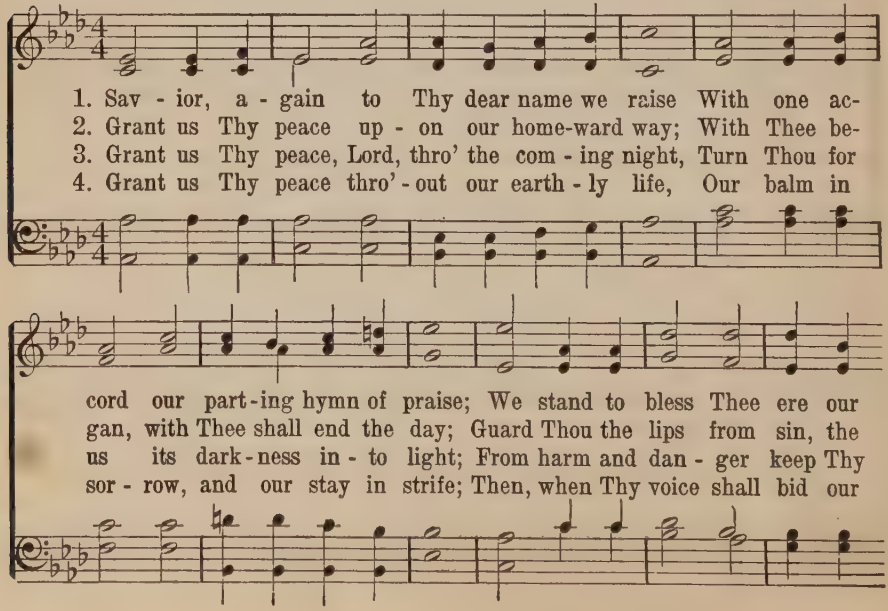
158 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath. *Laban. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

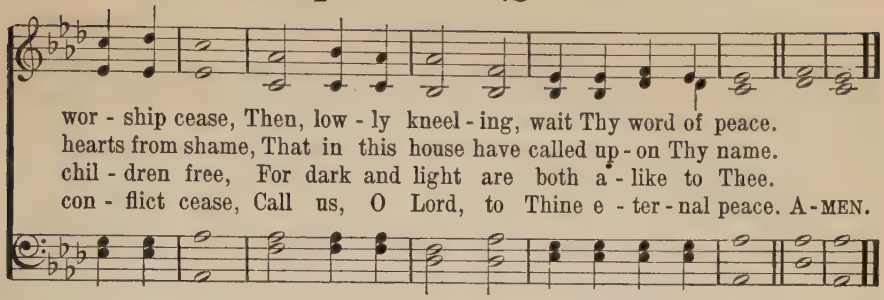

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a-rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down; The
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll
hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.
take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode. A-MEN.

159 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. *Ellers. 105.* Edward J. Hopkins.

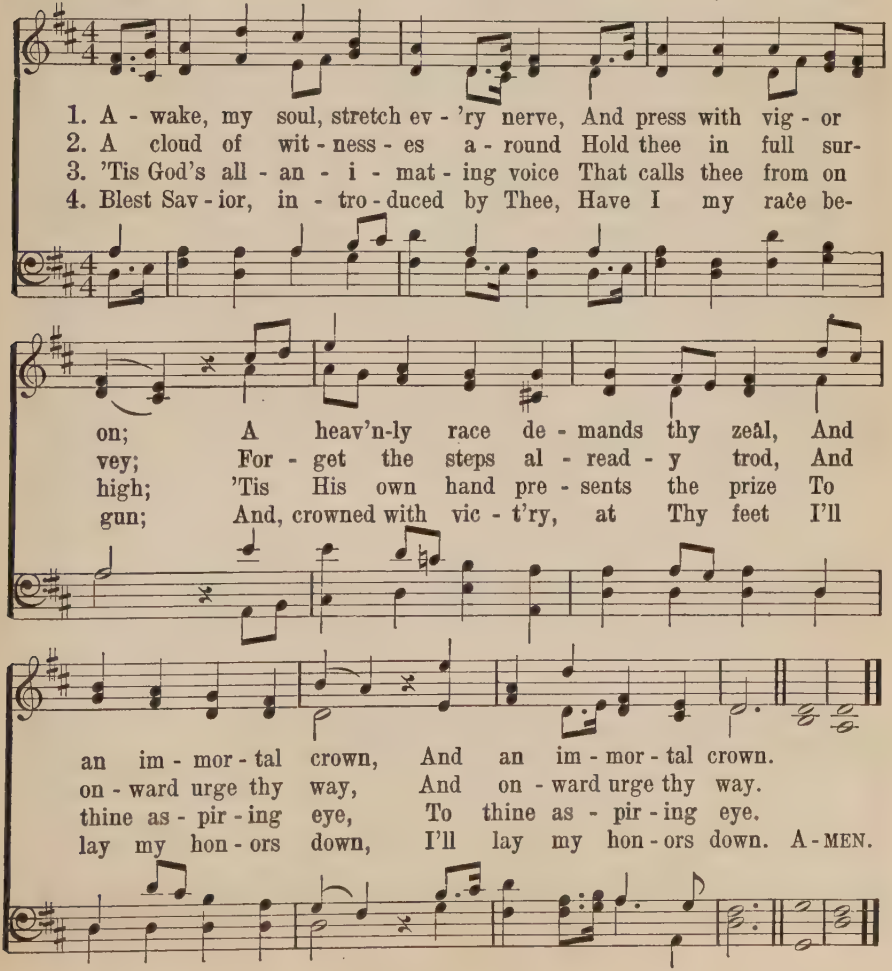

1. Sav-ior, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in
cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy
sor-row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.


wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.

160 Awake, My Soul.

Philip Doddridge. *Christmas. C. M.* George F. Handel.


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur-
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on
4. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be-
on; A heav'n-ly race de - mands thy zeal, And
vey; For - get the steps al - ready trod, And
high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize To
gun; And, crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll
an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down. A - MEN.

161 The Same Old Way.

J. P. S.

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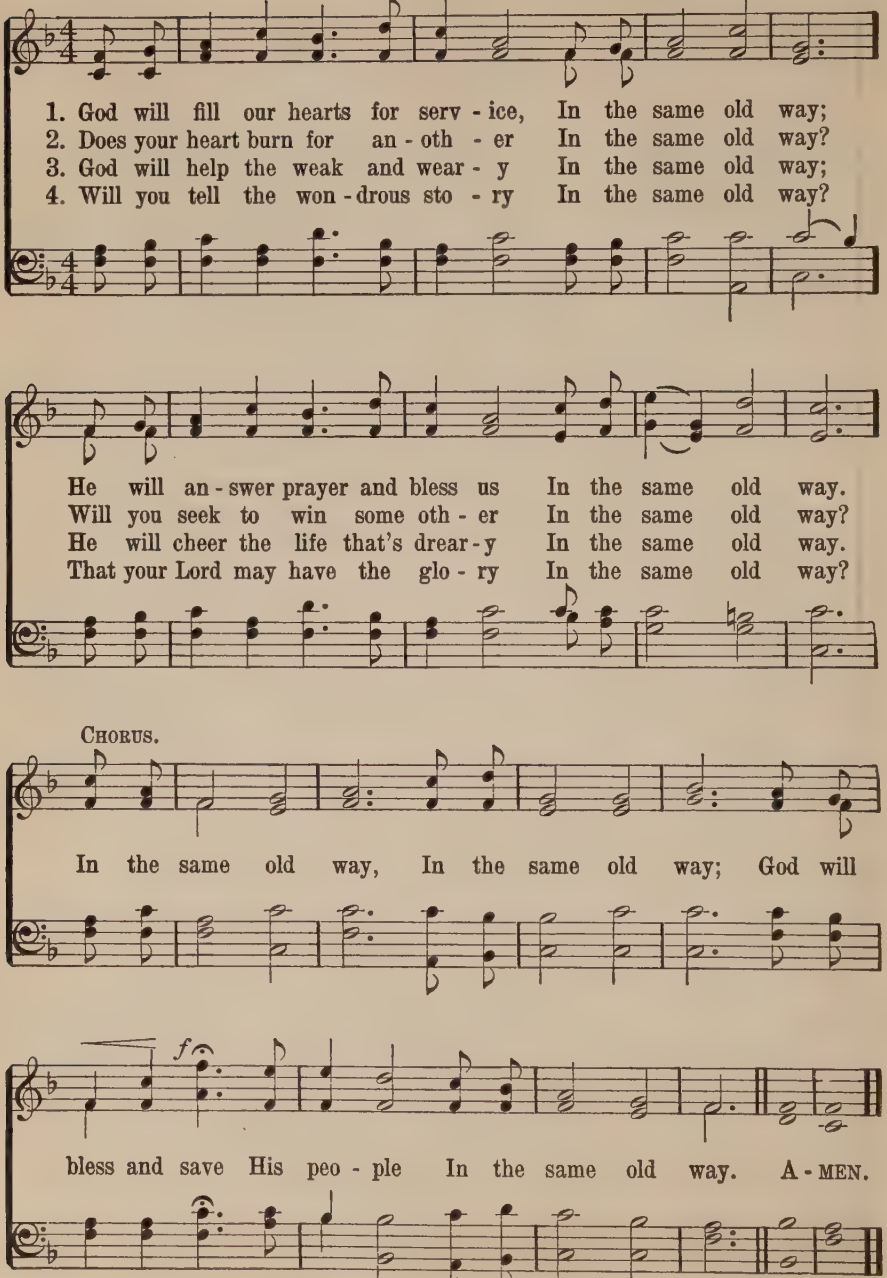
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. God will fill our hearts for serv - ice, In the same old way;
2. Does your heart burn for an - oth - er In the same old way?
3. God will help the weak and wear - y In the same old way;
4. Will you tell the won - drous sto - ry In the same old way?
He will an - swer prayer and bless us In the same old way.
Will you seek to win some oth - er In the same old way?
He will cheer the life that's drear - y In the same old way.
That your Lord may have the glo - ry In the same old way?
CHORUS.
In the same old way, In the same old way; God will
f
bless and save His peo - ple In the same old way. A - MEN.

162 Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
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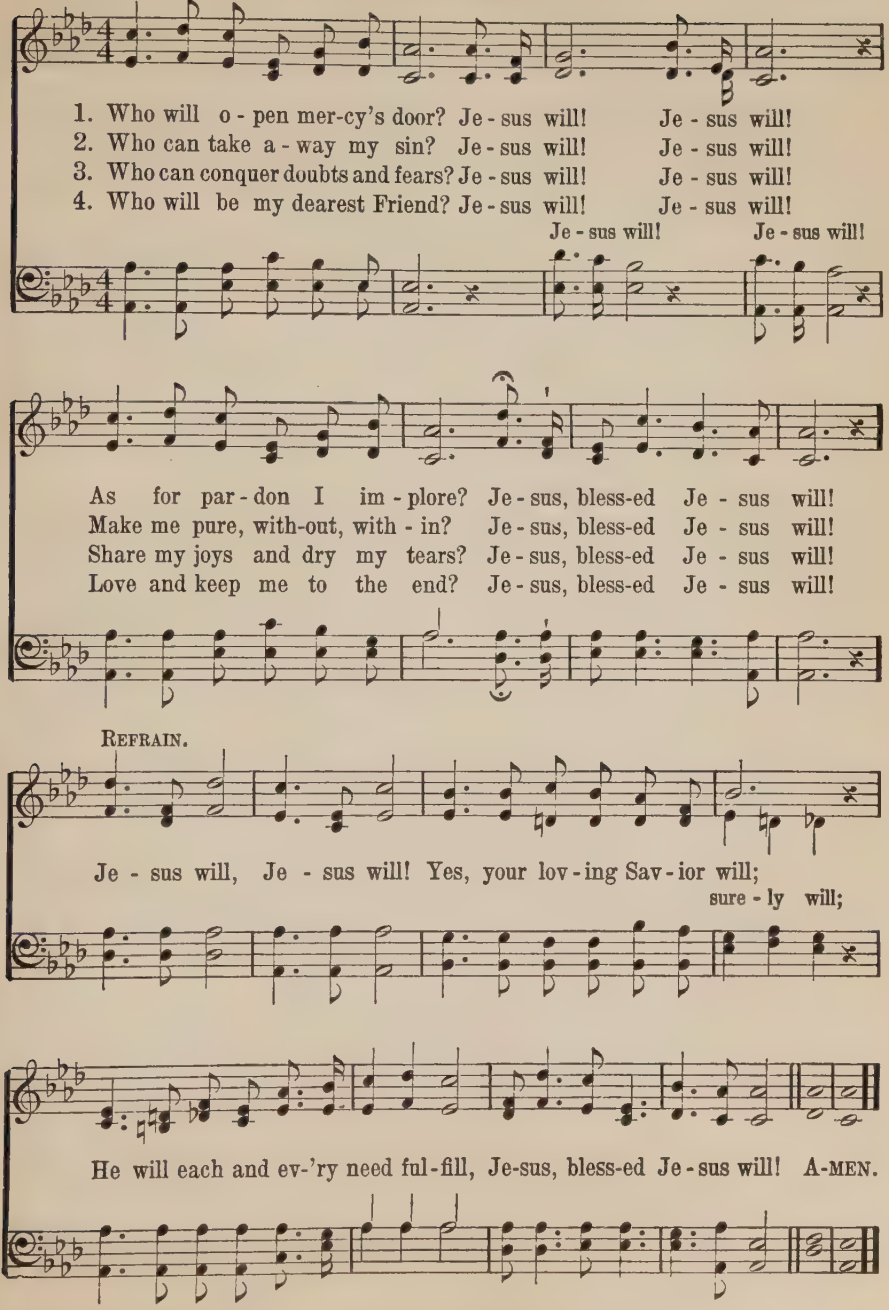
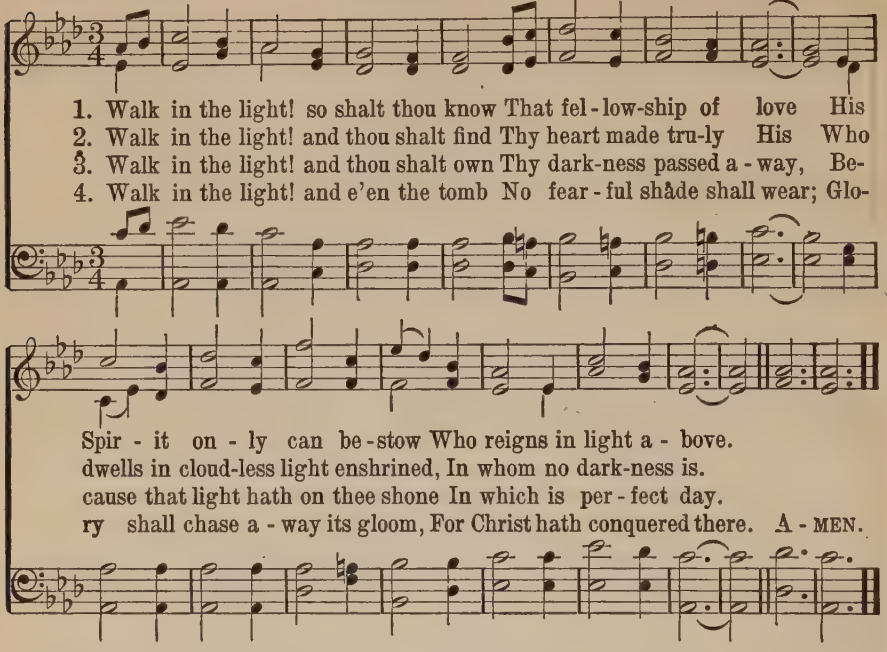

1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
REFRAIN.
Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;
He will each and ev-'ry need ful - fill, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will! A-MEN.

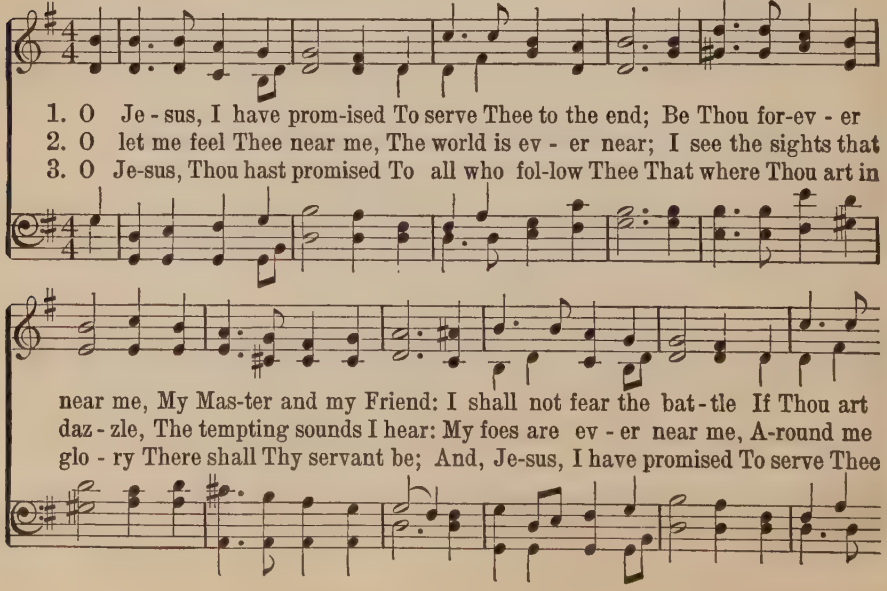
163 Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Manoah. C. M.* From Francis J. Haydn.

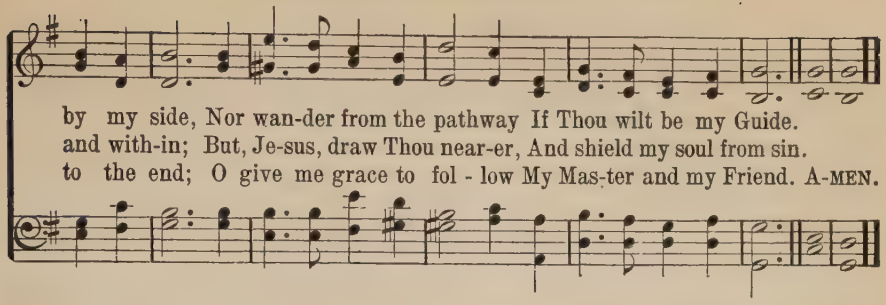

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love His
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His Who
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a-way, Be-
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shâde shall wear; Glo-
Spir-it on-ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a-bove.
dwells in cloud-less light enshrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.
ry shall chase a-way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there. A-MEN.

164 O Jesus, I have Promised.

John E. Bode. *Angel's Story. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Arthur H. Mann.

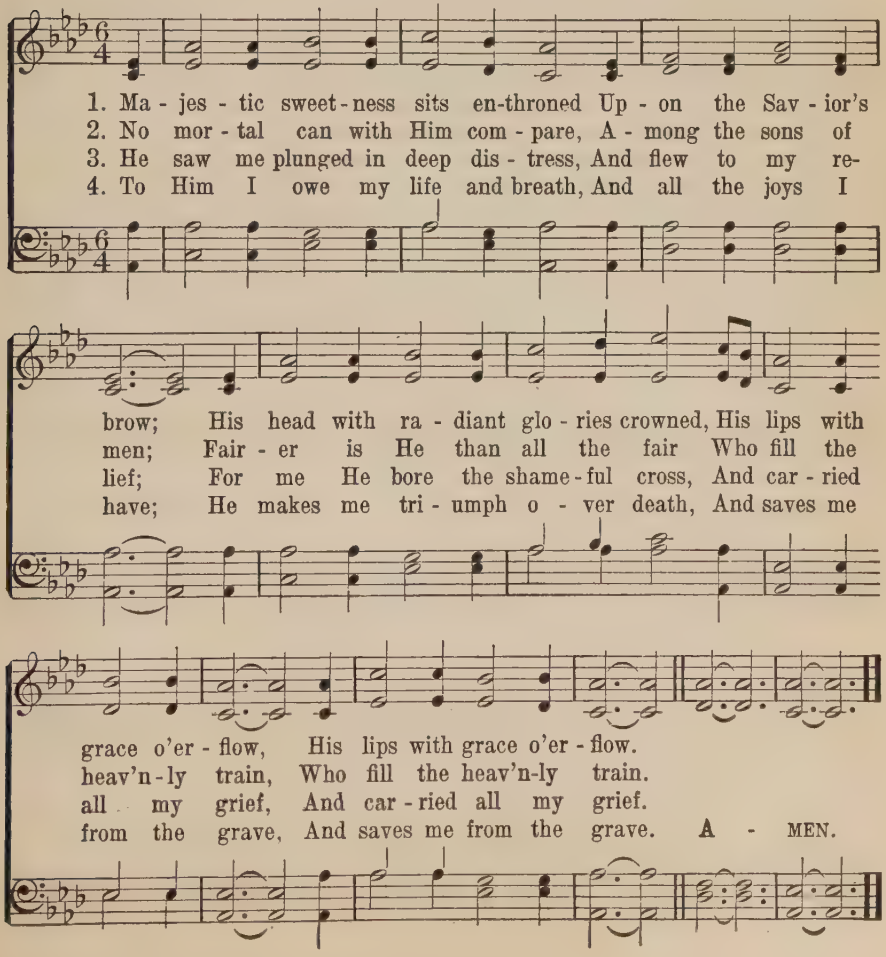

1. O Je-sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev-er
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev-er near; I see the sights that
3. O Je-sus, Thou hast promised To all who fol-low Thee That where Thou art in
near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend: I shall not fear the bat-tle If Thou art
daz-zle, The tempting sounds I hear: My foes are ev-er near me, A-round me
glo-ry There shall Thy servant be; And, Je-sus, I have promised To serve Thee

O Jesus, I Have Promised.


by my side, Nor wan-der from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide.
and with-in; But, Je-sus, draw Thou near-er, And shield my soul from sin.
to the end; O give me grace to fol - low My Mas-ter and my Friend. A-MEN.

165 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. *Ortonville. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.


1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - ior's
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re-
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I
brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with
men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the
lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried
have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me
grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n-ly train.
all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
from the grave, And saves me from the grave. A - MEN.

166 Coming Home.

J. P. S.

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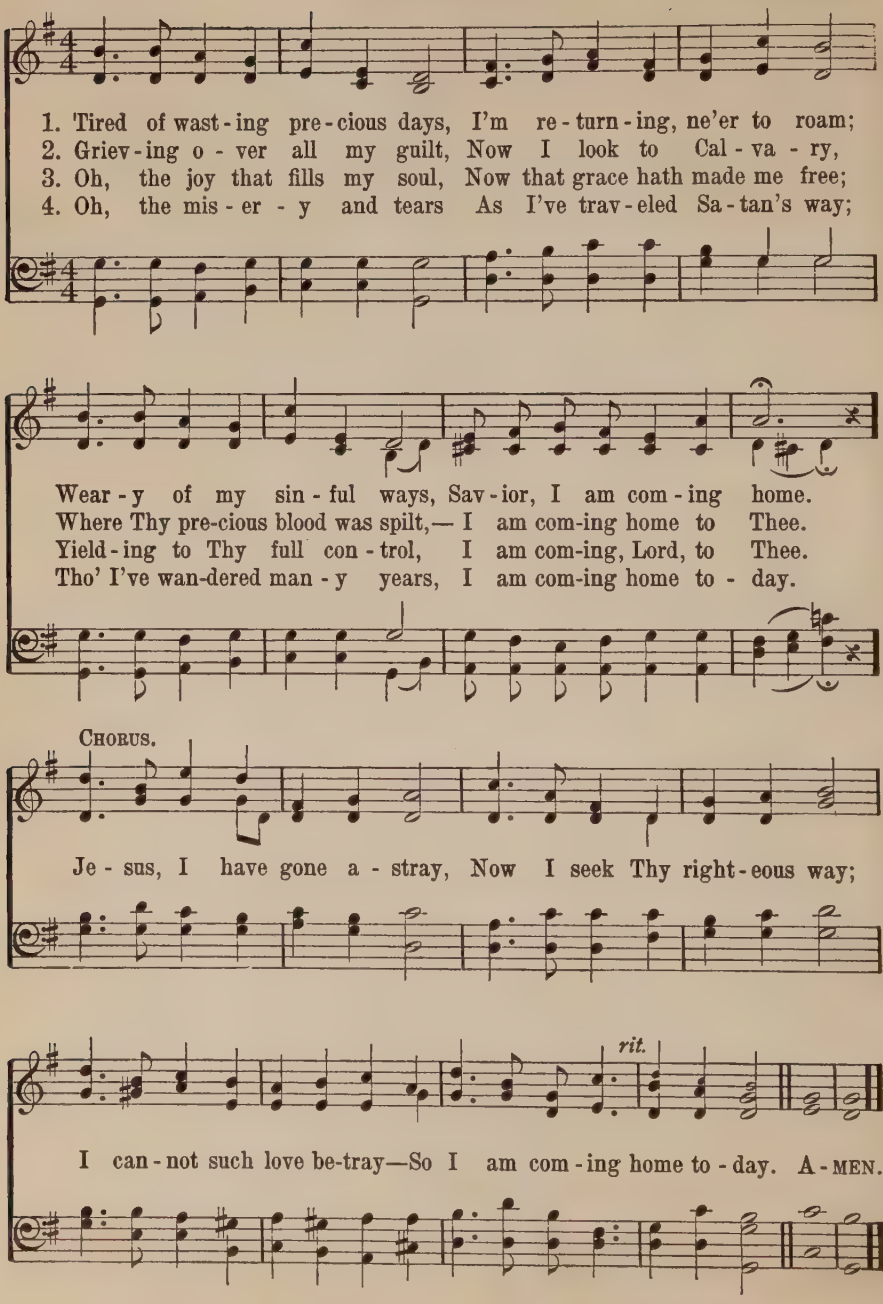
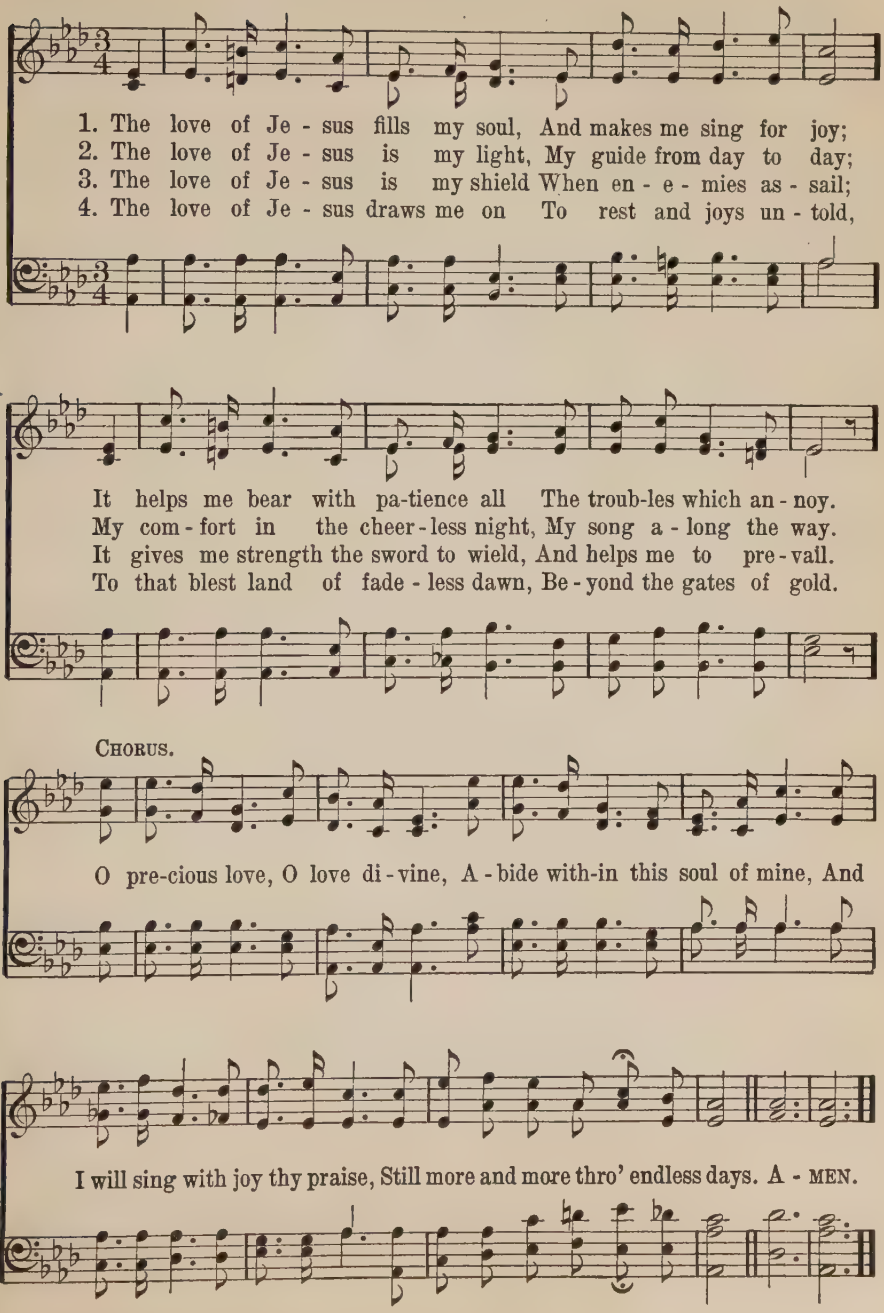
J. P. Scholfield.


1. Tired of wast-ing pre-cious days, I'm re-turn-ing, ne'er to roam;
2. Griev-ing o-ver all my guilt, Now I look to Cal-va-ry,
3. Oh, the joy that fills my soul, Now that grace hath made me free;
4. Oh, the mis-er-y and tears As I've trav-eled Sa-tan's way;
Wear-y of my sin-ful ways, Sav-ior, I am com-ing home.
Where Thy pre-cious blood was spilt,— I am com-ing home to Thee.
Yield-ing to Thy full con-trol, I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee.
Tho' I've wan-dered man-y years, I am com-ing home to-day.
CHORUS.
Je-sus, I have gone a-stray, Now I seek Thy right-eous way;
rit.
I can-not such love be-tray—So I am com-ing home to-day. A-MEN.

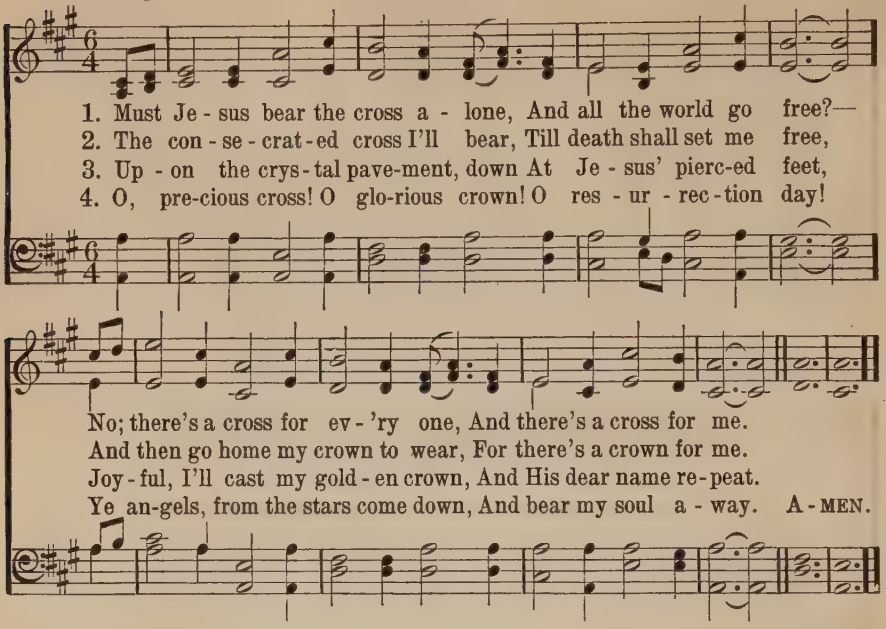
167 The Love of Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL. NER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. The love of Je - sus fills my soul, And makes me sing for joy;
2. The love of Je - sus is my light, My guide from day to day;
3. The love of Je - sus is my shield When en - e - mies as - sail;
4. The love of Je - sus draws me on To rest and joys un - told,
It helps me bear with pa-tience all The troub-les which an - noy.
My com - fort in the cheer - less night, My song a - long the way.
It gives me strength the sword to wield, And helps me to pre - vail.
To that blest land of fade - less dawn, Be - yond the gates of gold.
CHORUS.
O pre-cious love, O love di - vine, A - bide with-in this soul of mine, And
I will sing with joy thy praise, Still more and more thro' endless days. A - MEN.

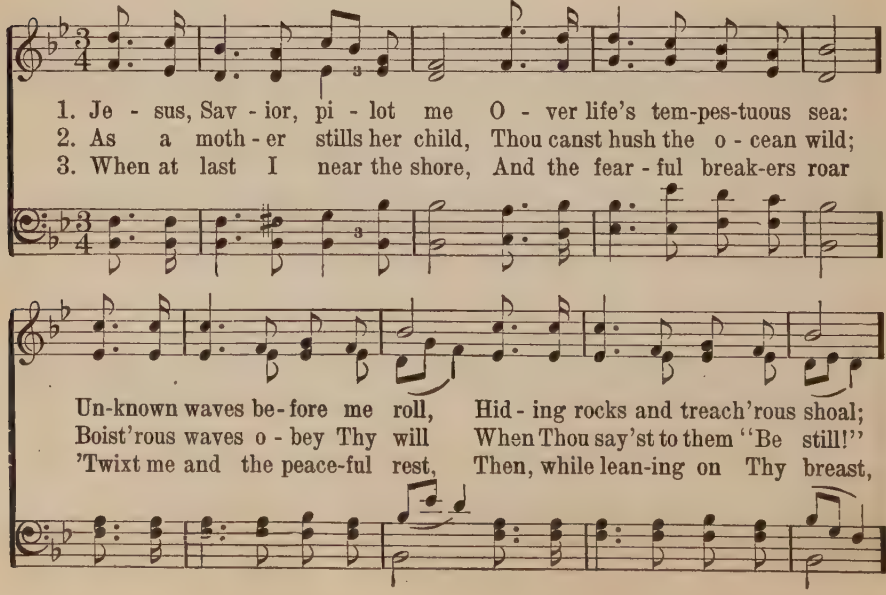
168 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Maitland. C. M.* Geo. N. Allen.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O, pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

169 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *Pilot. 6. 7.* J. E. Gould.


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

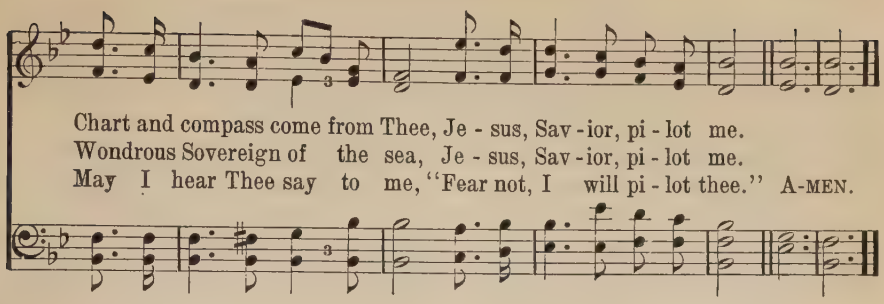
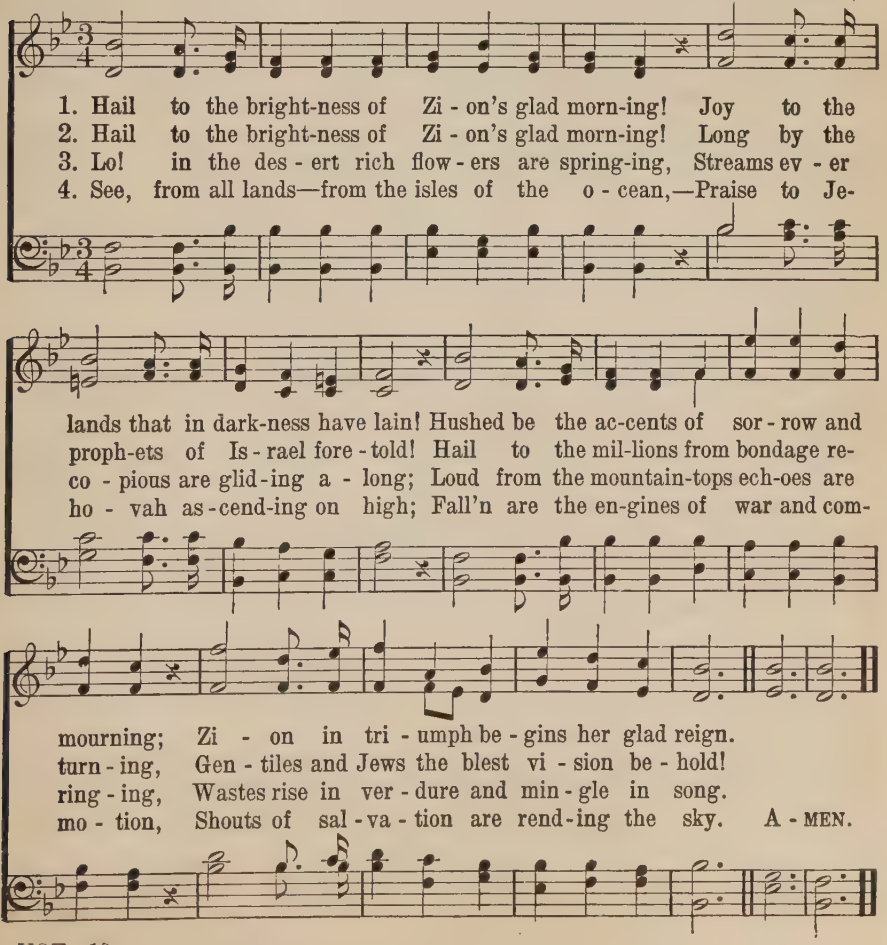


Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.

170 Hail to the Brightness.

Thomas Hastings. *Wesley. 11. 10. 11. 10.* Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean,—Praise to Je-
lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sor - row and
proph-ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil-lions from bondage re-
co - pious are glid-ing a - long; Loud from the mountain-tops ech-oes are
ho - vah as-cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-
mourning; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.
turn - ing, Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold!
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend-ing the sky. A - MEN.

171 Jesus is Calling.

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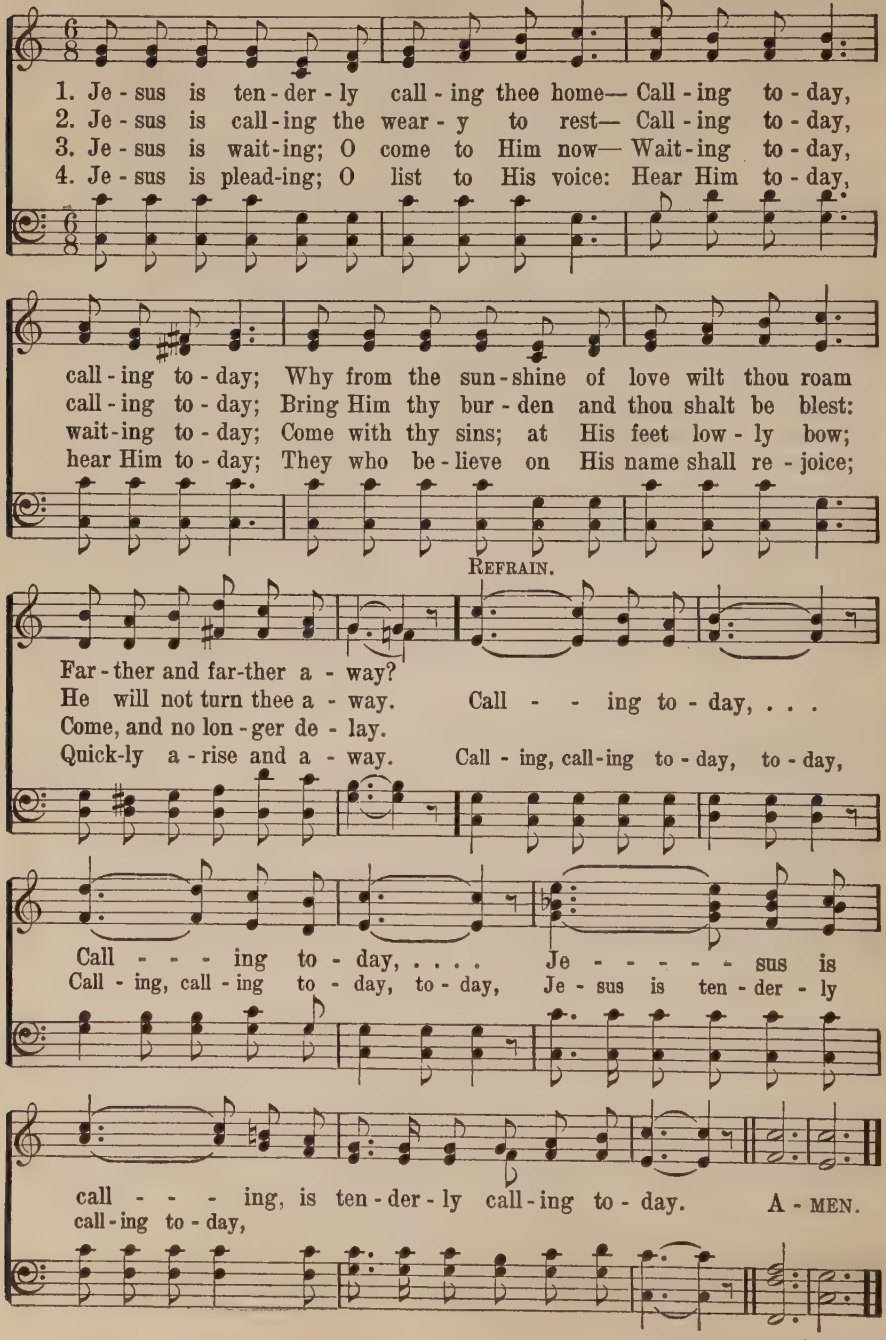
1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;
REFRAIN.
Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way. Call - - ing to - day, . . .
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick - ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,
Call - - - ing to - day, ... Je - - - - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly
call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.
call - ing to - day,

172 I Am Thine, O Lord.

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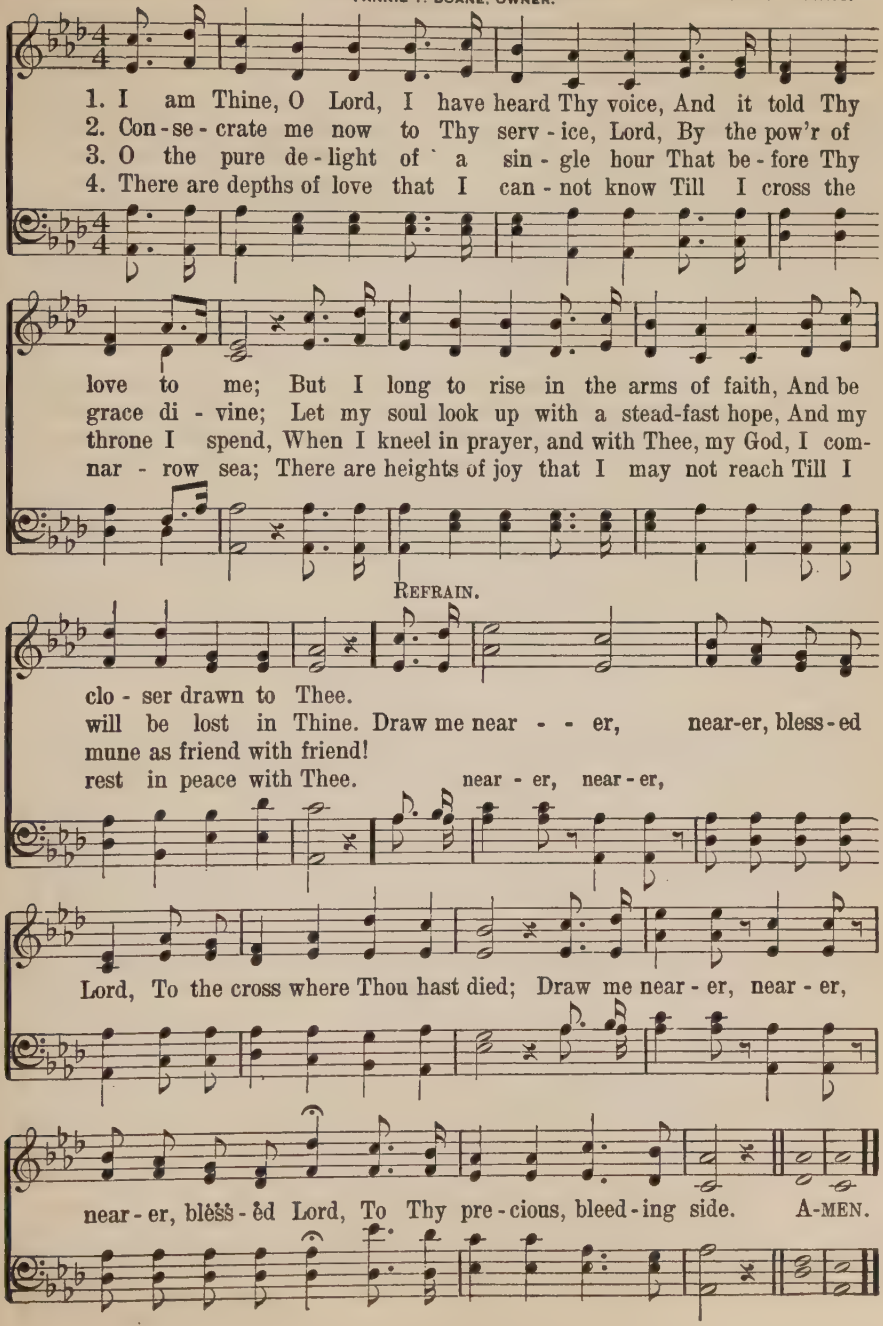
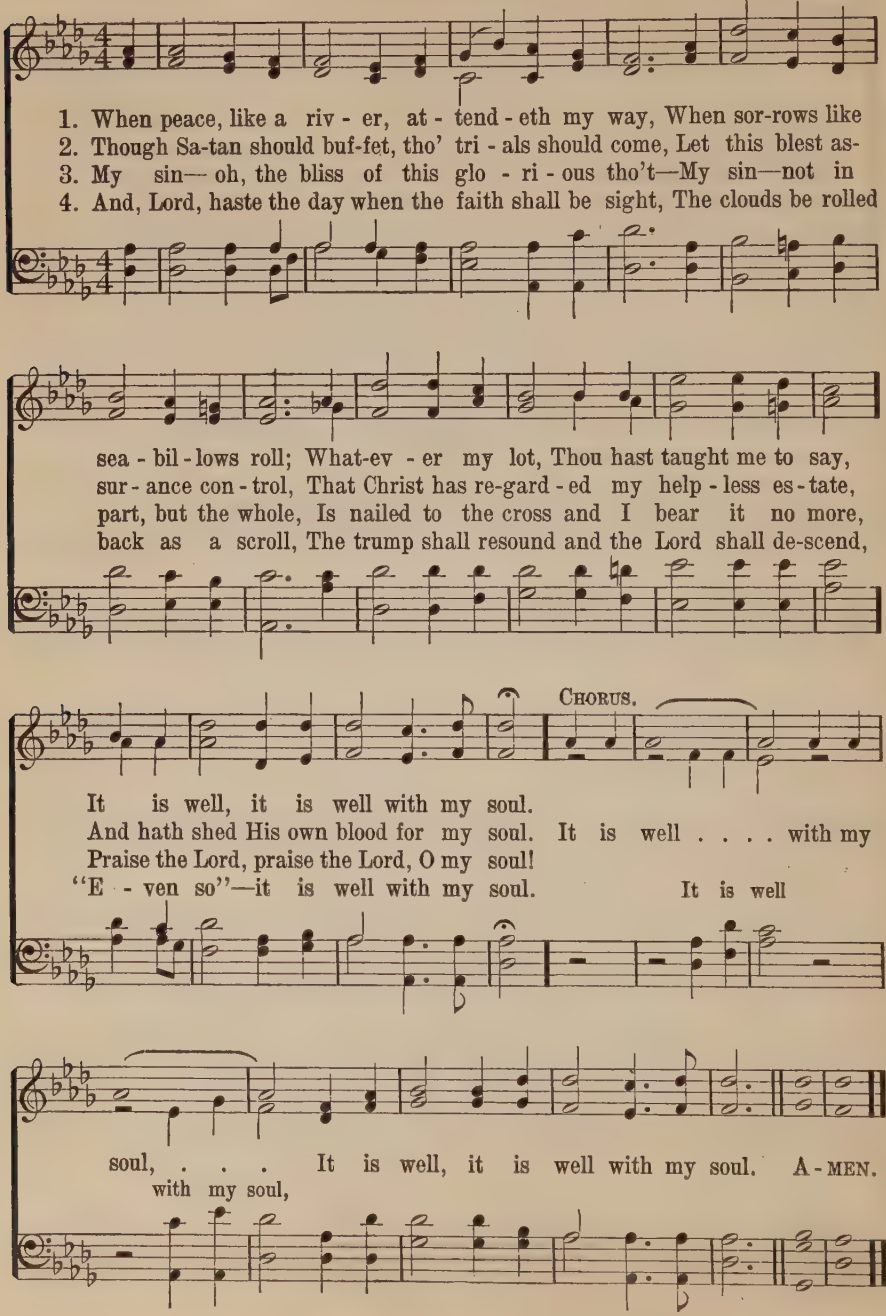

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
REFRAIN.
clo-ser drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near-er,
near-er, blêsš-êd Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

173 It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf-fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall de-scend,
CHORUS.
It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . . with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well
soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul. A - MEN.
with my soul,

174 Rescue the Perishing.

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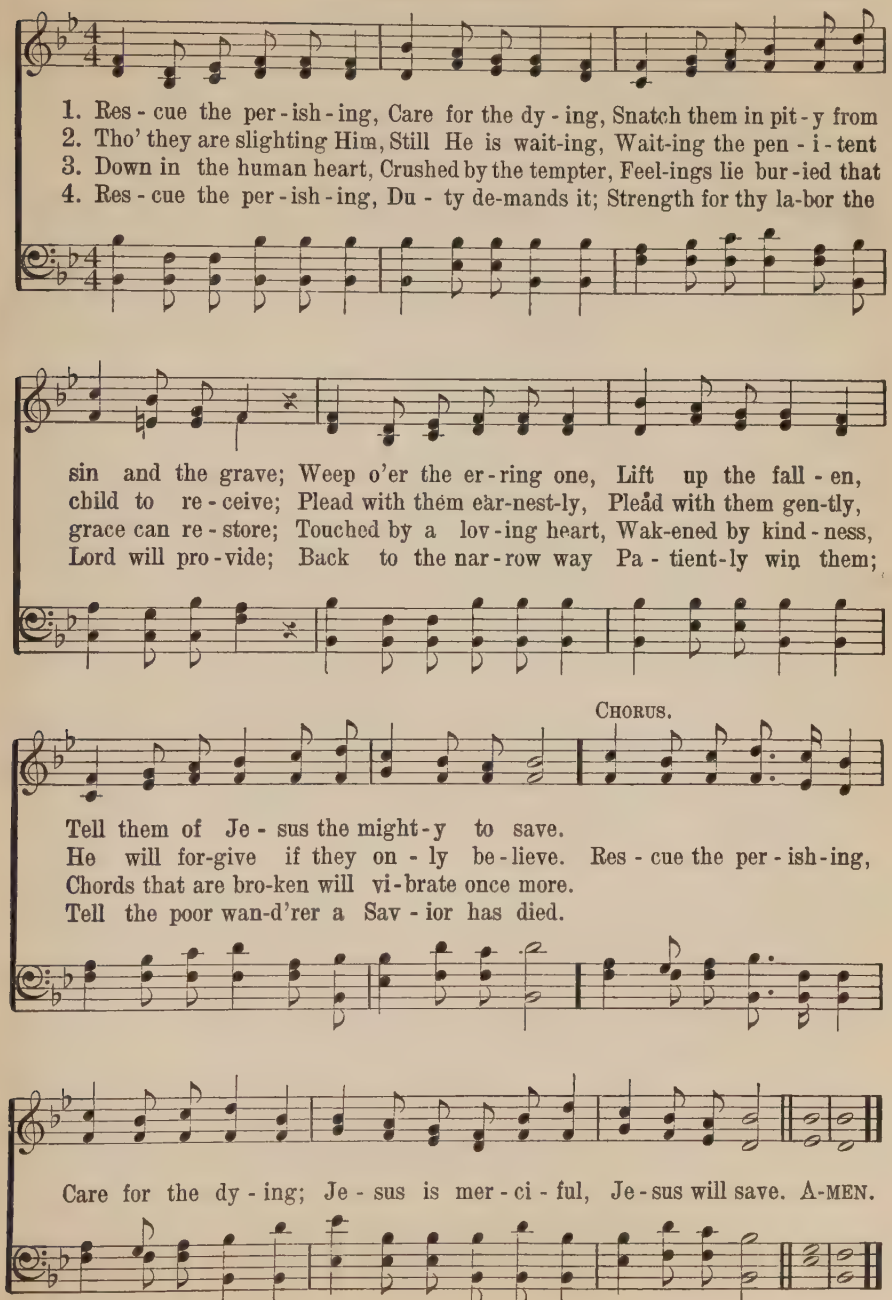
1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.

175 Every Day.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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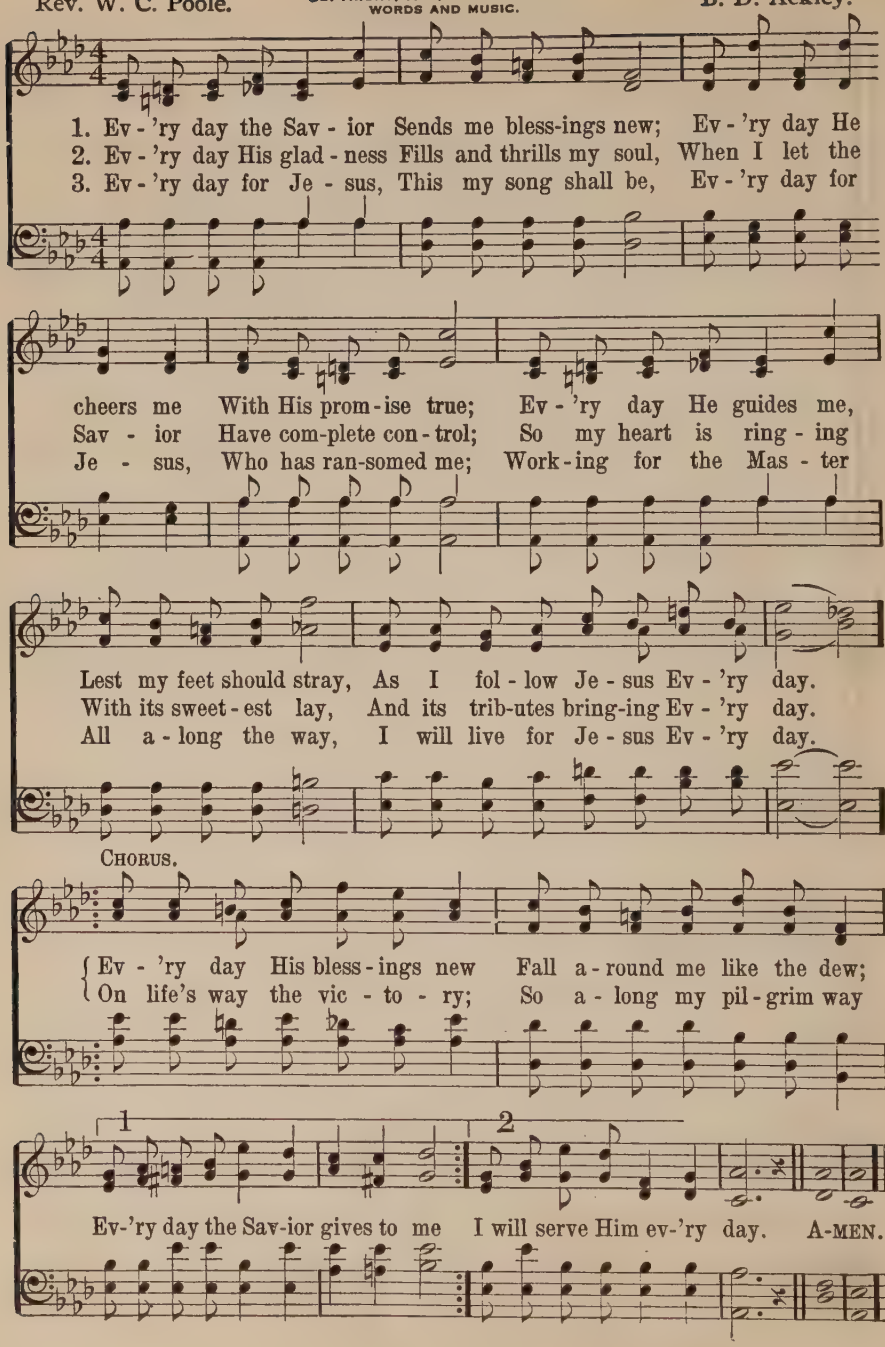
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Ev - 'ry day the Sav - ior Sends me bless-ings new; Ev - 'ry day He
2. Ev - 'ry day His glad - ness Fills and thrills my soul, When I let the
3. Ev - 'ry day for Je - sus, This my song shall be, Ev - 'ry day for
cheers me With His prom - ise true; Ev - 'ry day He guides me,
Sav - ior Have com-plete con - trol; So my heart is ring - ing
Je - sus, Who has ran-somed me; Work - ing for the Mas - ter
Lest my feet should stray, As I fol - low Je - sus Ev - 'ry day.
With its sweet - est lay, And its trib-utes bring-ing Ev - 'ry day.
All a - long the way, I will live for Je - sus Ev - 'ry day.
CHORUS.
Ev - 'ry day His bless - ings new Fall a - round me like the dew;
On life's way the vic - to - ry; So a - long my pil - grim way
1
2
Ev-'ry day the Sav-ior gives to me I will serve Him ev-'ry day. A-MEN.

176 The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. Flora H. Cassel.
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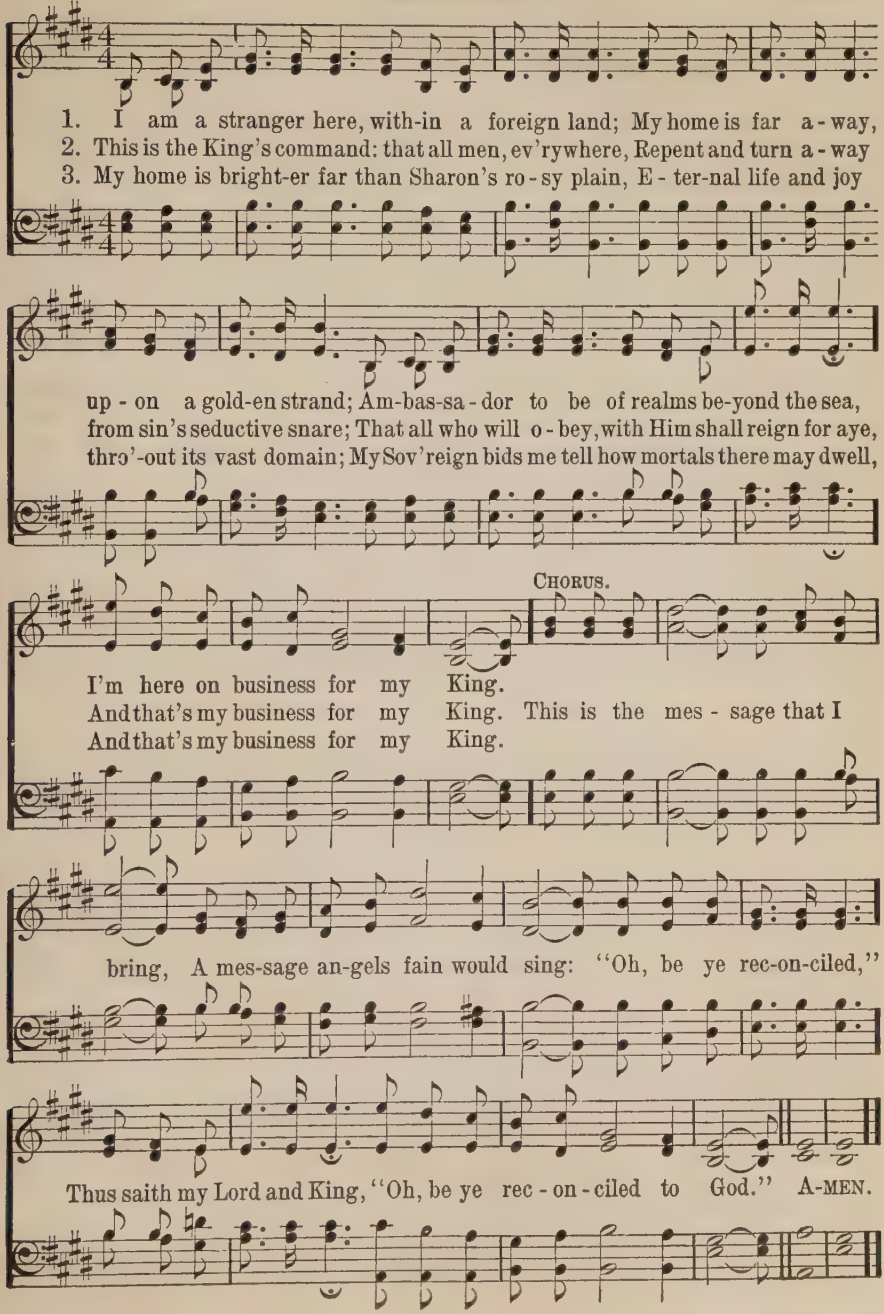
1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy
up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,
from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye,
thro'-out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,
CHORUS.
I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.
bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"
Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A-MEN.

177 Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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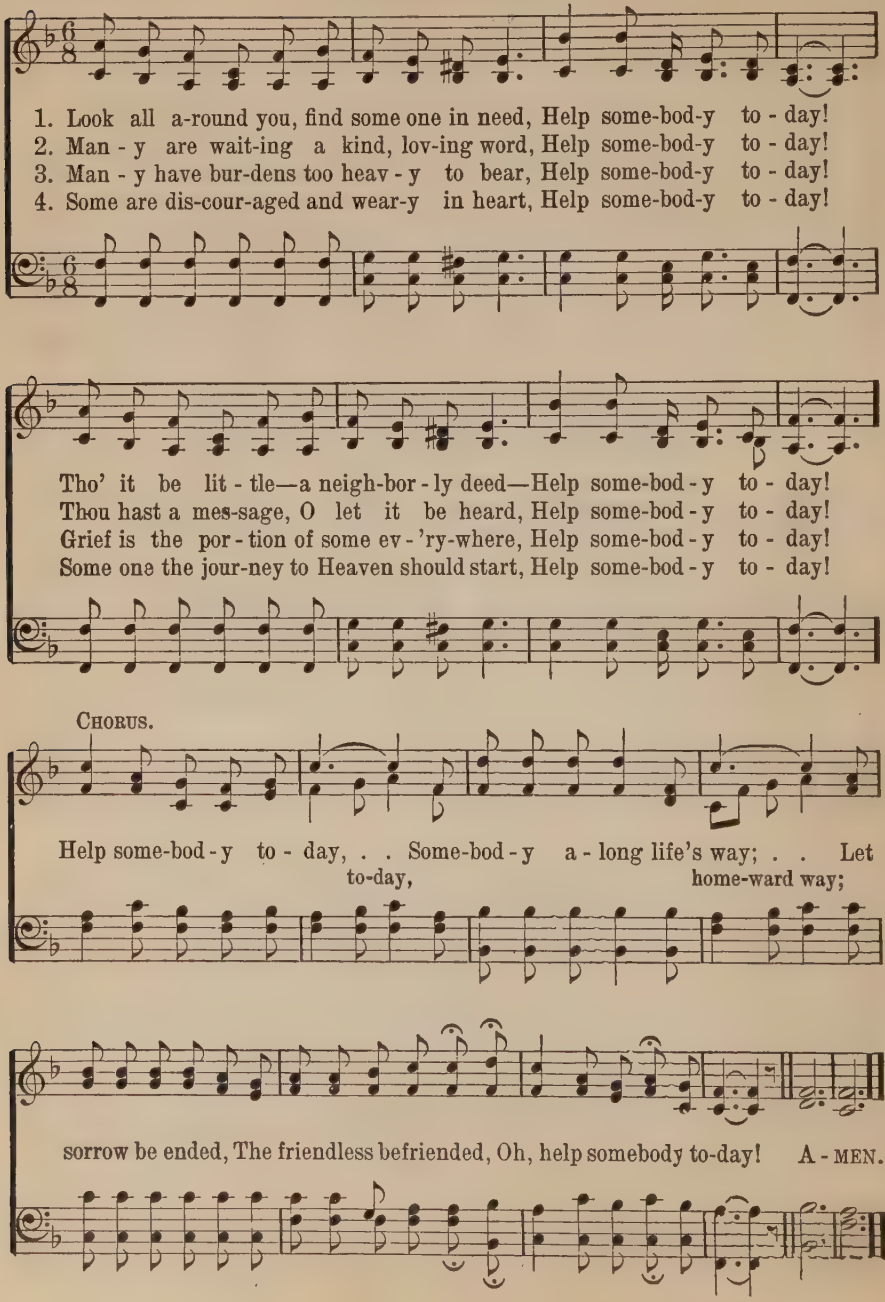
1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod - y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heaven should start, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Chorus.
Help some-bod - y to - day, . . Some-bod - y a - long life's way; . . Let
to-day, home-ward way;
sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! A - men.

178 Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

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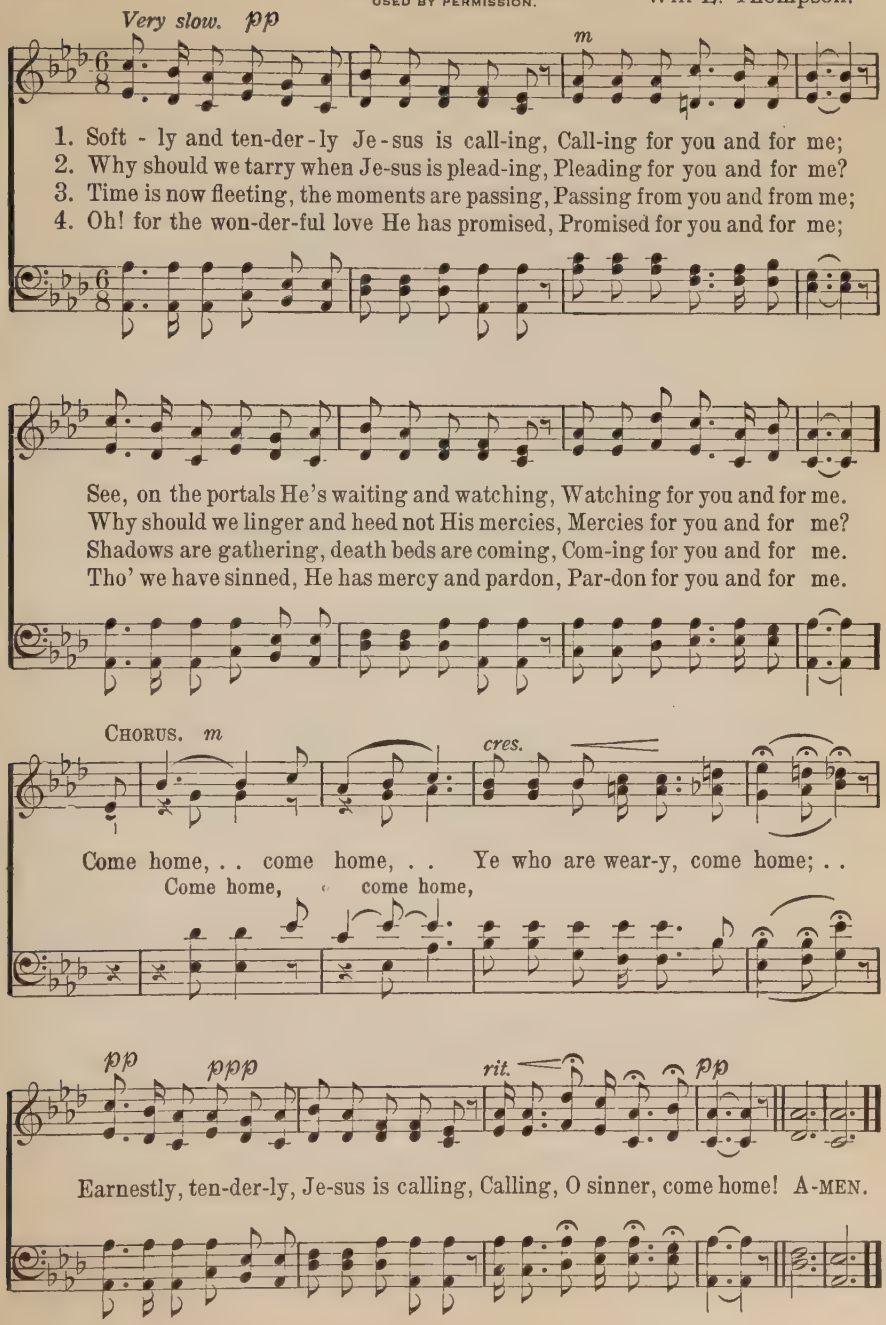
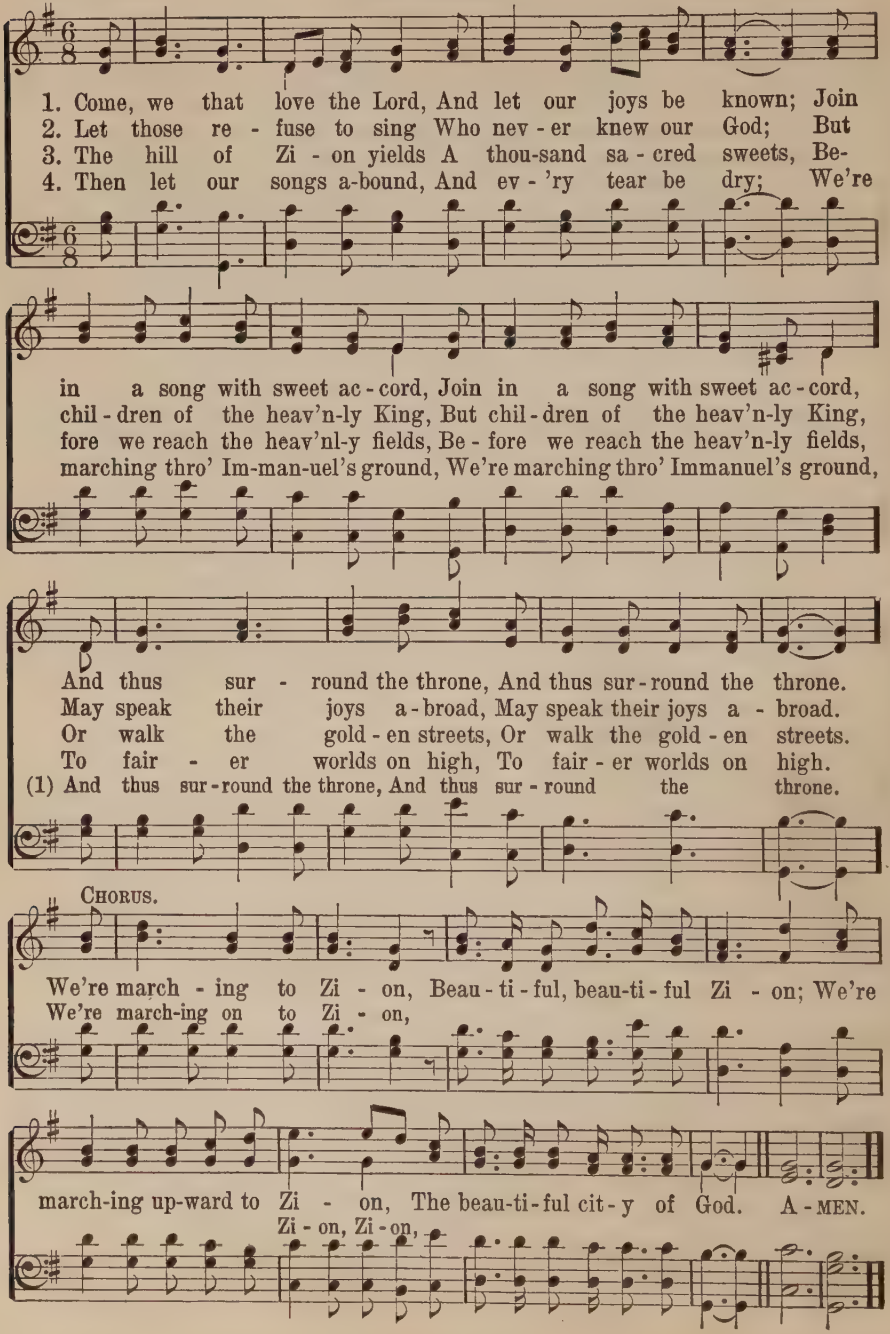
Will L. Thompson.


Very slow. pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
Chorus. m
cres.
Come home, . . come home, . . Ye who are wear-y, come home; . .
Come home, come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! A-men.

179 We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'nl-y fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

180 I Must Tell Jesus.

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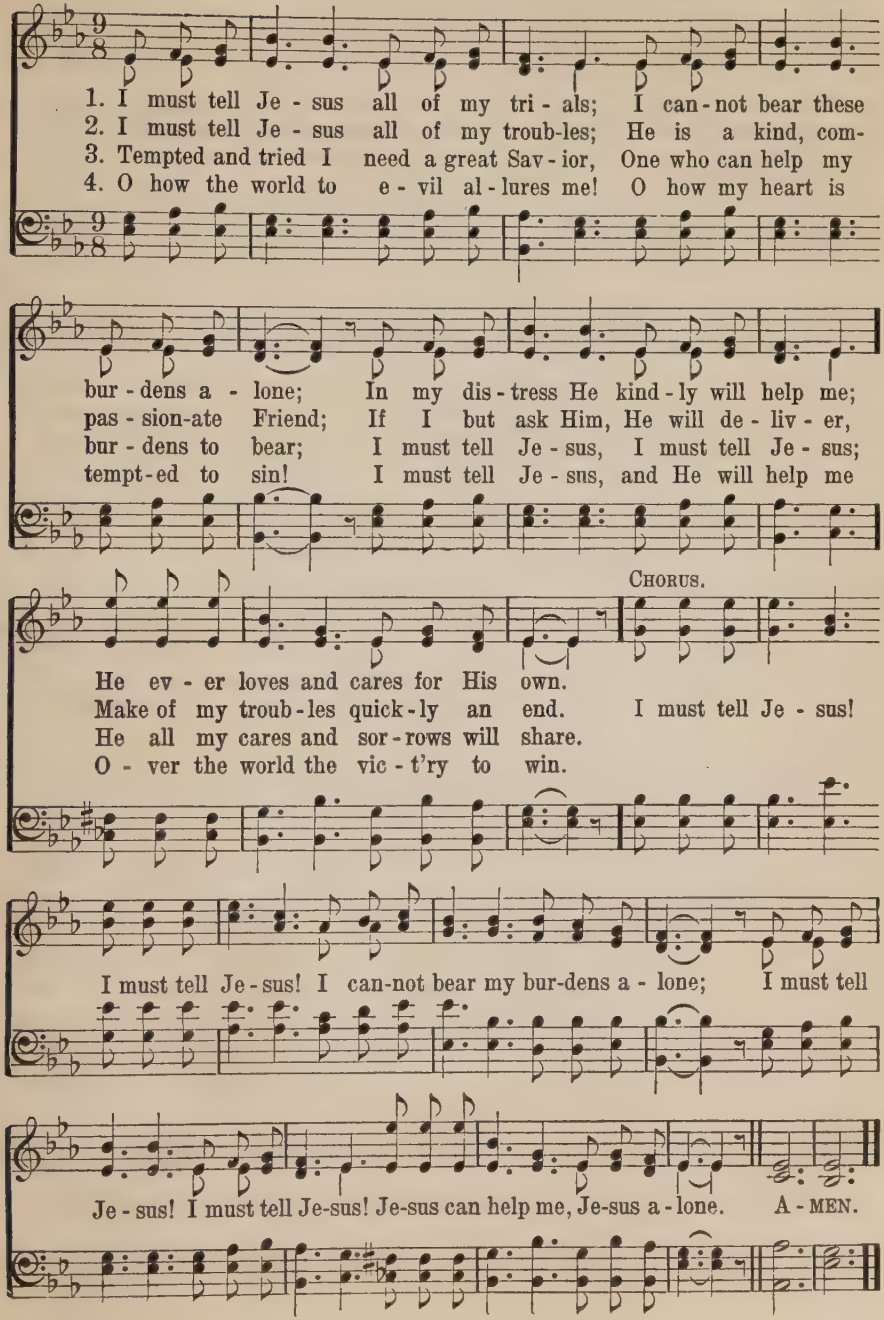
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
CHORUS.
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. A - MEN.

181 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

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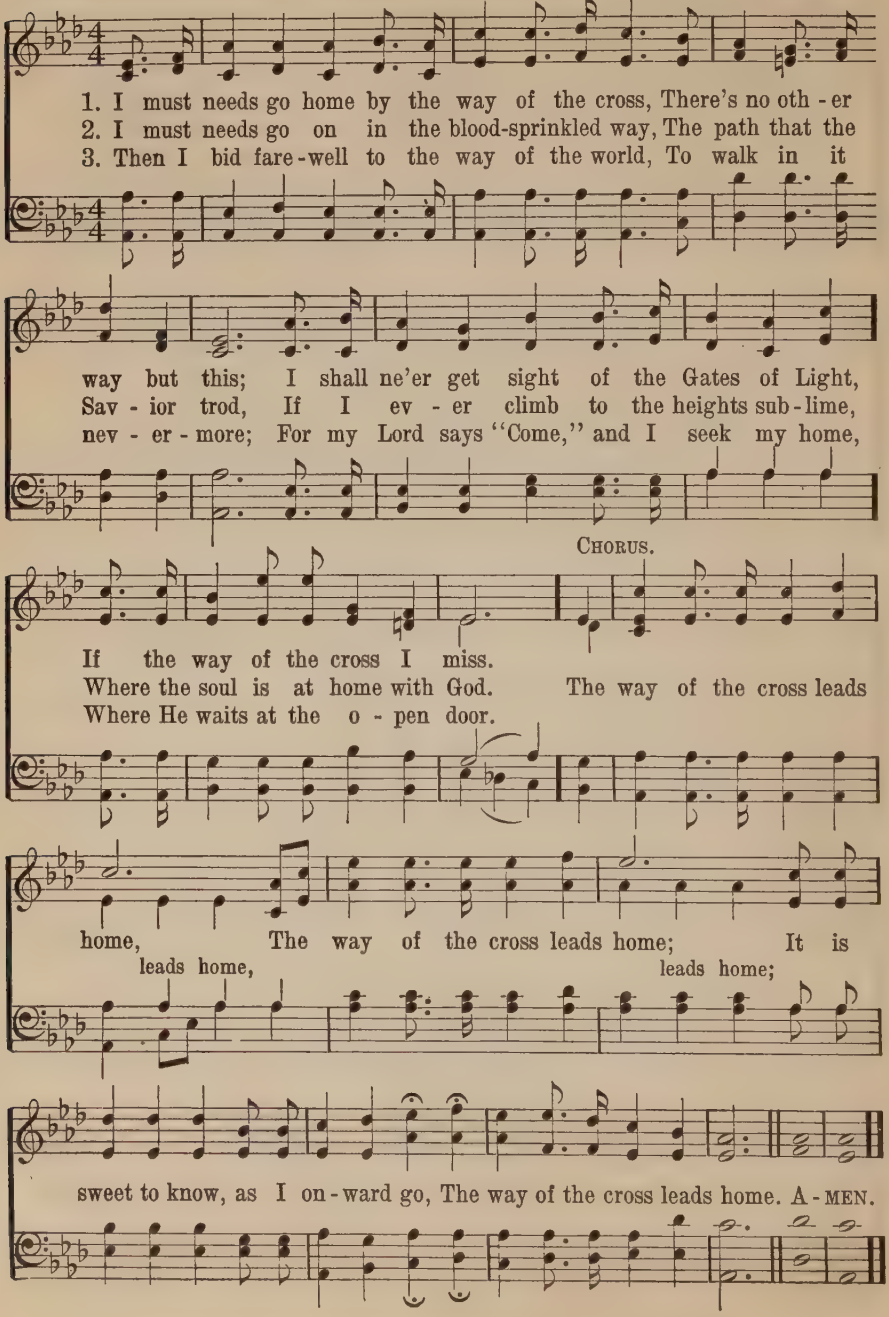
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.

182 Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt

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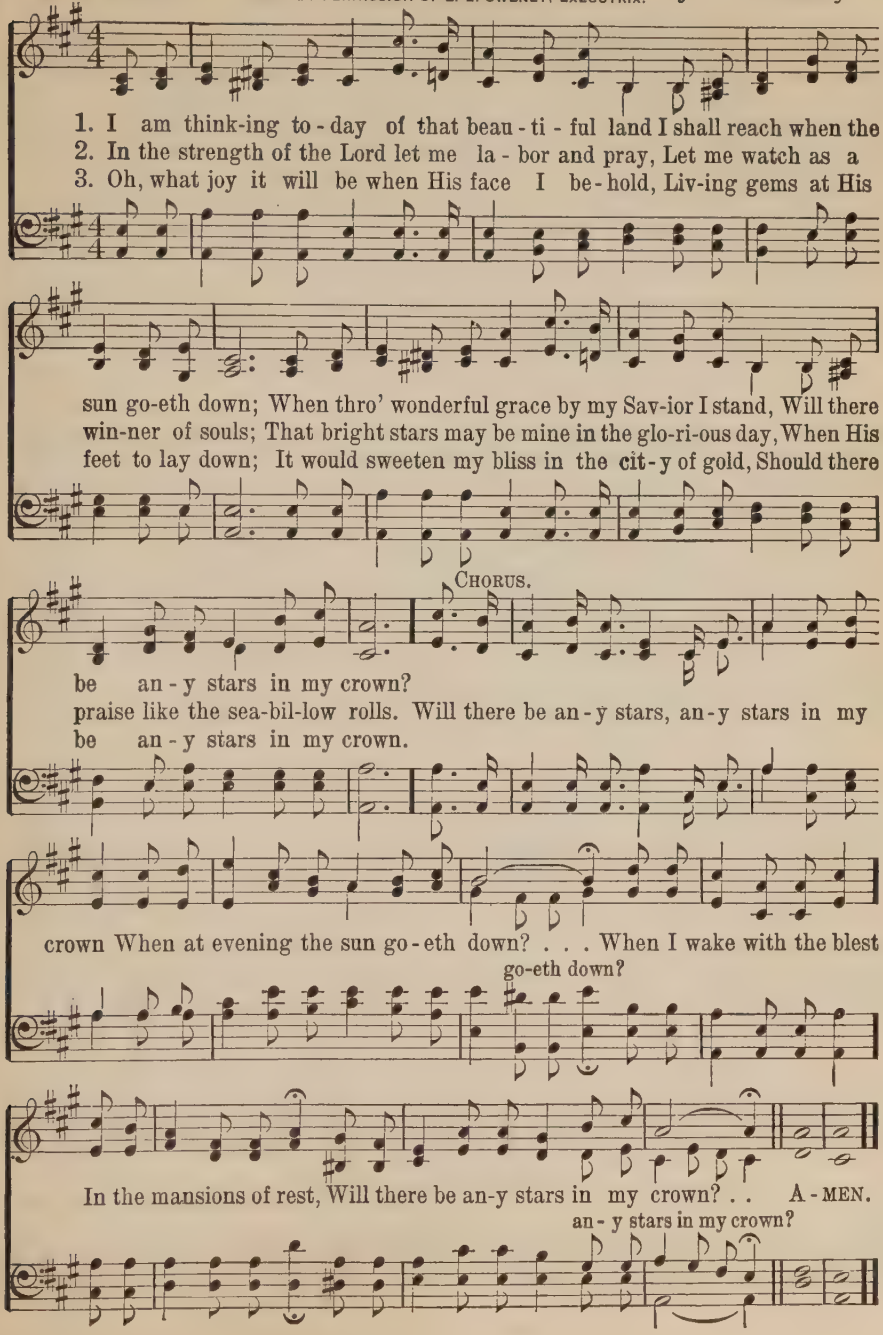
1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
be an-y stars in my crown?
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
be an-y stars in my crown.
CHORUS.
crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . A-MEN.
an-y stars in my crown?

183 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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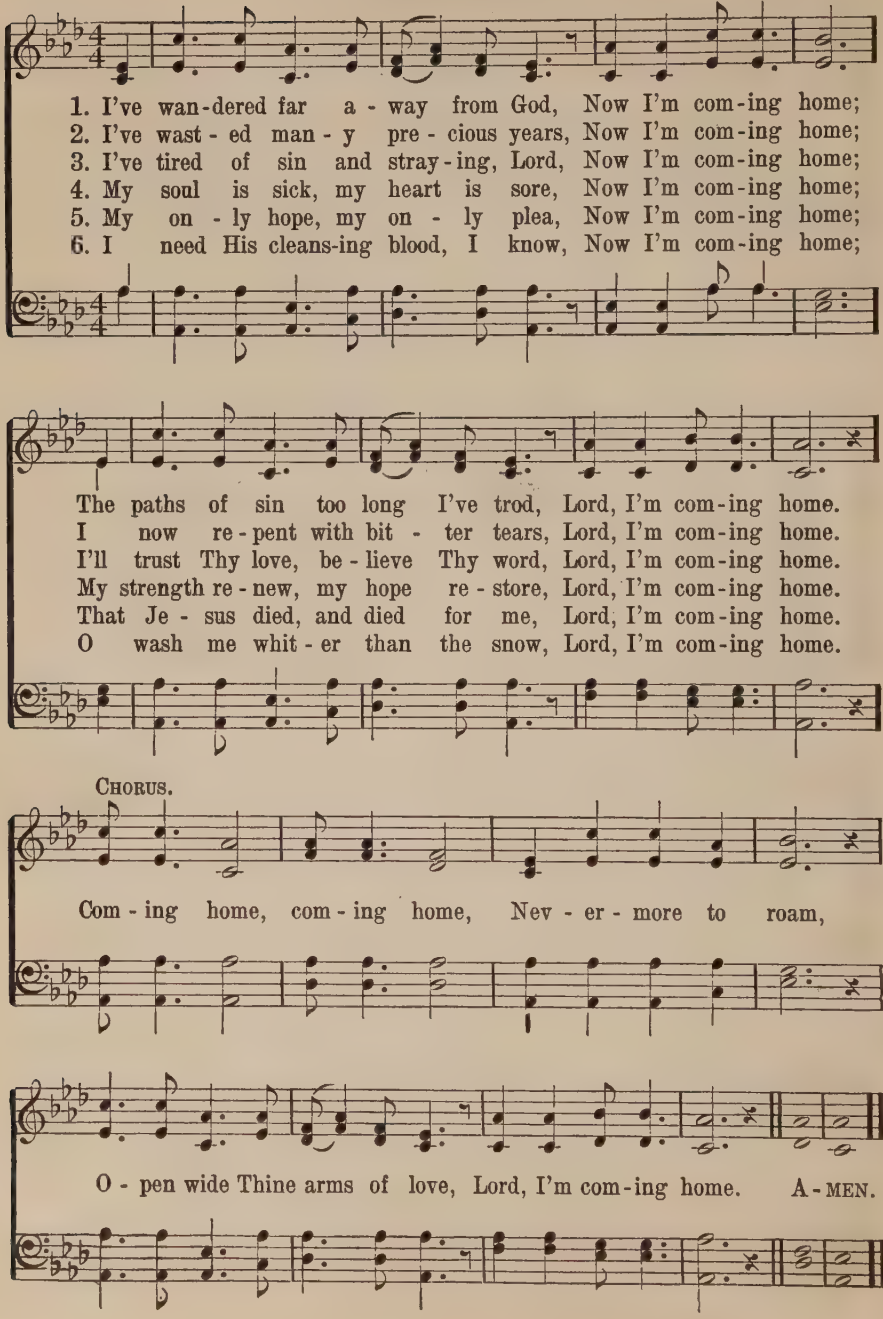
1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
CHORUS.
Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home. A - MEN.

184 My Savior's Love.

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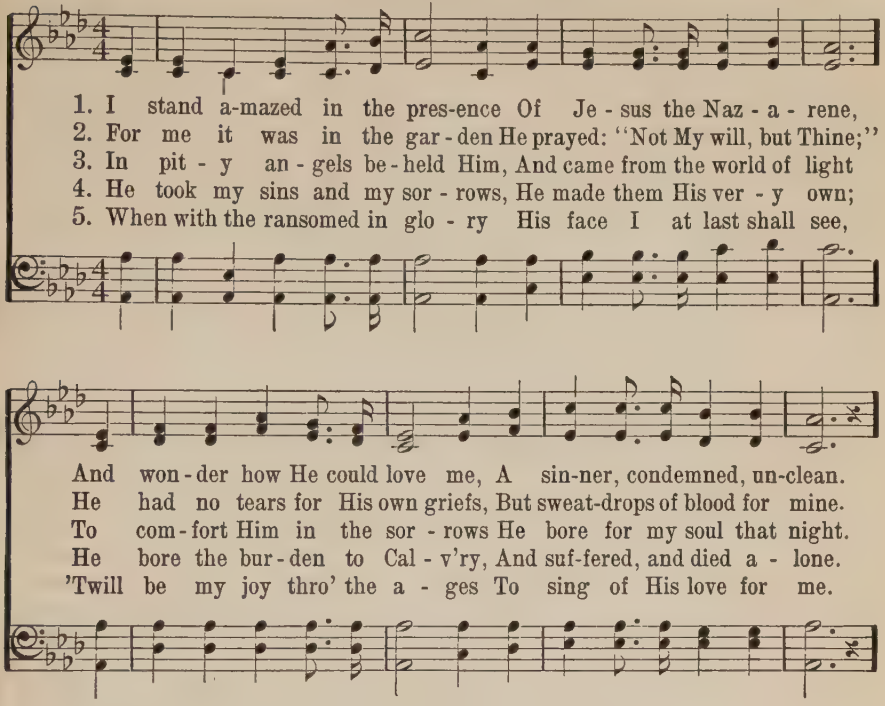
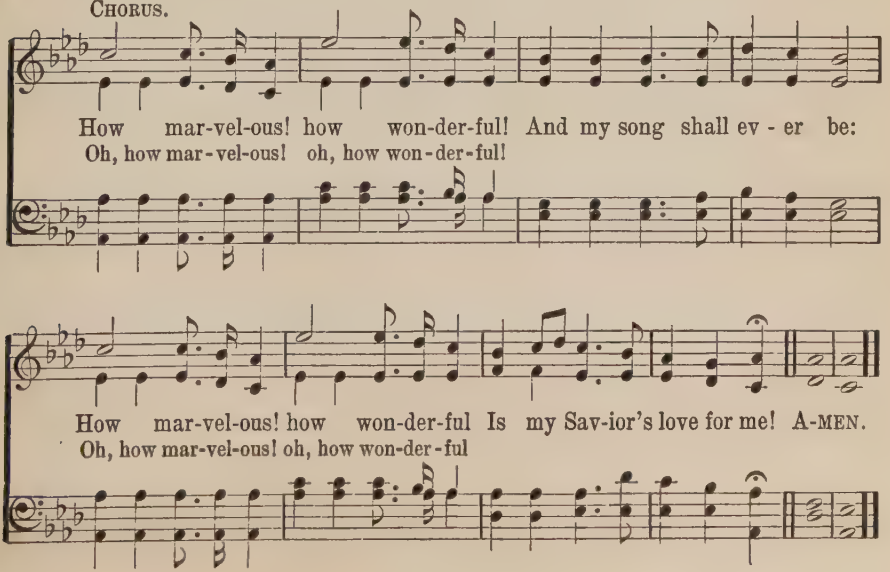

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,
And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.


How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me! A-MEN.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

185 One More Day's Work for Jesus.

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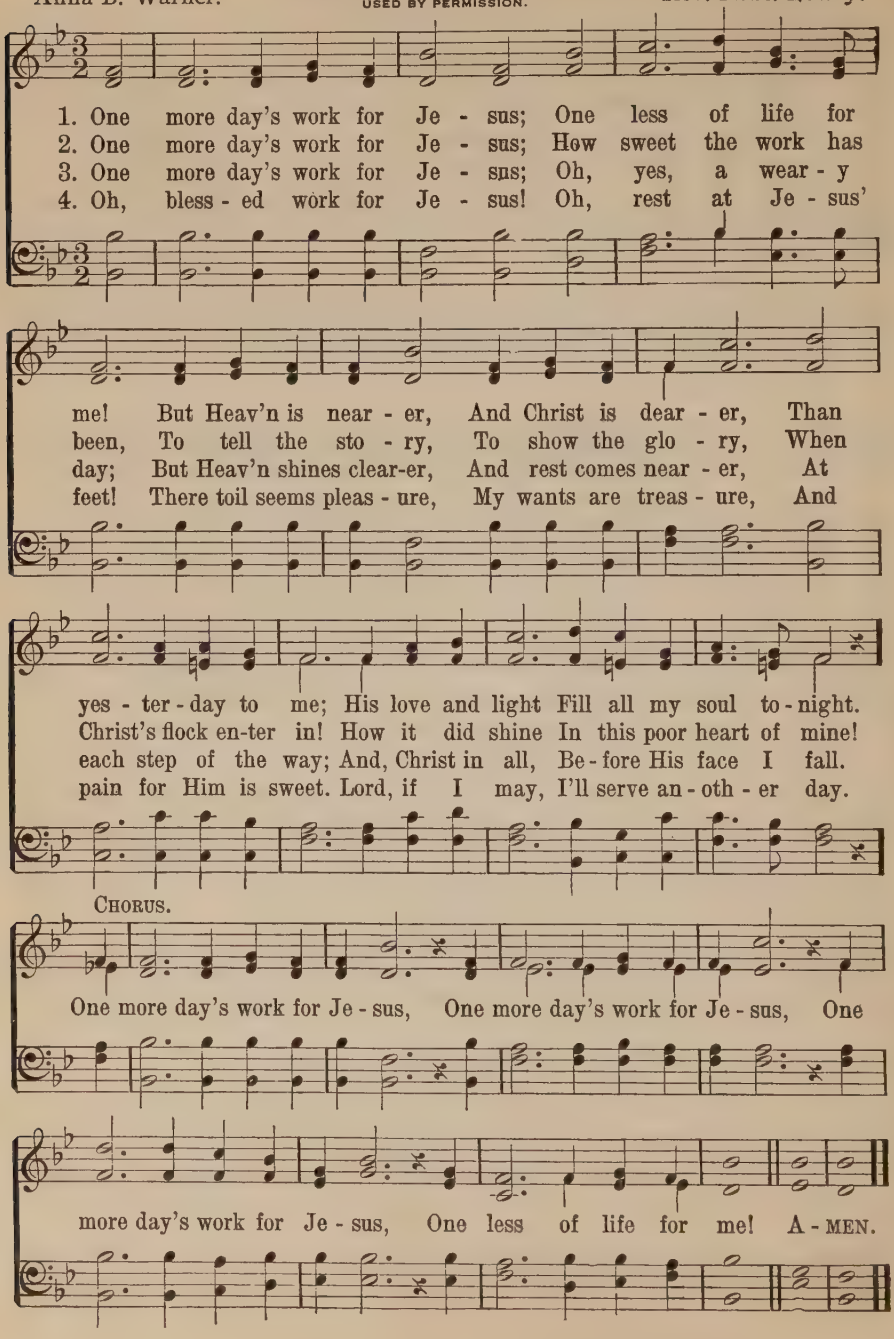
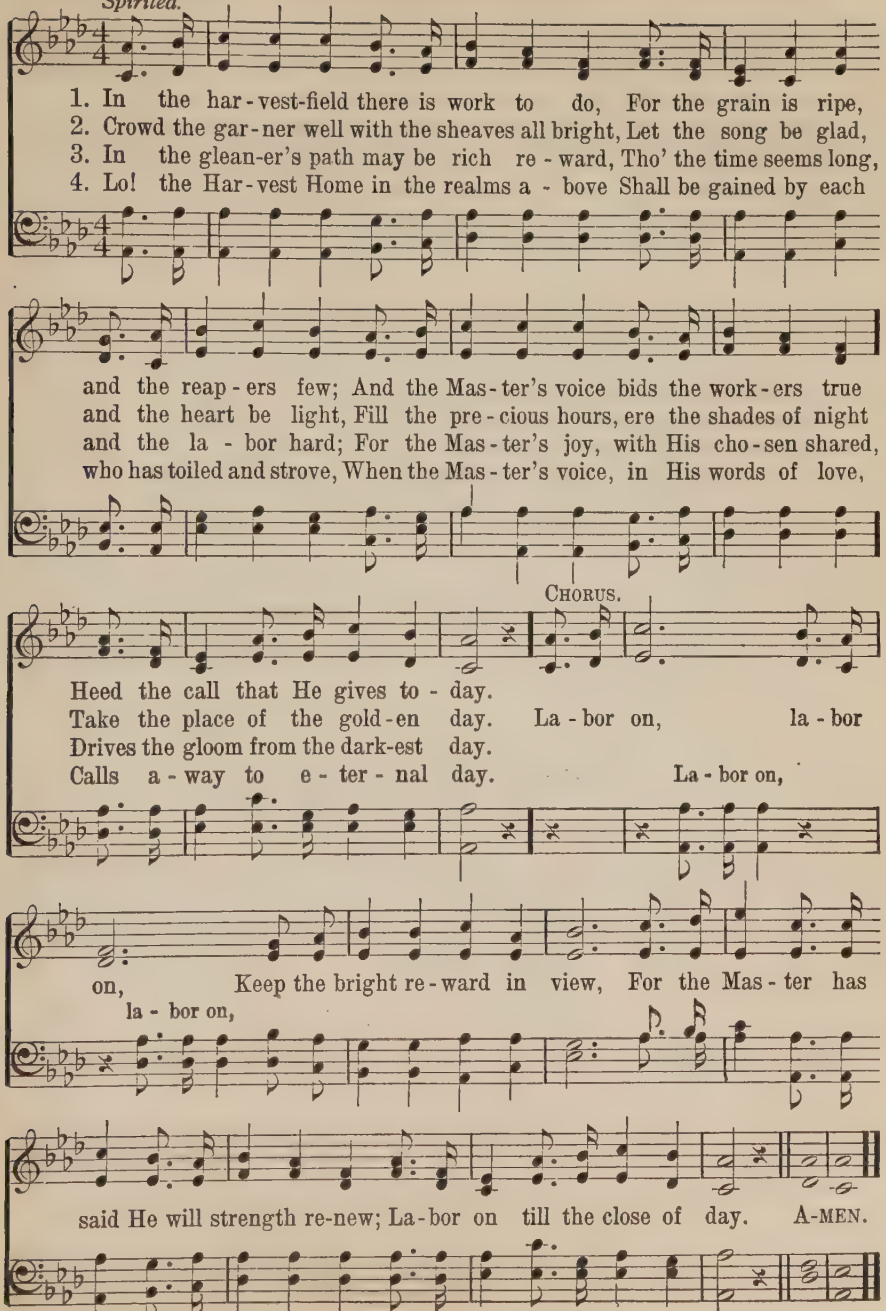

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wear - y
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus'
me! But Heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than
been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When
day; But Heav'n shines clear-er, And rest comes near - er, At
feet! There toil seems pleas - ure, My wants are treas - ure, And
yes - ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
Christ's flock en-ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
each step of the way; And, Christ in all, Be - fore His face I fall.
pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.
CHORUS.
One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One
more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me! A - MEN.

186 Labor On.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

Spirited.

1. In the har-vest-field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the gar-ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a-bove Shall be gained by each
and the reap-ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work-ers true
and the heart be light, Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la-bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His cho-sen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Mas-ter's voice, in His words of love,
CHORUS.
Heed the call that He gives to-day.
Take the place of the gold-en day. La-bor on, la-bor
Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
Calls a-way to e-ter-nal day. La-bor on,
on, Keep the bright re-ward in view, For the Mas-ter has
la-bor on,
said He will strength re-new; La-bor on till the close of day. A-MEN.

187 Christ Shall Be King.

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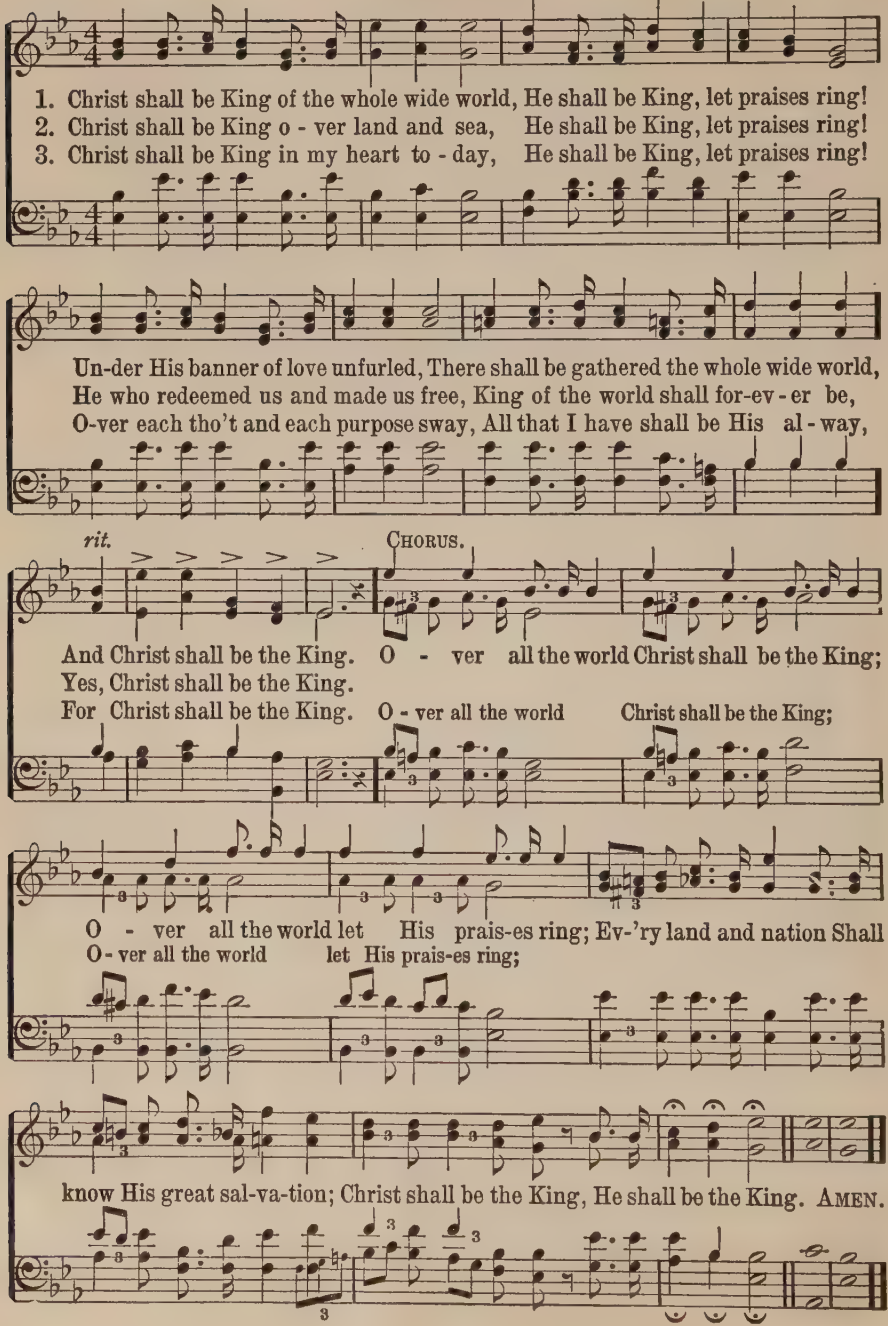
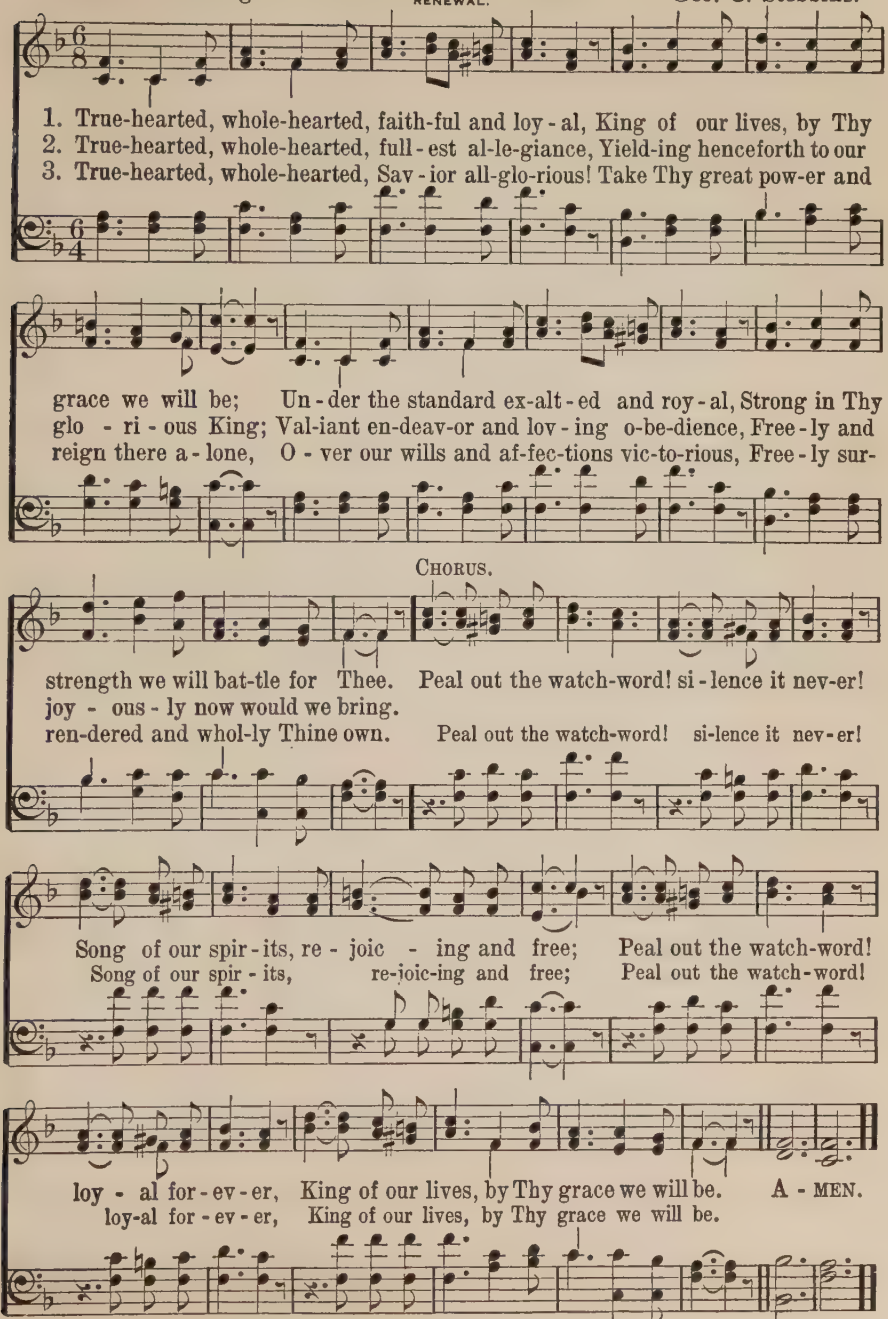
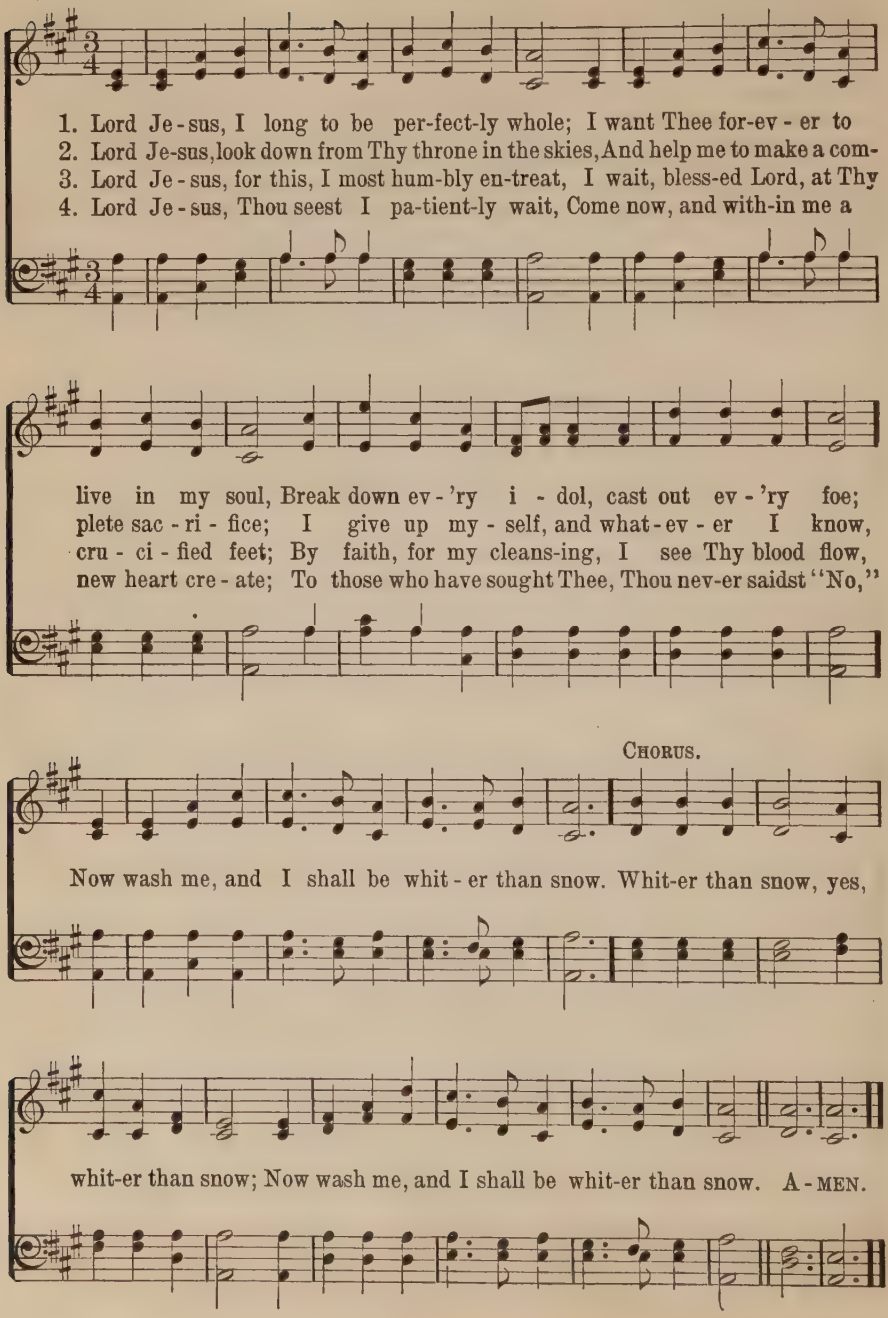

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let praises ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let praises ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let praises ring!
Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,
rit.
CHORUS.
And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring; Ev-'ry land and nation Shall
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;
know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King. AMEN.

188 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and
grace we will be; Un-der the standard ex-alt-ed and roy-al, Strong in Thy
glo-ri-ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov-ing o-be-dience, Free-ly and
reign there a-lone, O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-ly sur-
Chorus.
strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
joy-ous-ly now would we bring.
ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
Song of our spir-its, re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
Song of our spir-its, re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be. A-MEN.
loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

189 Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je-sus, for this, I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and with-in me a
live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know,
cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow,
new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev-er saidst "No,"
Chorus.
Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. A-men.

190 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H.

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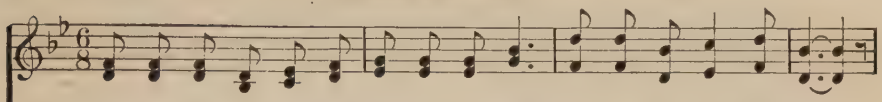
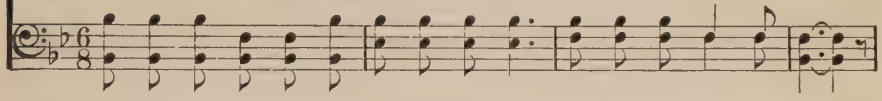
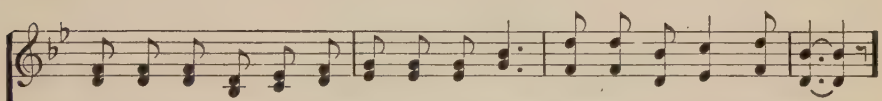
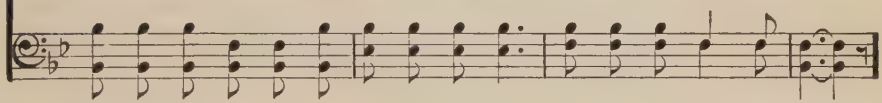
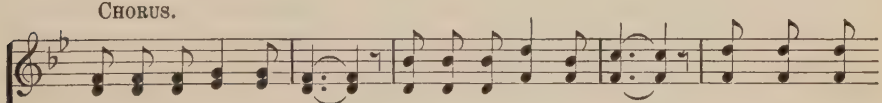
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

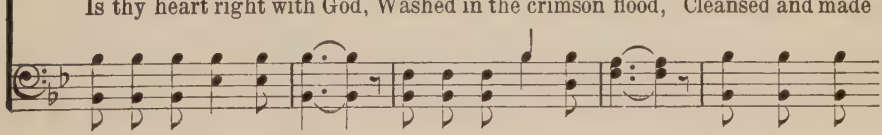


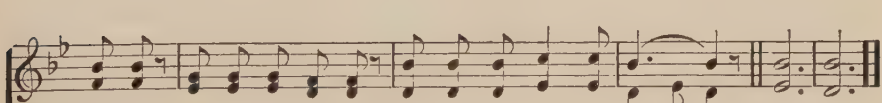
1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?



Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

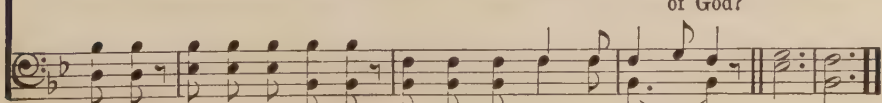


Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made

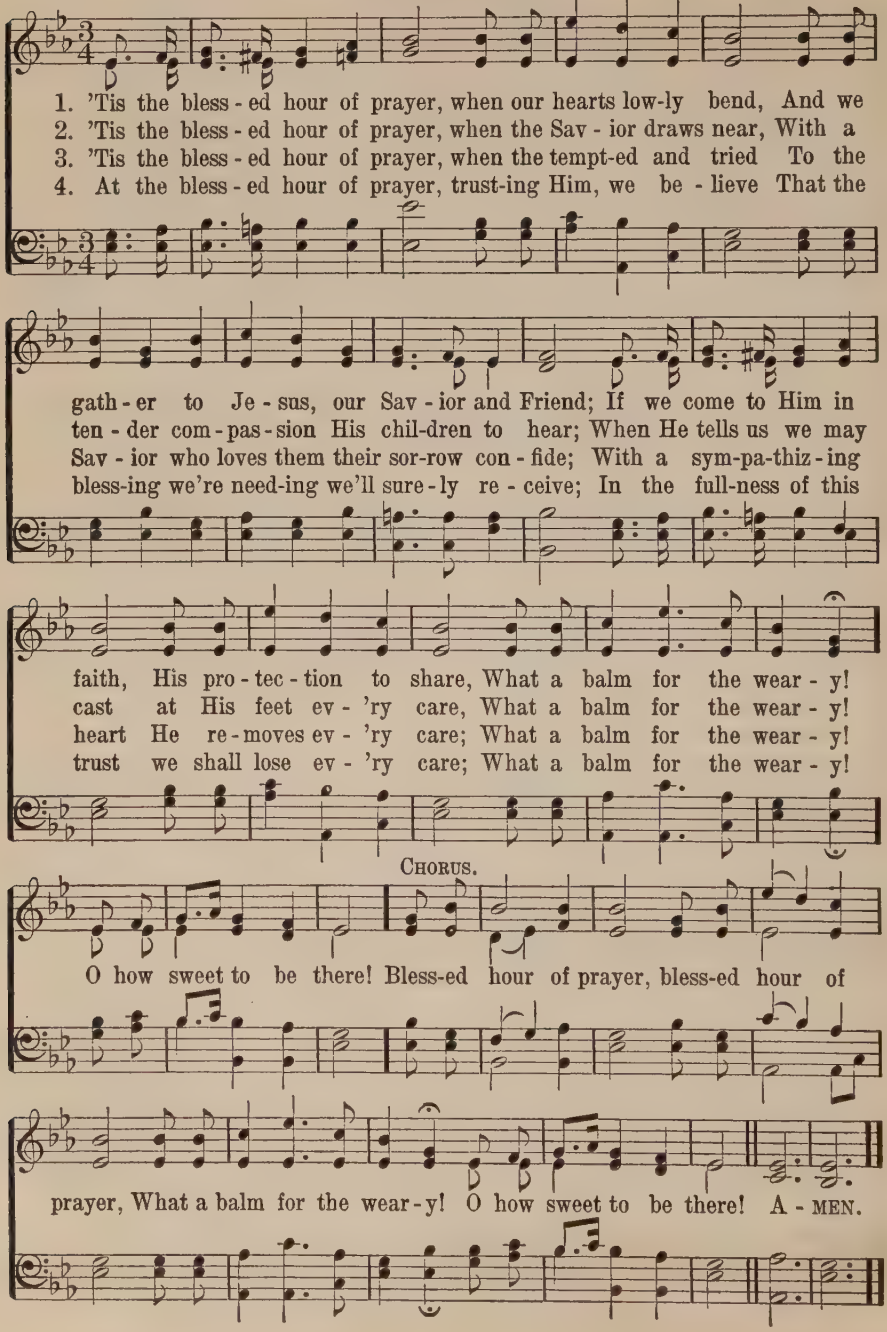




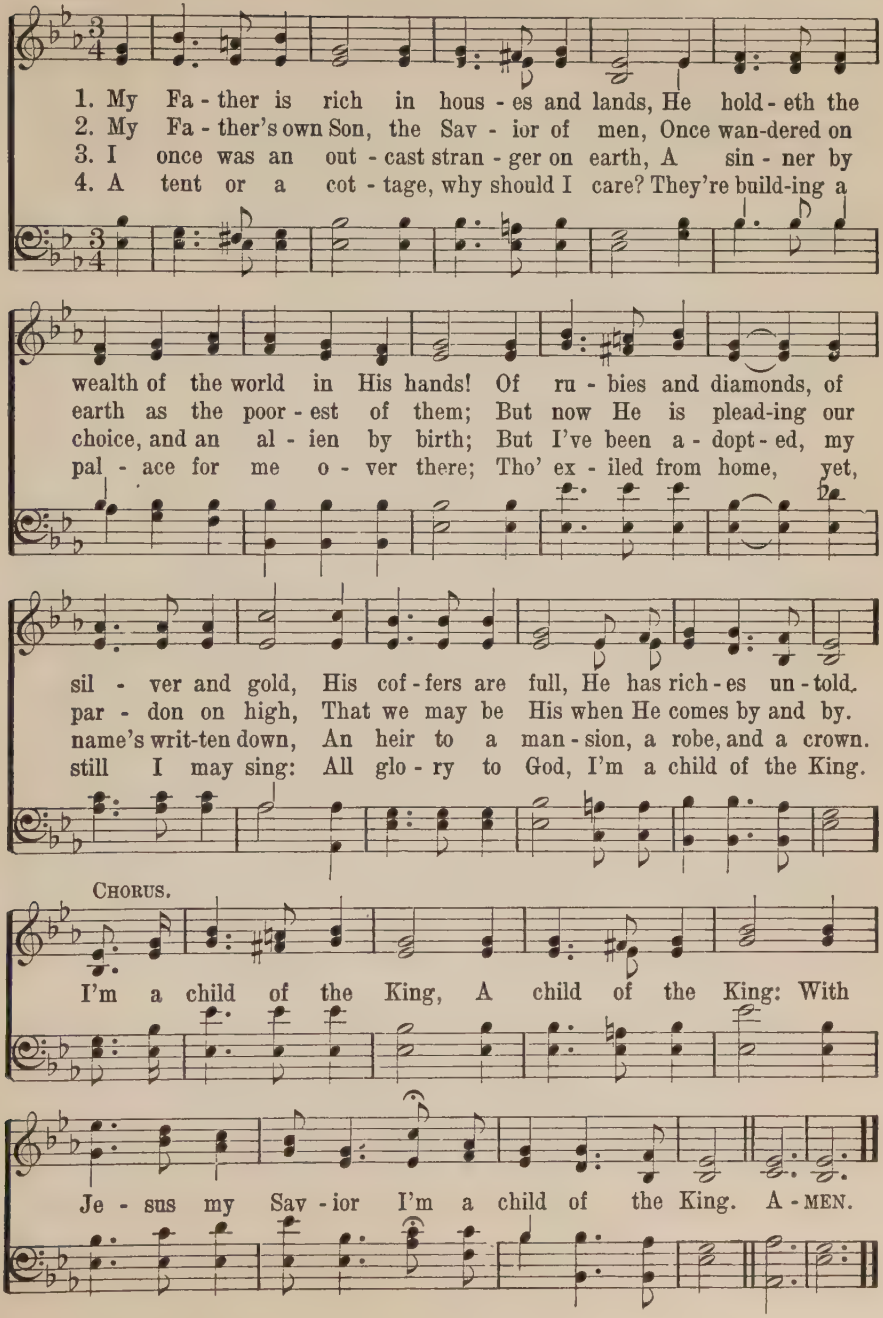
ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God? . . A-MEN.
of God?



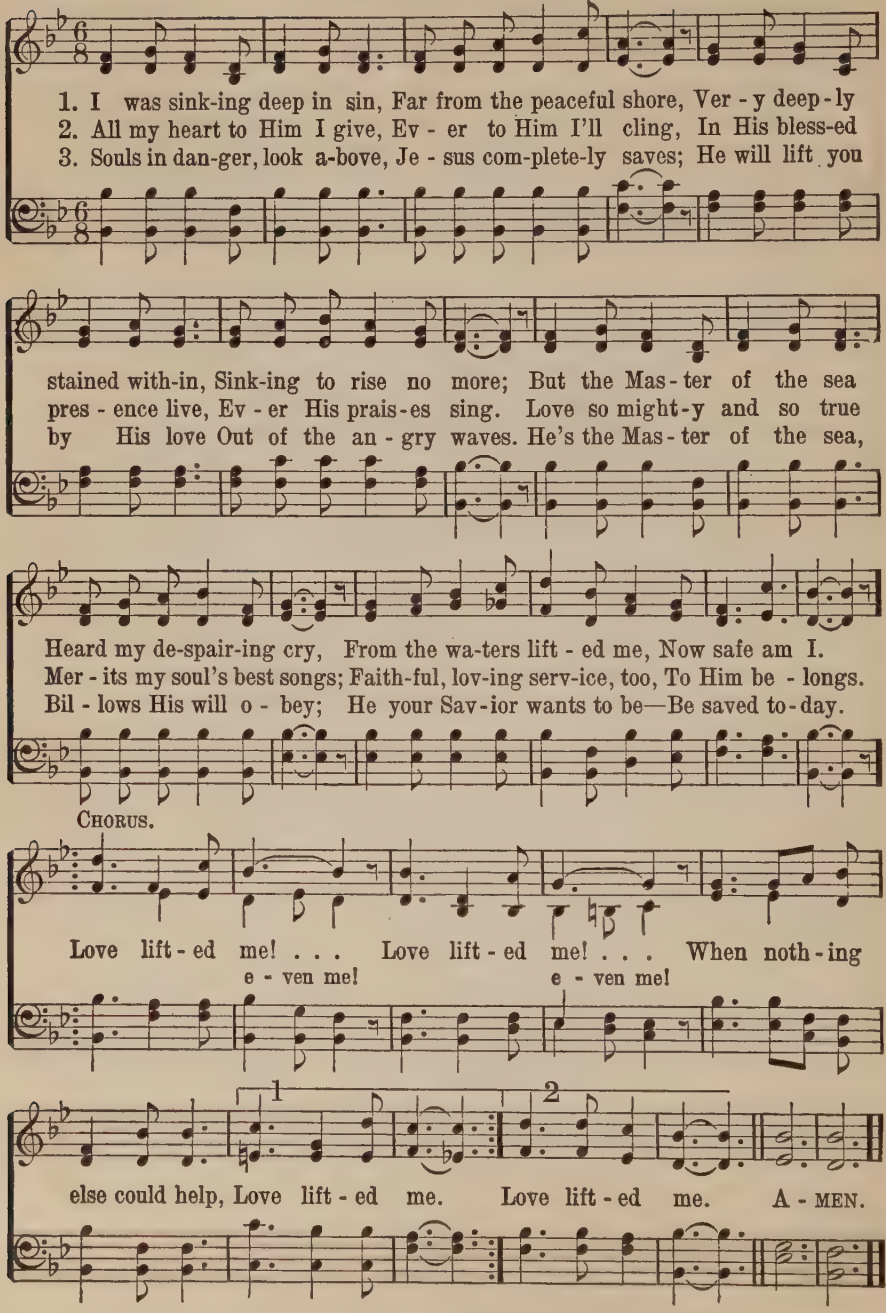
191 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a ten - der com - pas - sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav - ior who loves them their sor-row con - fide; With a sym-pa-thiz - ing heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
CHORUS.
O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer, What a balm for the wear - y! O how sweet to be there! A - MEN.

192 A Child of the King.

Hattie E. Buell. Rev. John B. Sumner, arr.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan-dered on
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a
wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of
earth as the poor - est of them; But now He is plead-ing our
choice, and an al - ien by birth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet,
sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told.
par - don on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
name's writ-ten down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King.
CHORUS.
I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With
Je - sus my Sav - ior I'm a child of the King. A - MEN.

193 Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you
stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas - ter of the sea,
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.
CHORUS.
Love lift - ed me! . . . Love lift - ed me! . . . When noth - ing
e - ven me! e - ven me!
1
2
else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me. A - MEN.

194 'Tis Sweet to Know.

W. L. T.

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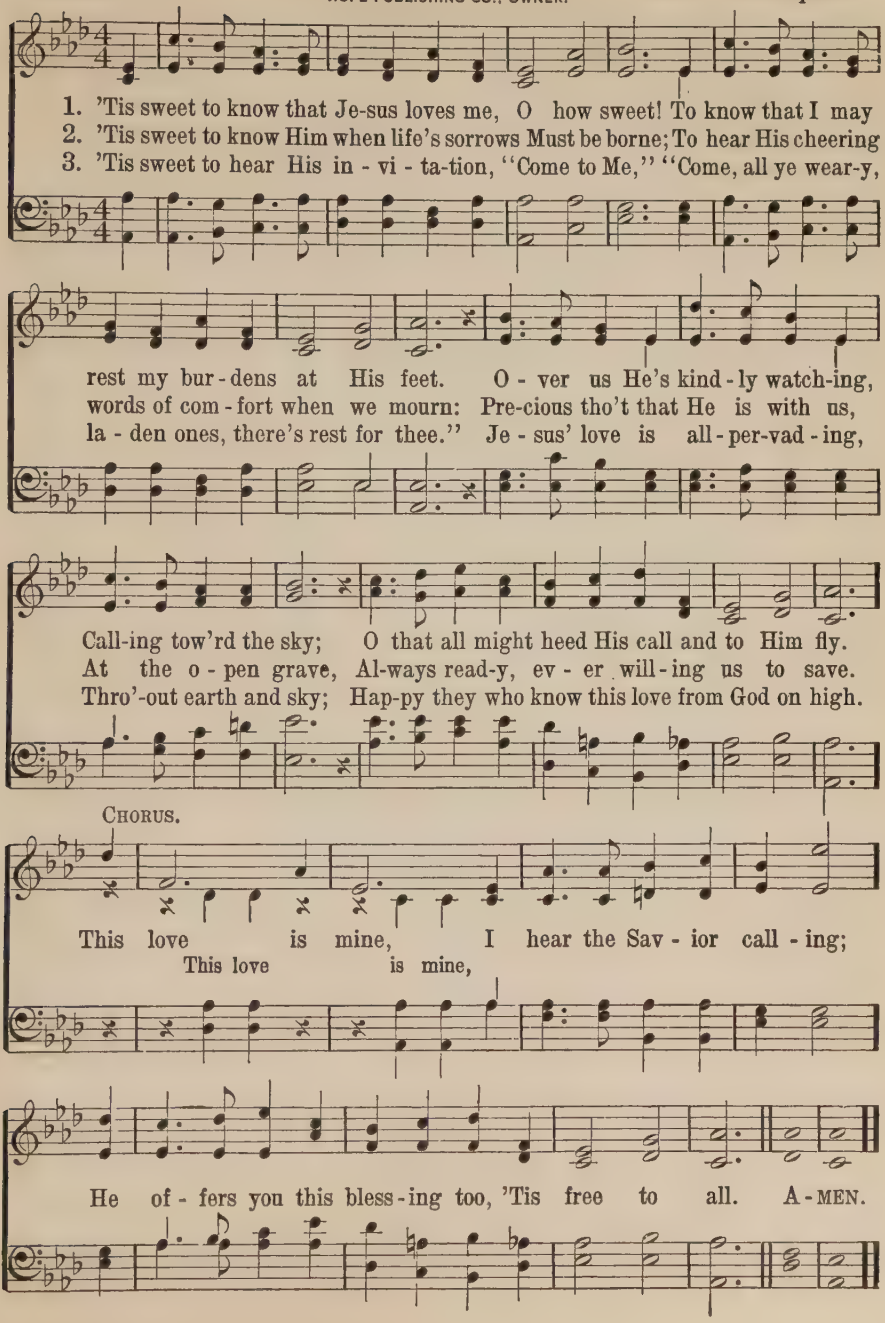
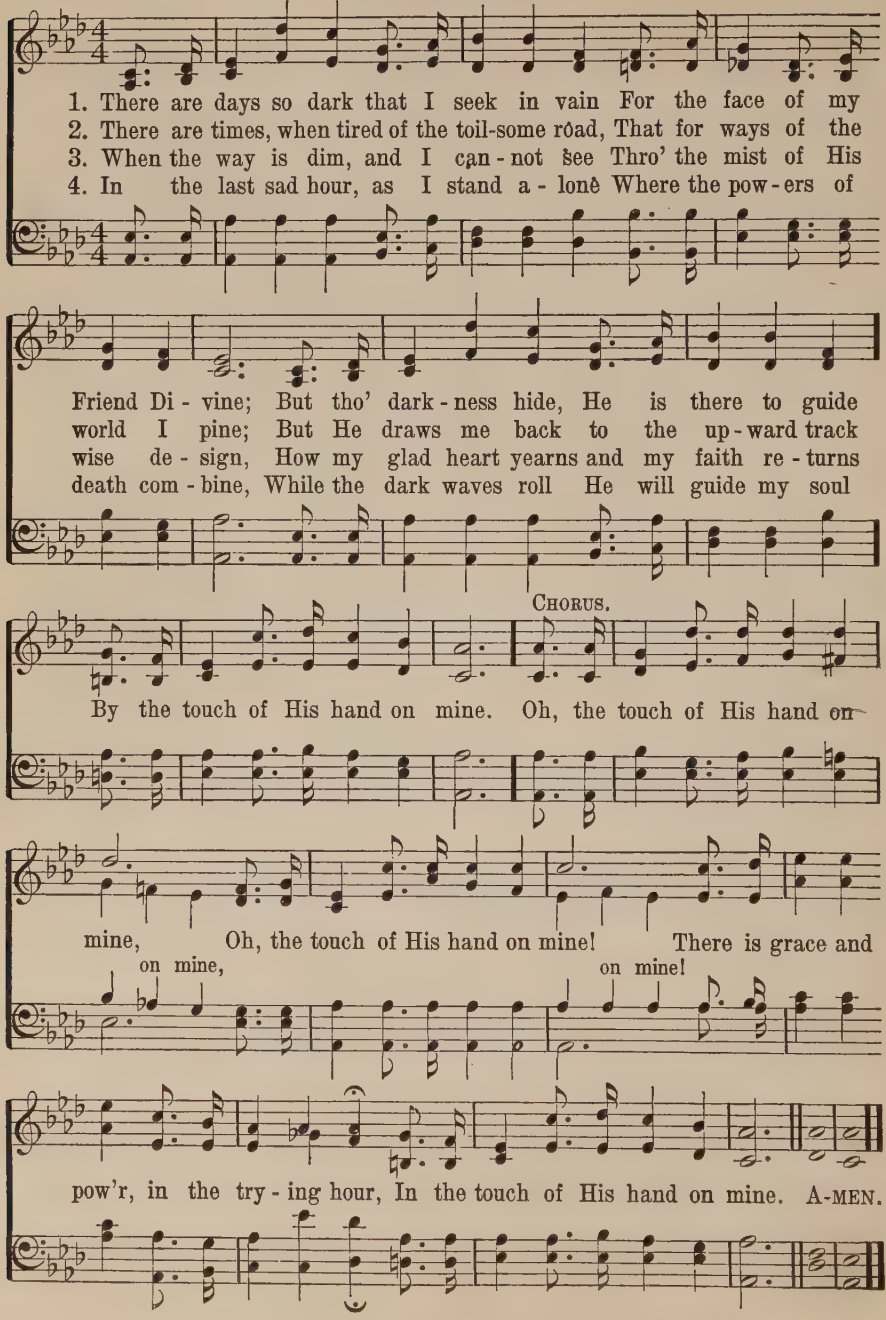
Will L. Thompson.


1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je-sus loves me, O how sweet! To know that I may
2. 'Tis sweet to know Him when life's sorrows Must be borne; To hear His cheering
3. 'Tis sweet to hear His in - vi - ta-tion, "Come to Me," "Come, all ye wear-y,
rest my bur-dens at His feet. O - ver us He's kind-ly watch-ing,
words of com-fort when we mourn: Pre-cious tho't that He is with us,
la - den ones, there's rest for thee." Je - sus' love is all-per-vad-ing,
Call-ing tow'rd the sky; O that all might heed His call and to Him fly.
At the o - pen grave, Al-ways read-y, ev - er will-ing us to save.
Thro'-out earth and sky; Hap-py they who know this love from God on high.
CHORUS.
This love is mine, I hear the Sav - ior call - ing;
This love is mine,
He of - fers you this bless-ing too, 'Tis free to all. A-MEN.

195 The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Henry P. Morton.


1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of
Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul
CHORUS.
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on
mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
on mine, on mine!
pow'r, in the try-ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.

196 Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Poole.

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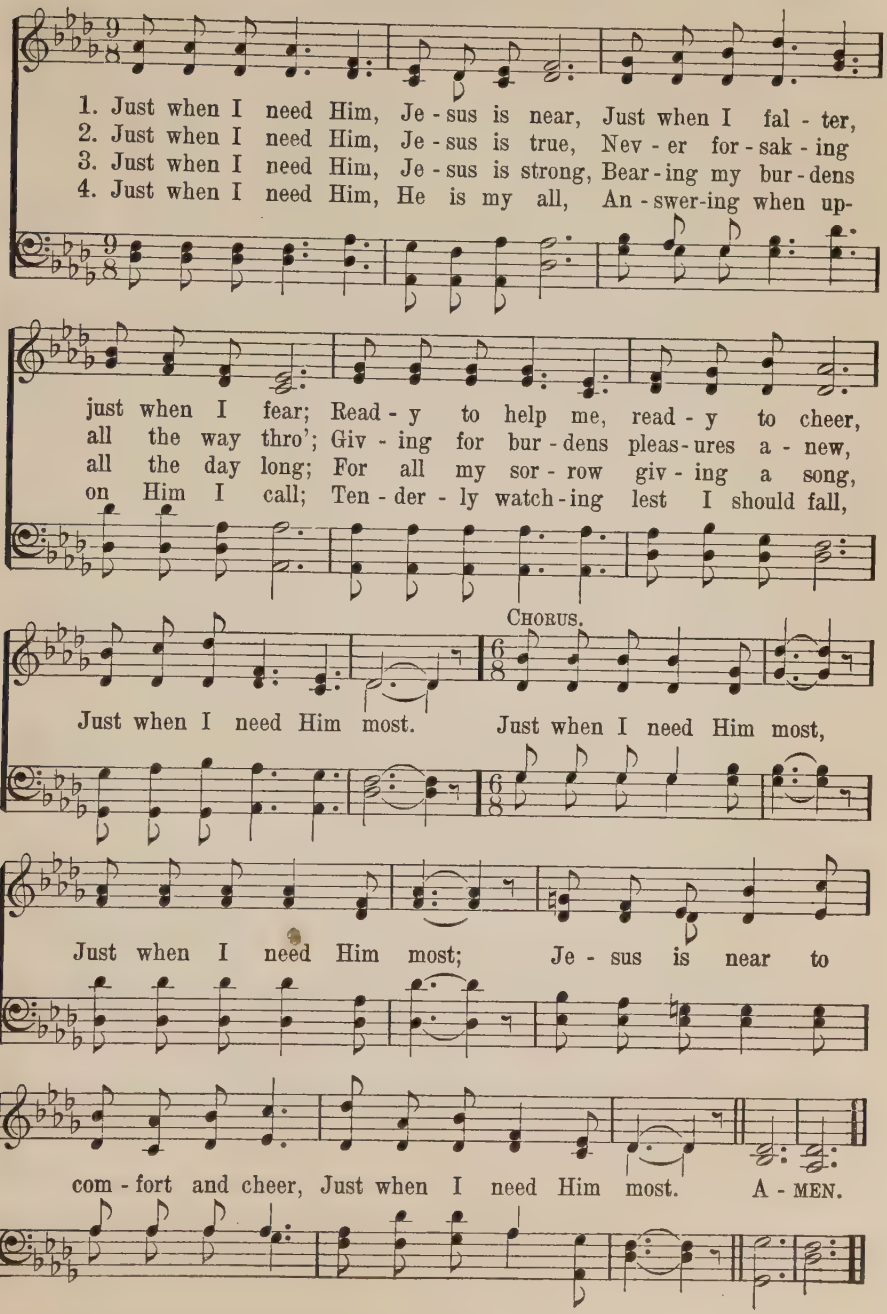
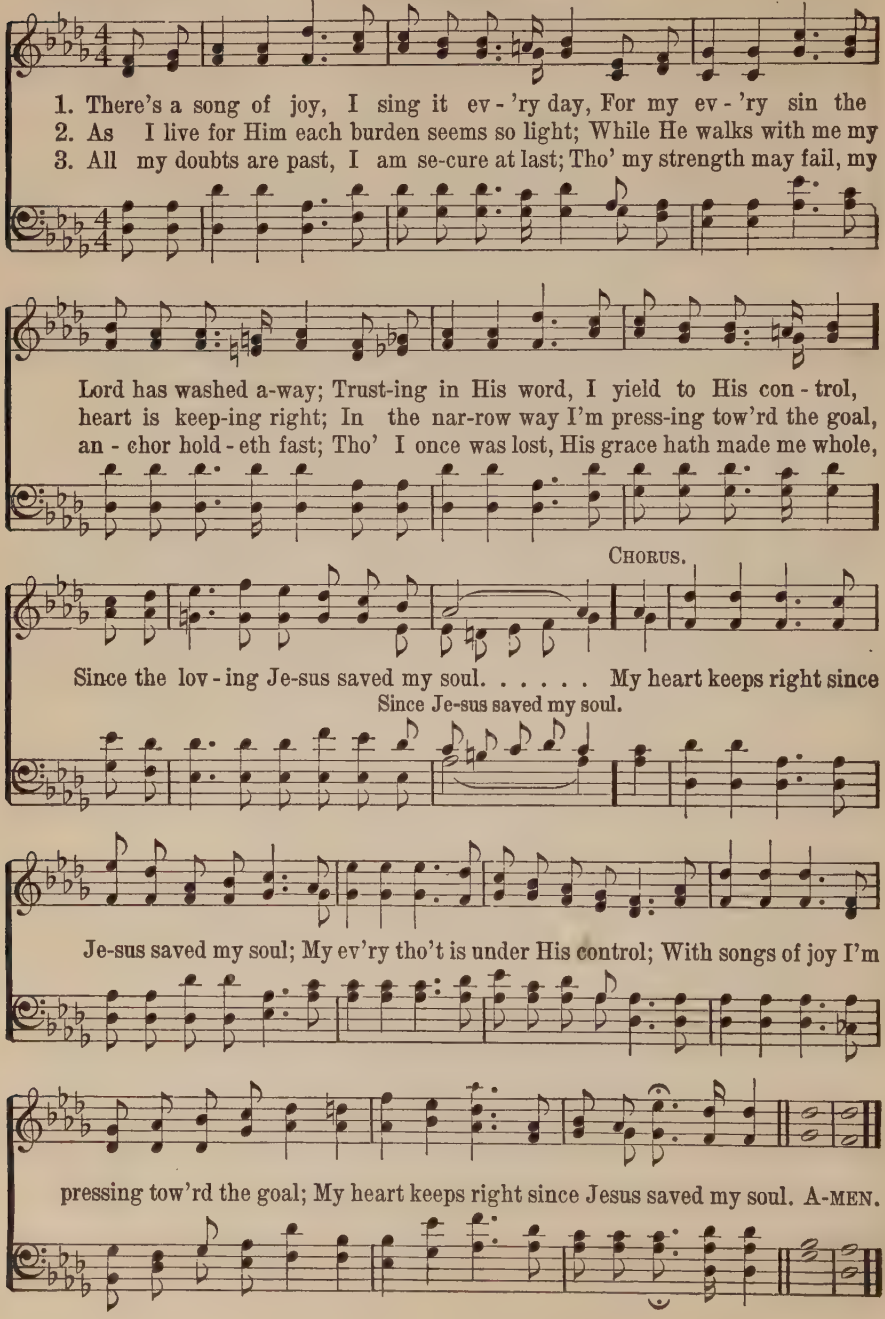
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer-ing when up-
just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,
all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,
CHORUS.
Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,
Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to
com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

197 My Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.


1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev-'ry day, For my ev-'ry sin the
2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my
Lord has washed a-way; Trust-ing in His word, I yield to His con-trol,
heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm press-ing tow'rd the goal,
an-chor hold-eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,
Chorus.
Since the lov-ing Je-sus saved my soul. . . . . My heart keeps right since
Since Je-sus saved my soul.
Je-sus saved my soul; My ev'ry tho't is under His control; With songs of joy I'm
pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul. A-men.

198 Jesus in My Heart.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. I have Je - sus dwell - ing with me Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day,
2. Tho' my path-way leads thro' shadows, I can hear His voice di - vine,
3. In this world of liv - ing pleas-ure "Je - sus on - ly" would I know;

So what - ev - er may be - fall me, "All is well," my heart can say.
And can feel the lov - ing hand-clasp Of a Fa-ther's hand on mine.
Sat - is - fied His steps to fol - low, And His great sal - va - tion know.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus Dwells with-in my heart, In the tem - ple for His

dwell - ing set a - part; I can ne'er be lone - ly, I have Je - sus

rit.

on - ly, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus in my heart. A - MEN.

199 Grace, Enough For Me.

E. O. E.

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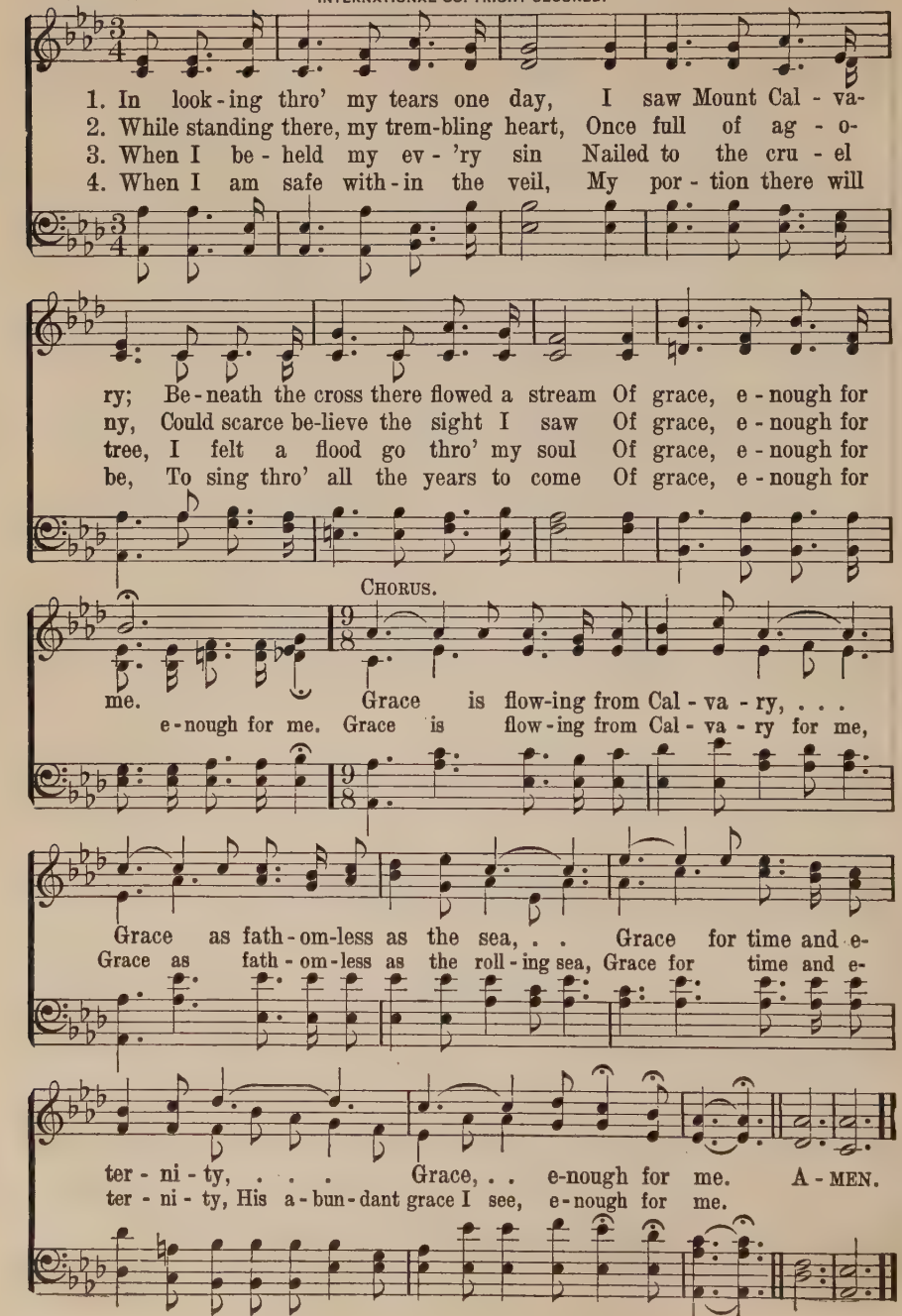
E. O. Excell.

1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va-
2. While standing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o-
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por - tion there will
ry; Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e - nough for
ny, Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, e - nough for
tree, I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e - nough for
be, To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e - nough for
CHORUS.
me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry, . . .
e-nough for me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me,
Grace as fath-om-less as the sea, . . Grace for time and e-
Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea, Grace for time and e-
ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, . . e-nough for me. A - MEN.
ter - ni - ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

200 He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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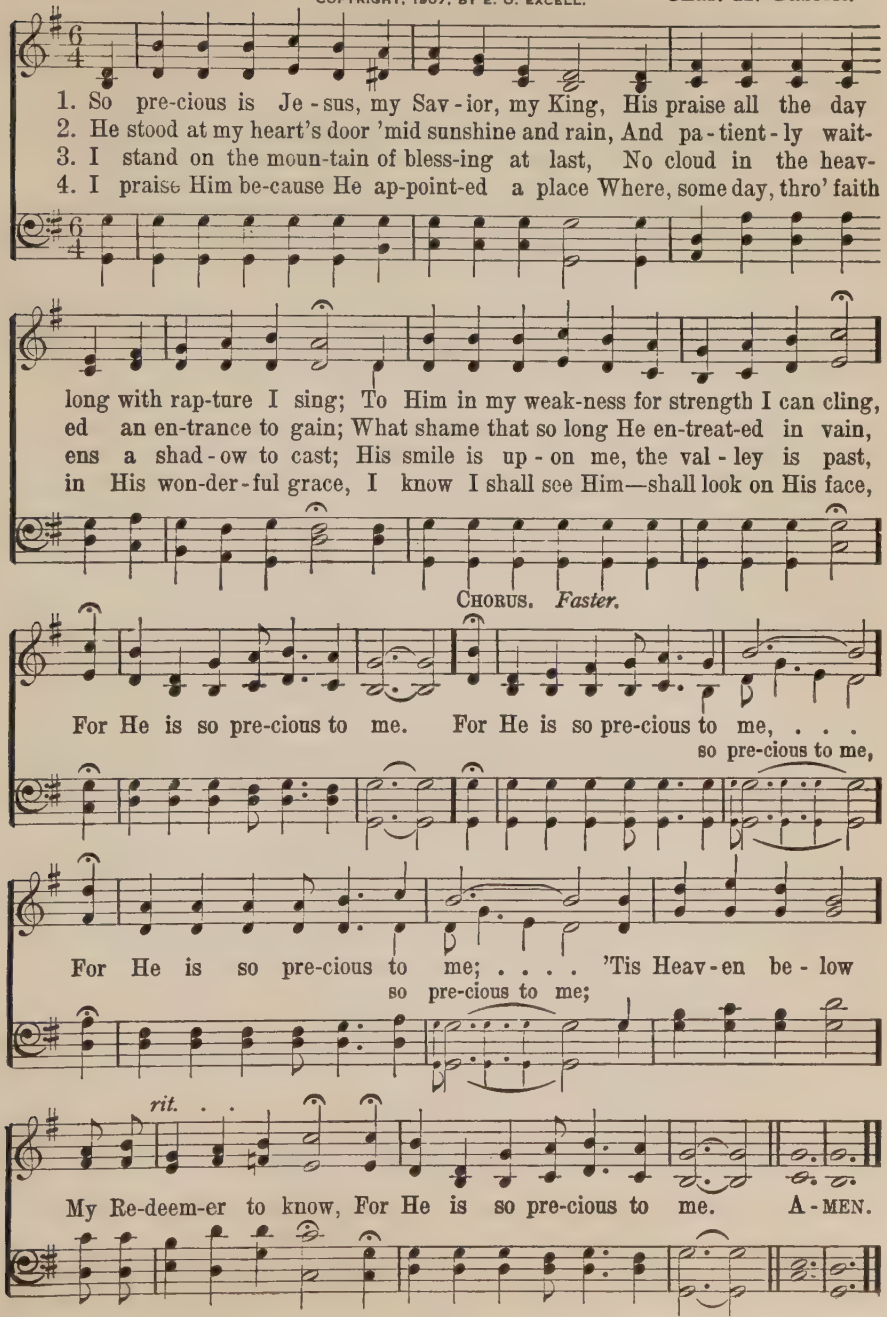
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
CHORUS. Faster.
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to me, . . . so pre-cious to me,
For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . . 'Tis Heav-en be-low so pre-cious to me;
rit.
My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me. A-MEN.

201 Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe.

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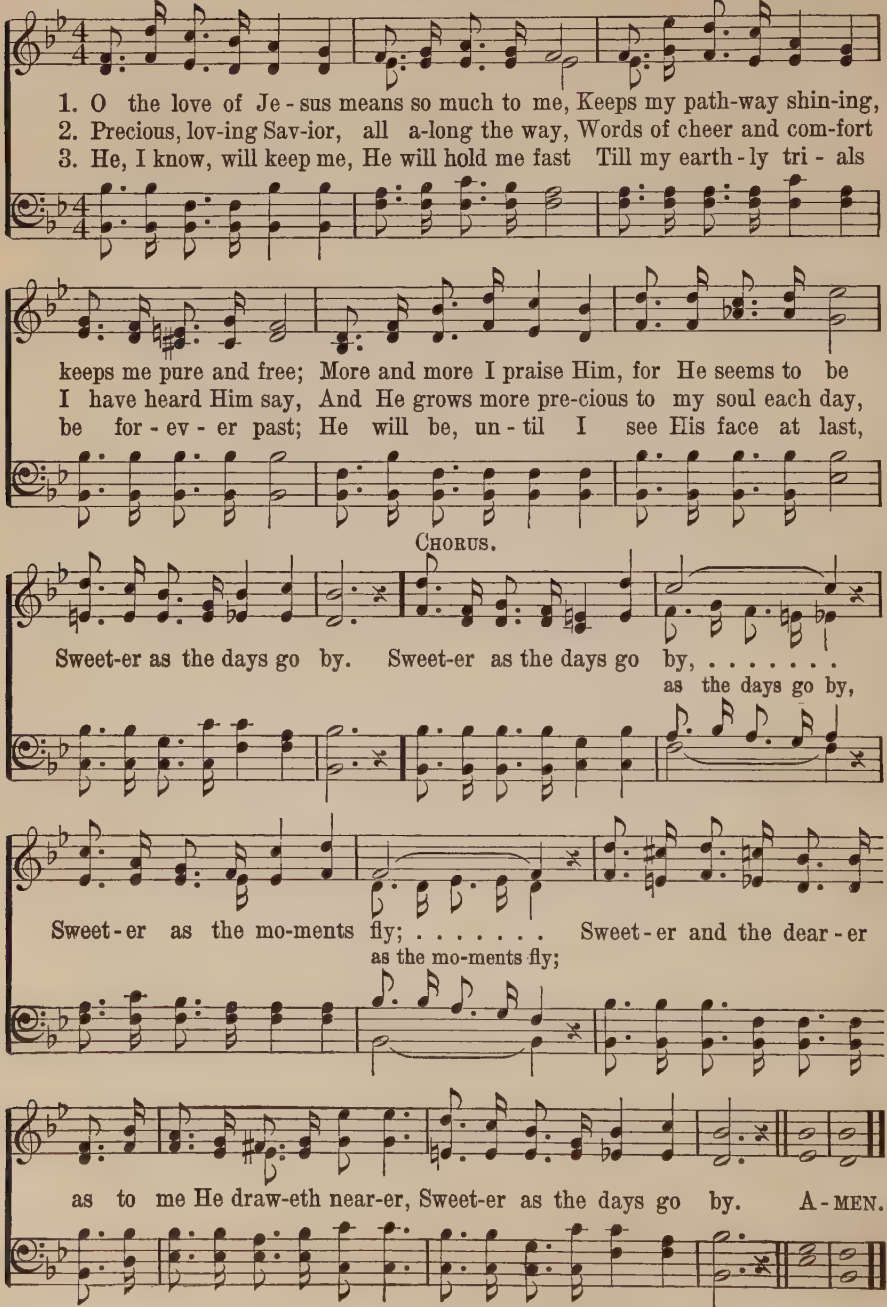
1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shin-ing,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and com-fort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth - ly tri - als
keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more pre-cious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,
CHORUS.
Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by, ... as the days go by,
Sweet - er as the mo-ments fly; . . . . . Sweet - er and the dear - er as the mo-ments fly;
as to me He draw-eth near-er, Sweet-er as the days go by. A - MEN.

202 O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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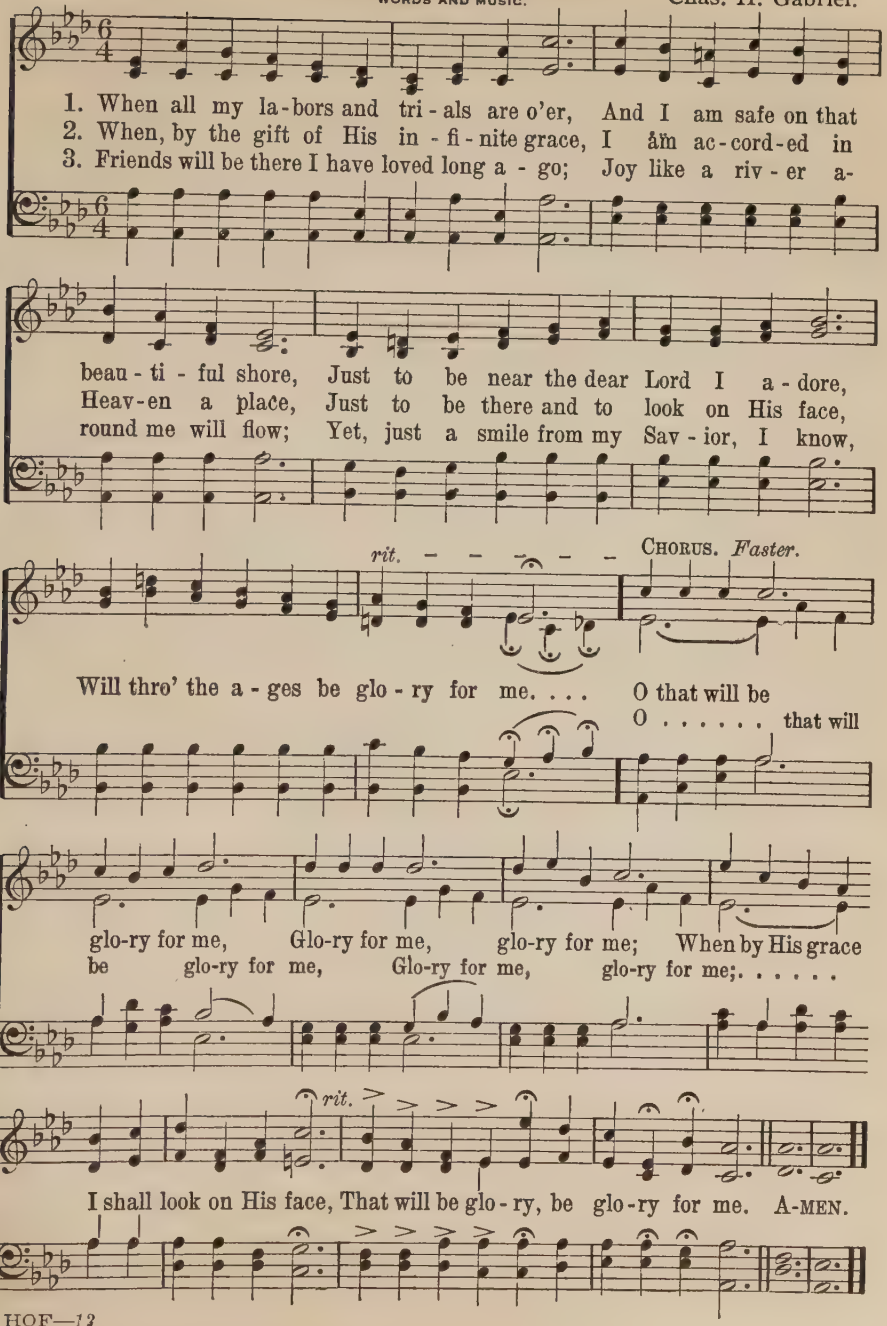
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,
rit.
CHORUS. Faster.
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;. . . . . .
rit.
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me. A-MEN.

203 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

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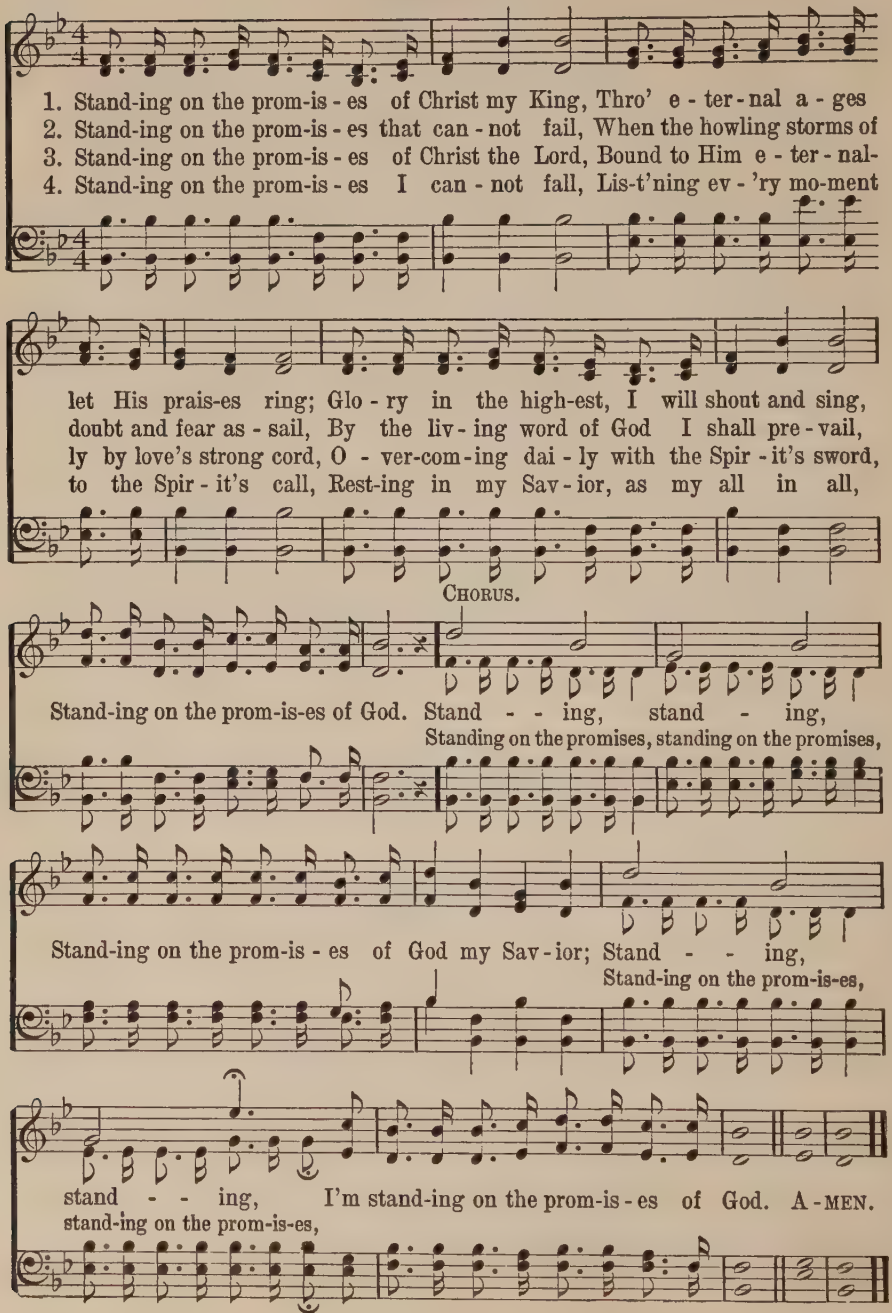
R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment
let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. A-MEN.
stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

204 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

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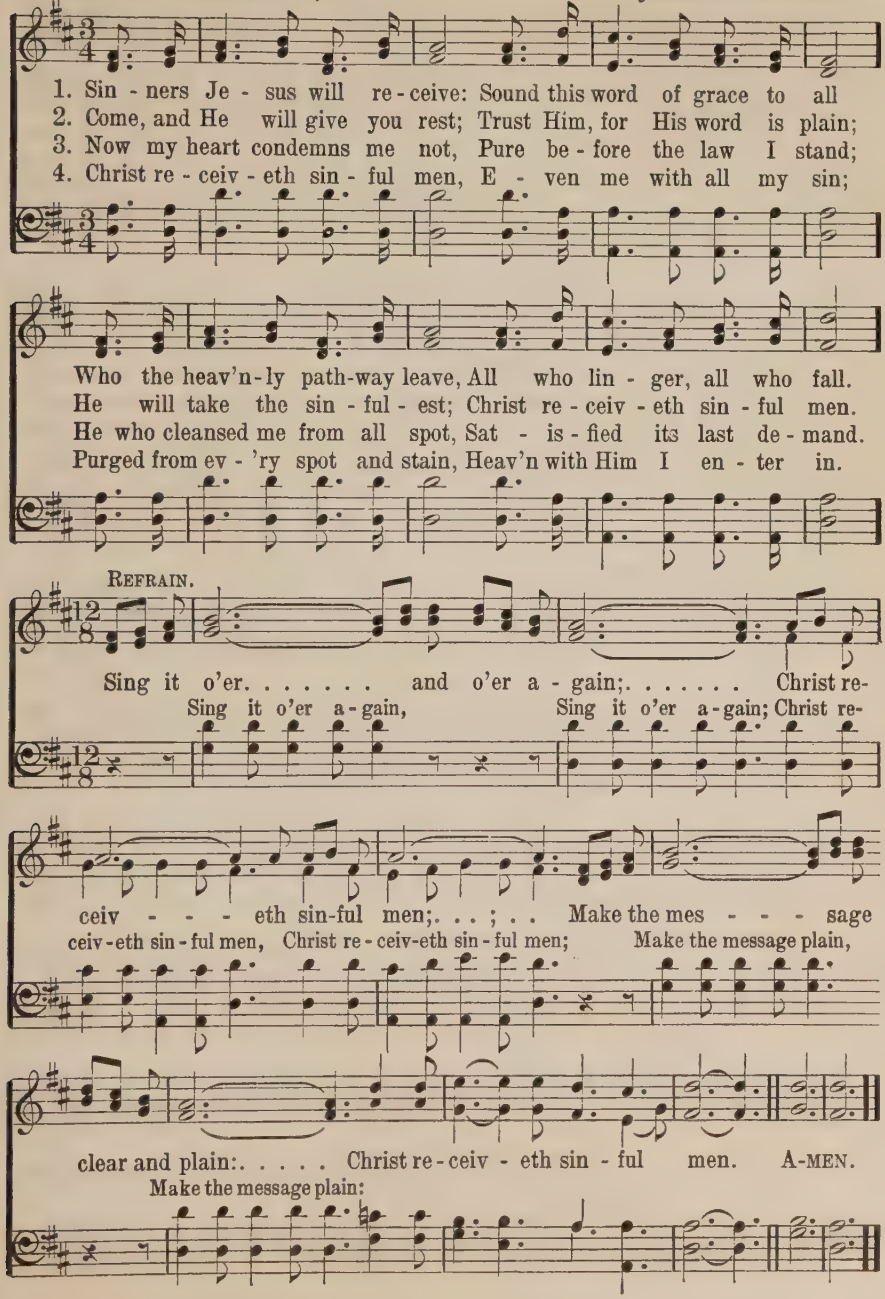
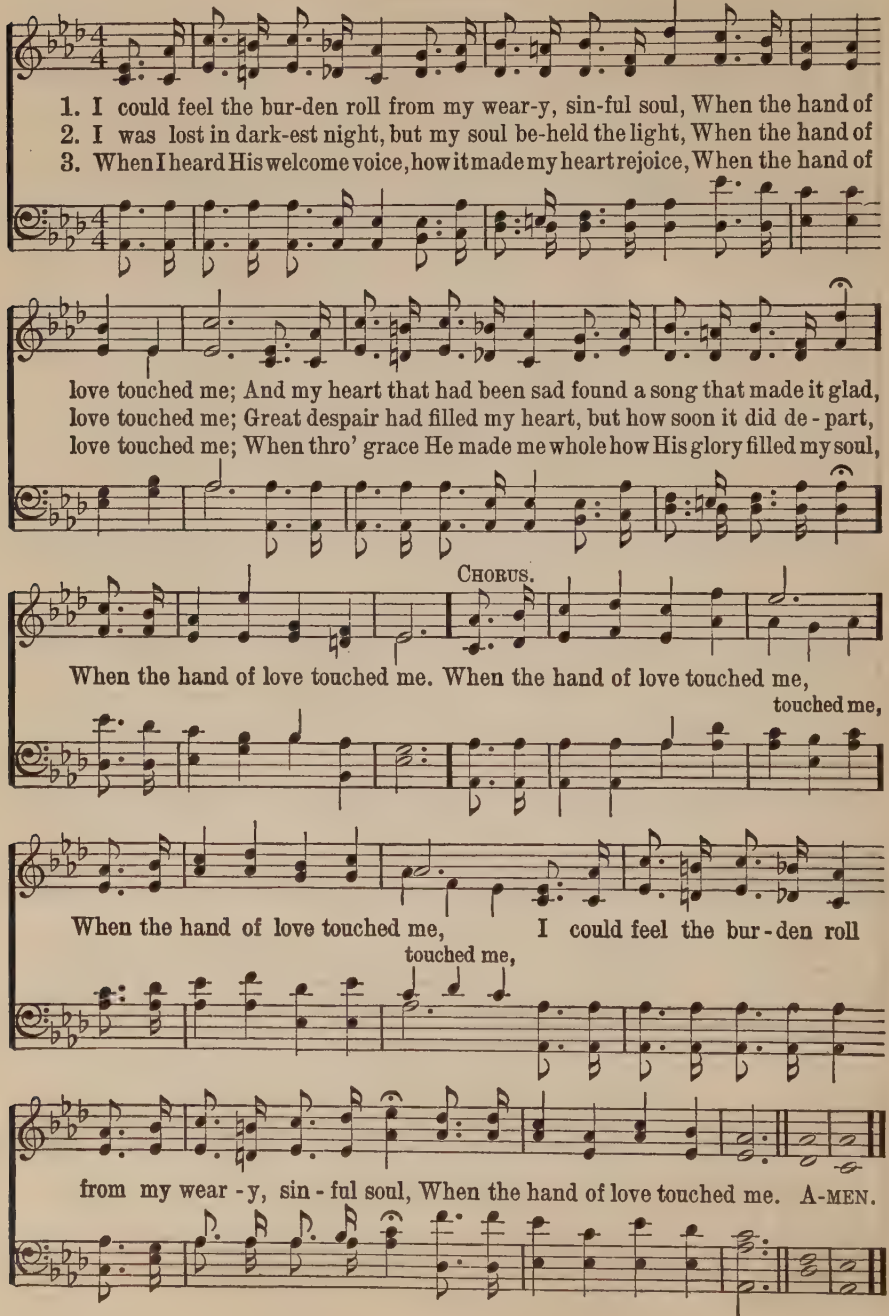
Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. James McGranahan.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
Refrain.
Sing it o'er. . . . . and o'er a - gain;. . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain; Christ re-
ceiv - - - - eth sin-ful men;. . . ; . . Make the mes - - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv-eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain:. . . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. A-MEN.
Make the message plain:

205 When the Hand of Love Touched Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Homer F. Morris.


1. I could feel the bur-den roll from my wear-y, sin-ful soul, When the hand of
2. I was lost in dark-est night, but my soul be-held the light, When the hand of
3. When I heard His welcome voice, how it made my heart rejoice, When the hand of
love touched me; And my heart that had been sad found a song that made it glad,
love touched me; Great despair had filled my heart, but how soon it did de-part,
love touched me; When thro' grace He made me whole how His glory filled my soul,
CHORUS.
When the hand of love touched me. When the hand of love touched me,
touched me,
When the hand of love touched me, I could feel the bur-den roll
touched me,
from my wear-y, sin-ful soul, When the hand of love touched me. A-MEN.

206 The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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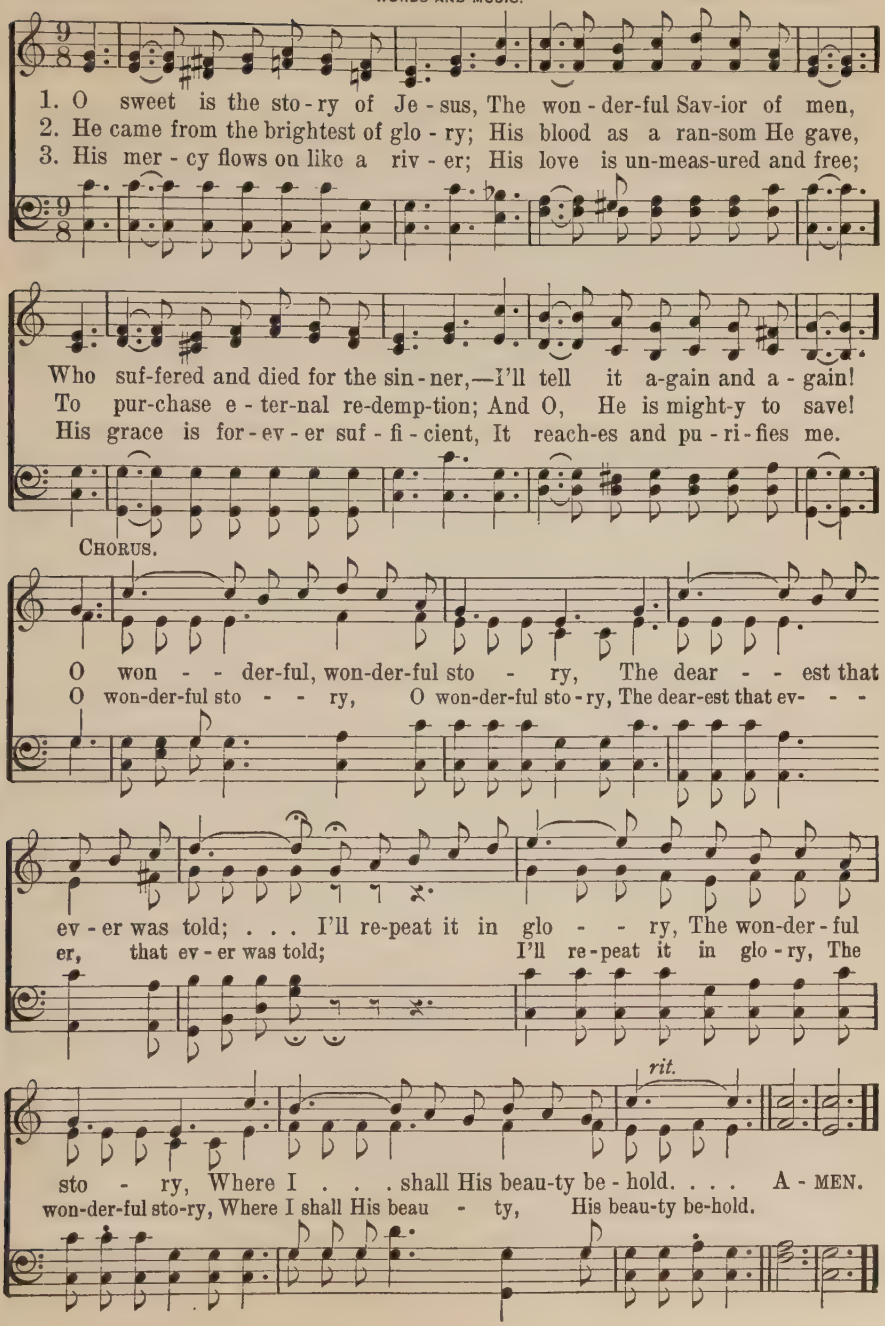
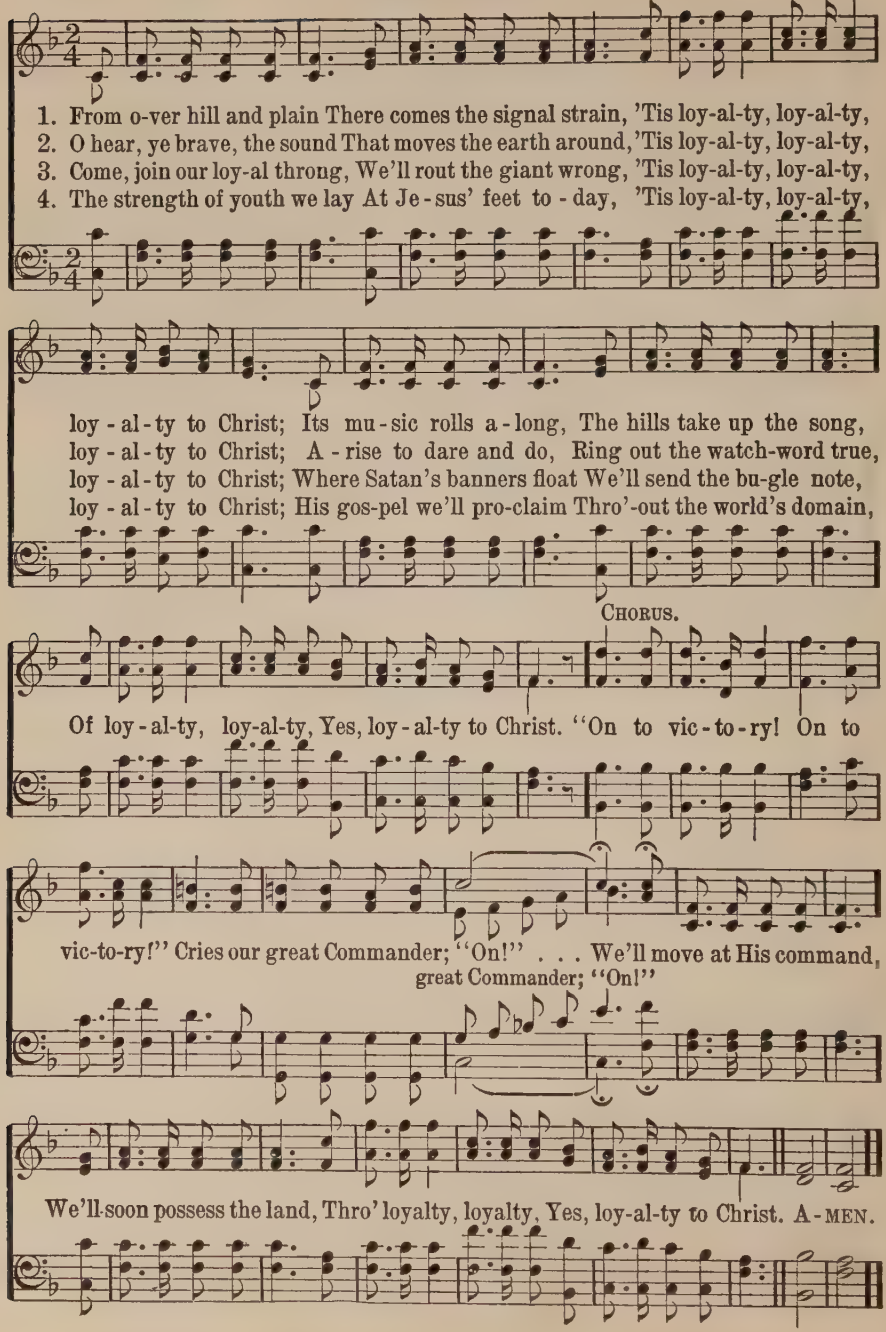
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is un-meas-ured and free;
Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal re-demp-tion; And O, He is might-y to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.
CHORUS.
O won - - der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, The dear - - est that
O won-der-ful sto - - ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev- - -
ev-er was told; . . . I'll re-peat it in glo - - ry, The won-der-ful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The
rit.
sto - ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be-hold. . . . A-MEN.
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau - ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

207 Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to
vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"
We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

208 He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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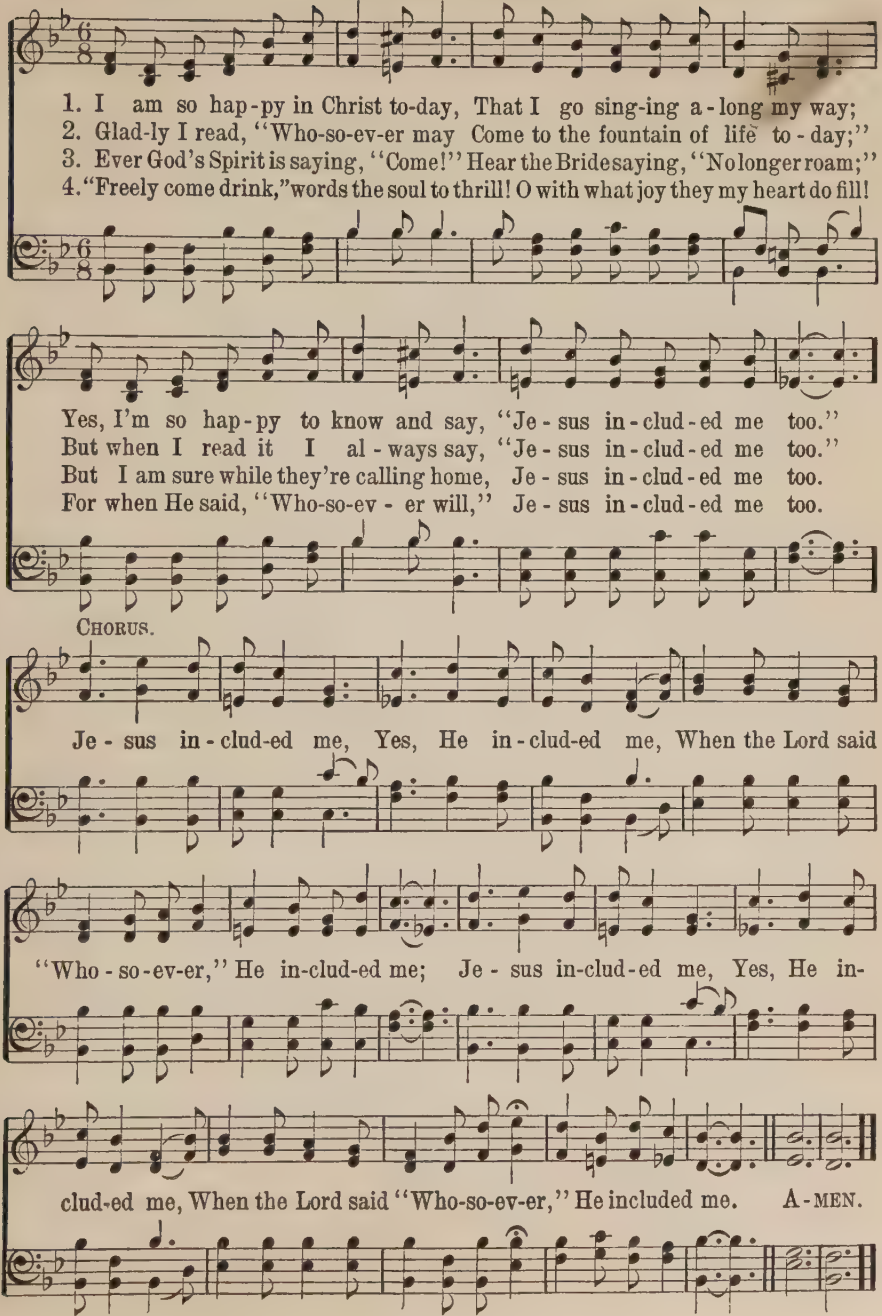
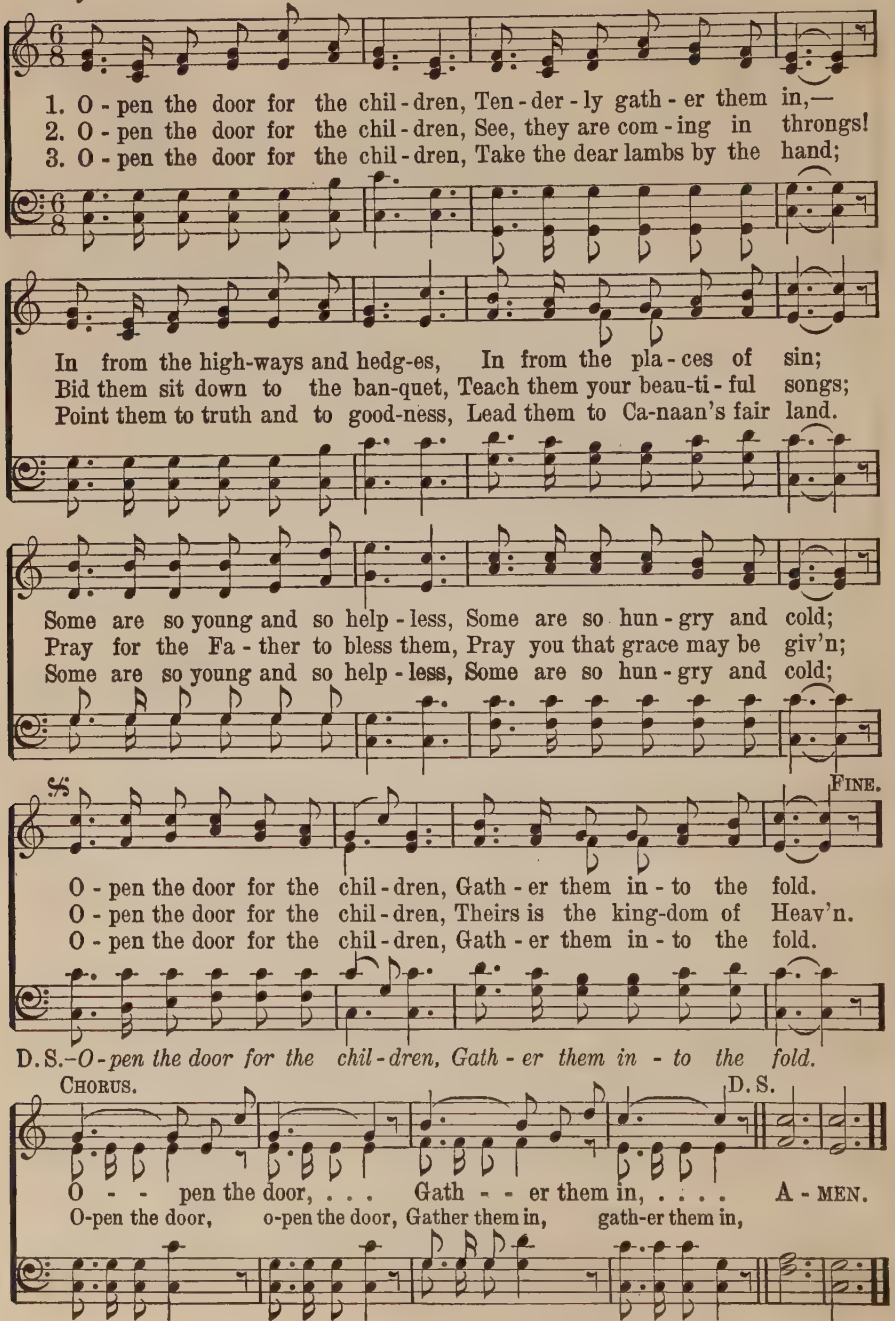

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
CHORUS.
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said
"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.

209 Open the Door For the Children.

Mary E. Kidder. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;
In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the pla - ces of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs;
Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray for the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
FINE.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Theirs is the king-dom of Heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
D.S.—O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
CHORUS.
D.S.
O - - - pen the door, . . . Gath - - - er them in, ... A - MEN.
O-pen the door, o-pen the door, Gather them in, gath-er them in,

210 Victory Through Grace.

Sallie Martin.

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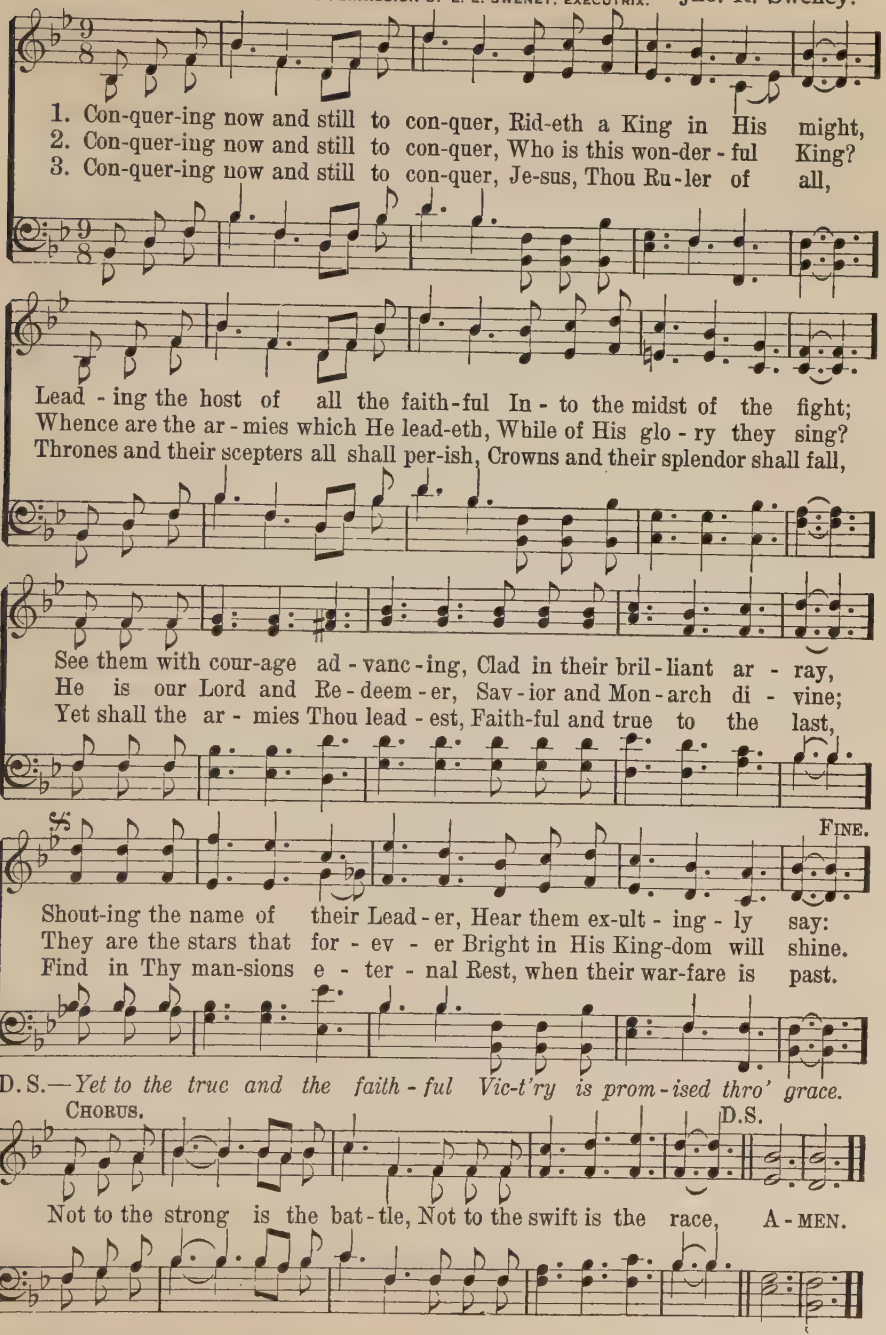
Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ru-ler of all,
Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di-vine;
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,
FINE.
Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His King-dom will shine.
Find in Thy man-sions e-ter-nal Rest, when their war-fare is past.
D. S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race, A-MEN.

211 Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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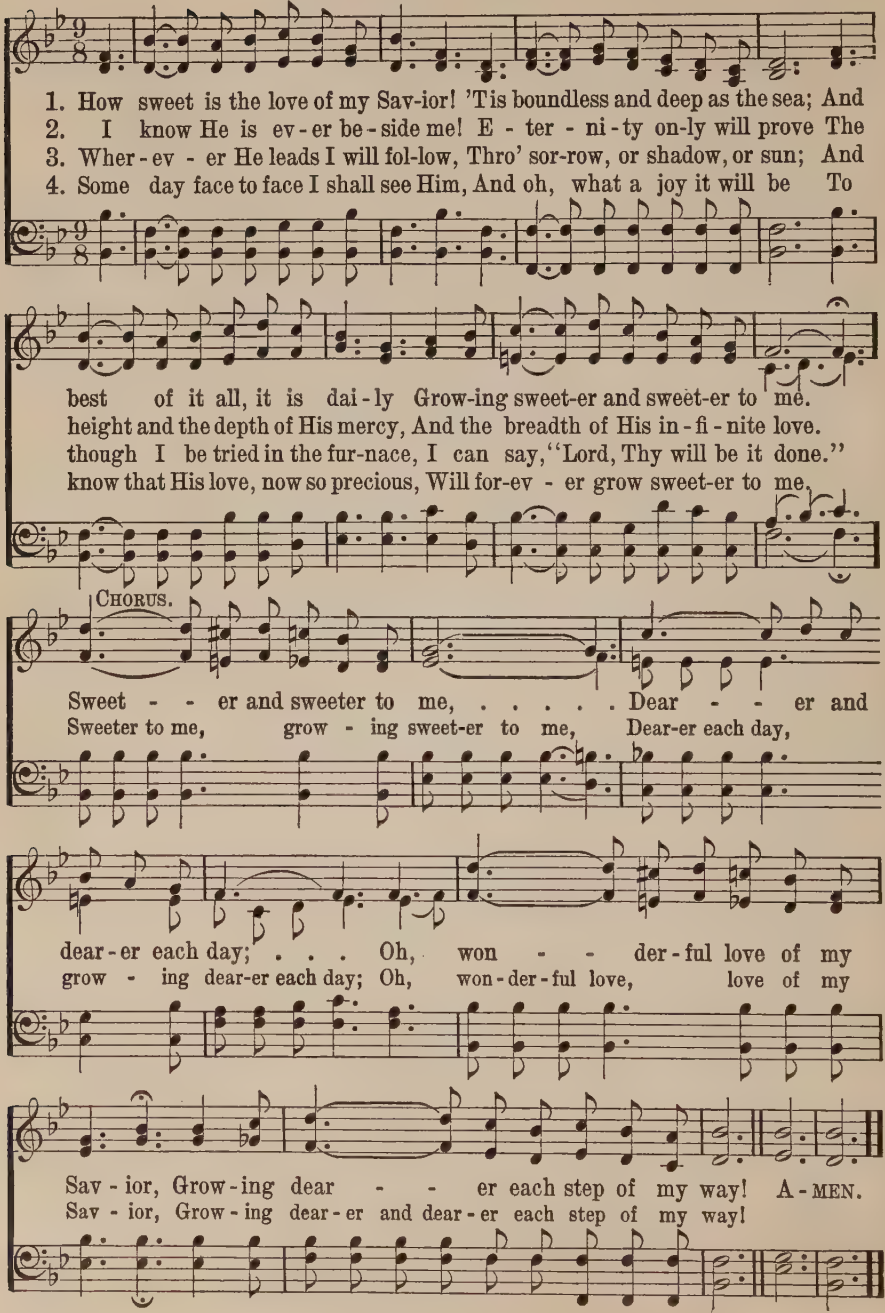
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Sav-ior! 'Tis boundless and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai-ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweet-er to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in-fi-nite love.
though I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweet-er to me.
Chorus.
Sweet - - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - - er and
Sweeter to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear - - er each step of my way! A-MEN.
Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear-er and dear-er each step of my way!

212 As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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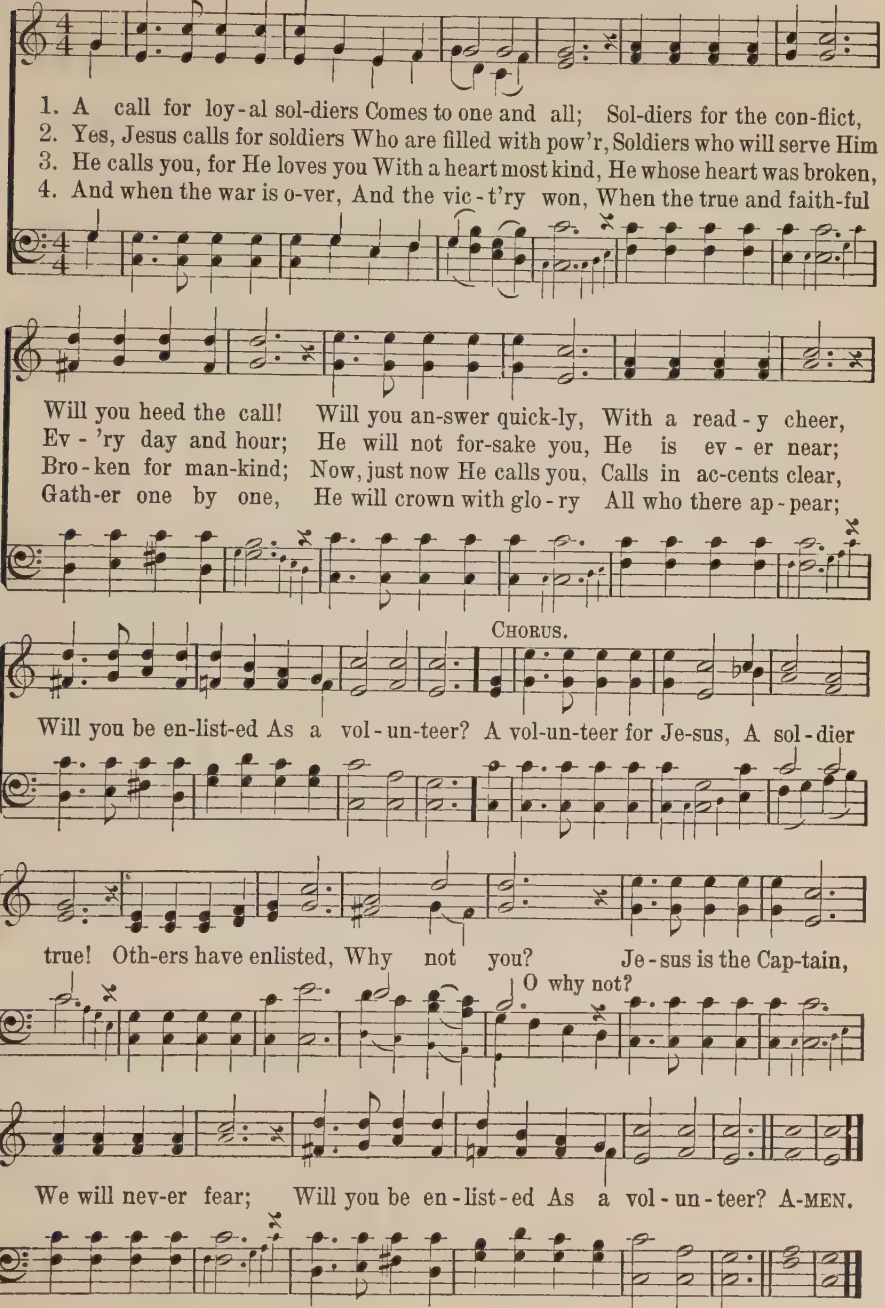
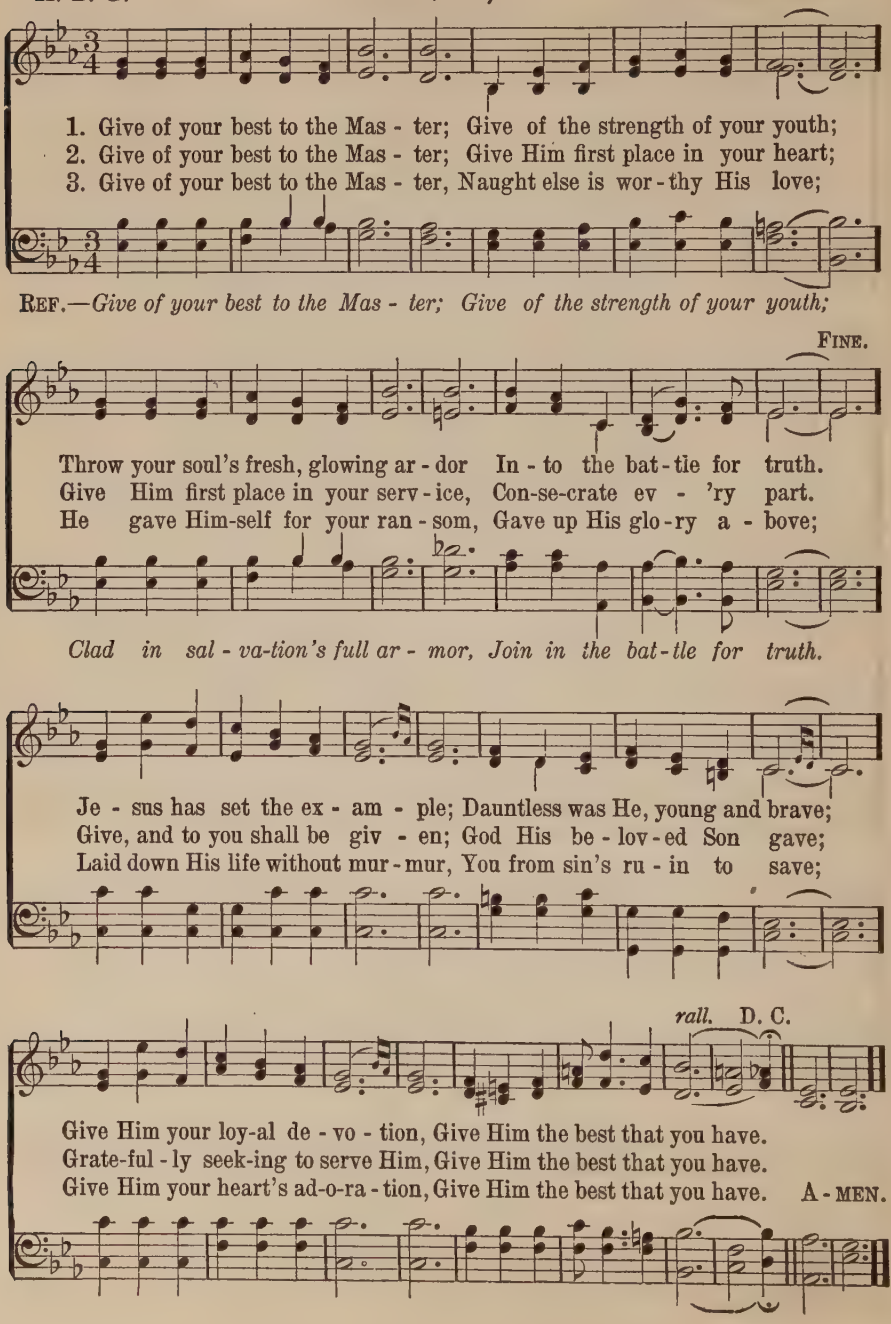
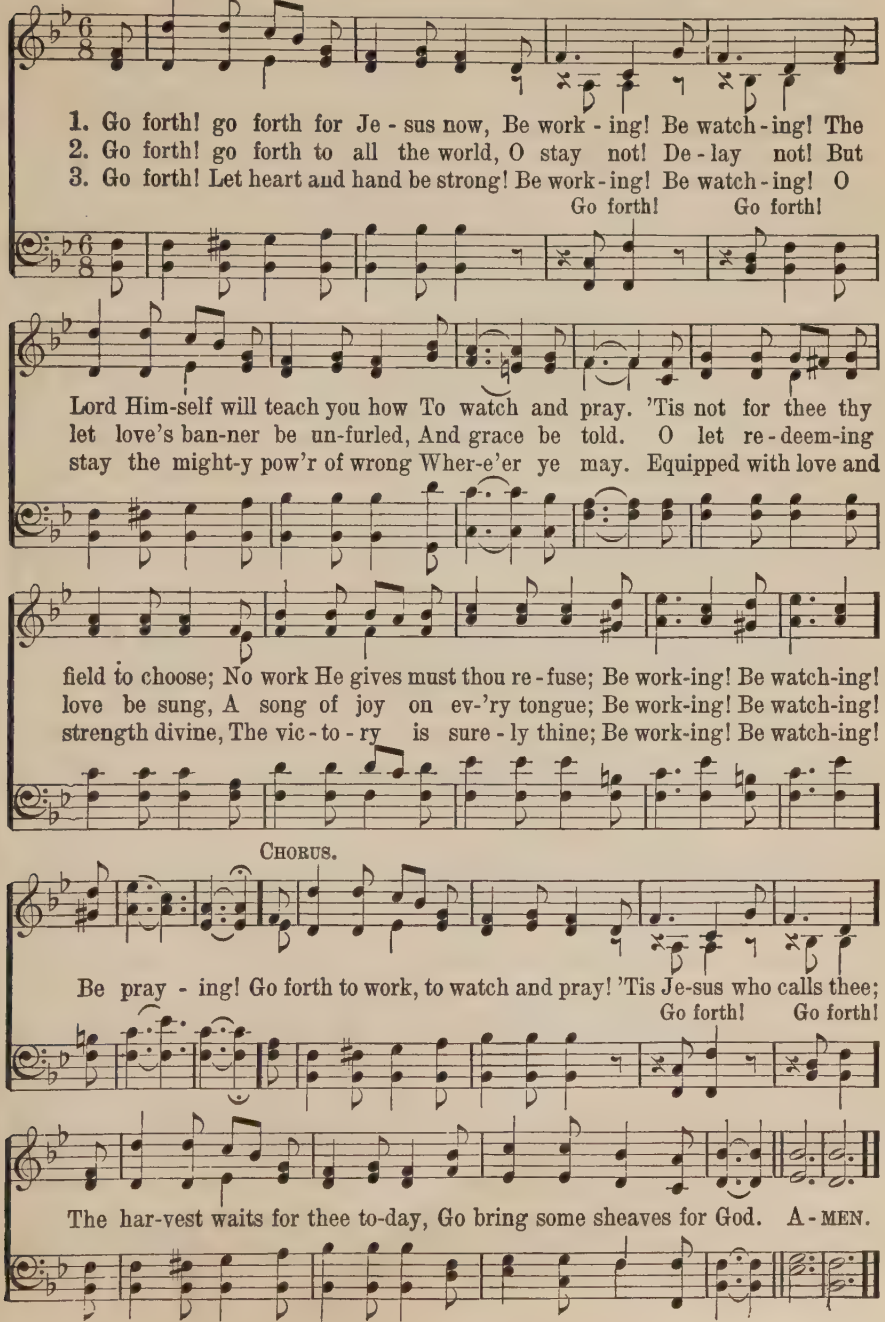

1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful
Will you heed the call! Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;
Chorus.
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus, A sol-dier
true! Oth-ers have enlisted, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,
O why not?
We will nev-er fear; Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A-men.

213 Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. *Barnard. 8s. 7s. D.* Mrs. Charles Barnard.

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;
REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
FINE.
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;
Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.
Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;
rall. D. C.
Give Him your loy-al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.

214 Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY POWELL G. FITHIAN. USED BY PERMISSION. Powell G. Fithian.

1. Go forth! go forth for Je - sus now, Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth! go forth to all the world, O stay not! De - lay not! But
3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! O
Go forth! Go forth!
Lord Him-self will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban-ner be un-furled, And grace be told. O let re - deem-ing
stay the might-y pow'r of wrong Wher-e'er ye may. Equipped with love and
field to choose; No work He gives must thou re - fuse; Be work-ing! Be watch-ing!
love be sung, A song of joy on ev-'ry tongue; Be work-ing! Be watch-ing!
strength divine, The vic - to - ry is sure - ly thine; Be work-ing! Be watch-ing!
CHORUS.
Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je-sus who calls thee;
Go forth! Go forth!
The har-vest waits for thee to-day, Go bring some sheaves for God. A - MEN.

215 Keep Close to Jesus.

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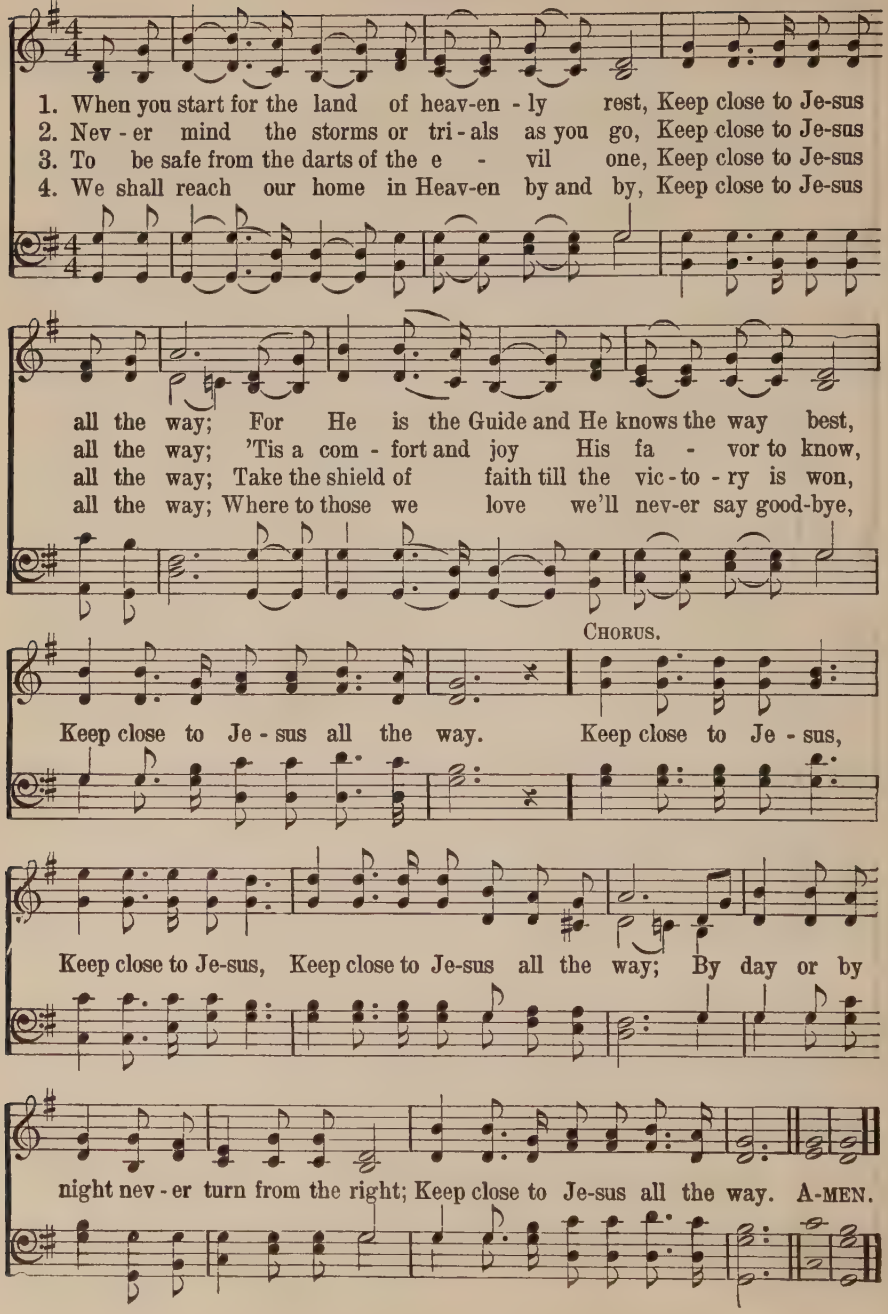
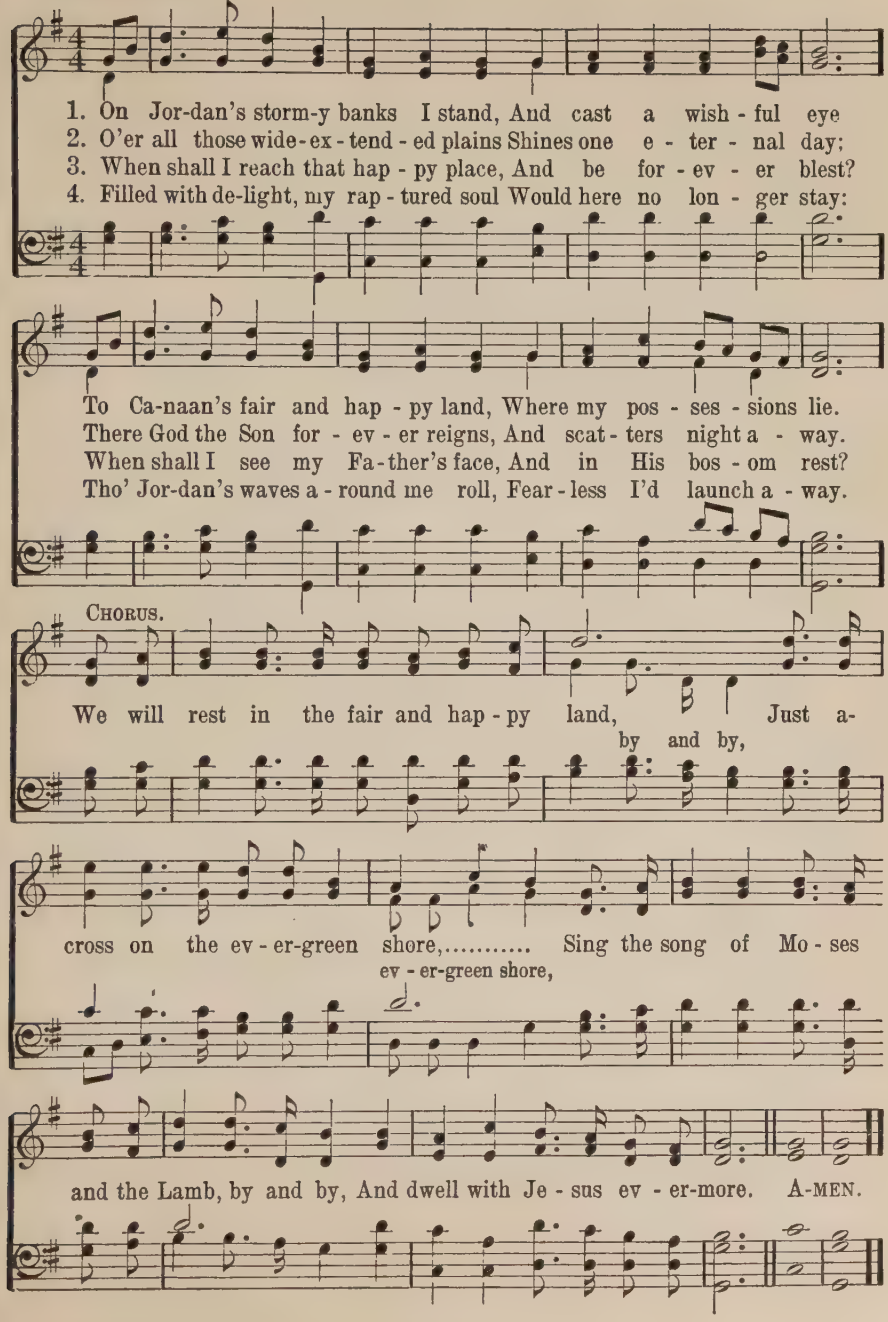
J. L. John Lane.

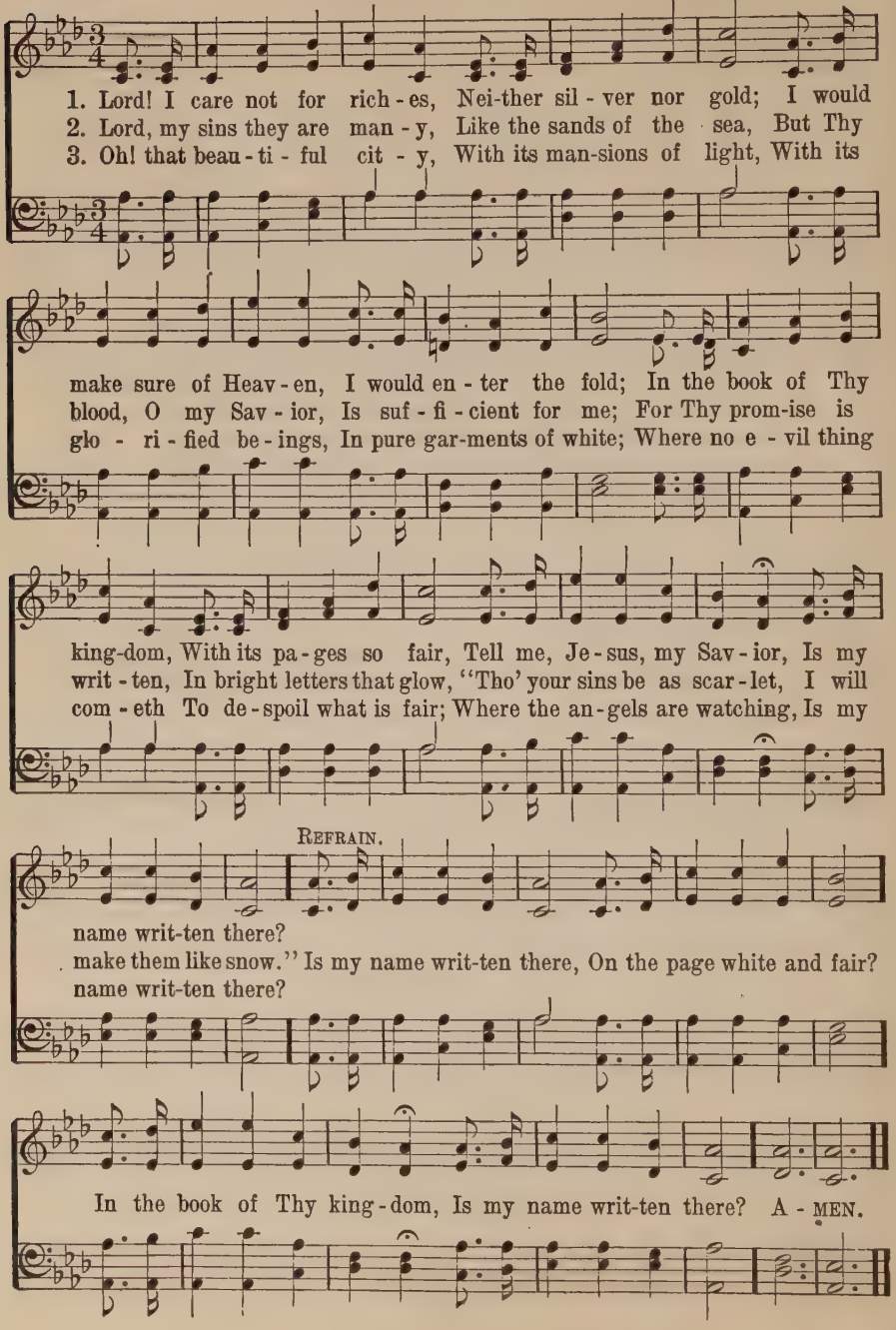

1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to Je-sus
2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to Je-sus
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to Je-sus
4. We shall reach our home in Heav-en by and by, Keep close to Je-sus
all the way; For He is the Guide and He knows the way best,
all the way; 'Tis a com - fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic - to - ry is won,
all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good-bye,
CHORUS.
Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,
Keep close to Je-sus, Keep close to Je-sus all the way; By day or by
night nev - er turn from the right; Keep close to Je-sus all the way. A-MEN.

216 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap - tured soul Would here no lon - ger stay:
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.
CHORUS.
We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a-
by and by,
cross on the ev - er-green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo - ses
ev - er-green shore,
and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er-more. A-MEN.

217 Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. USED BY PERMISSION. Frank M. Davis.


1. Lord! I care not for rich - es, Nei-ther sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of Heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy king-dom, With its pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ-ten there?
2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ - ten, In bright letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow." Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth To de - spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watching, Is my name writ-ten there?
REFRAIN.
In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ-ten there? A - MEN.

218 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

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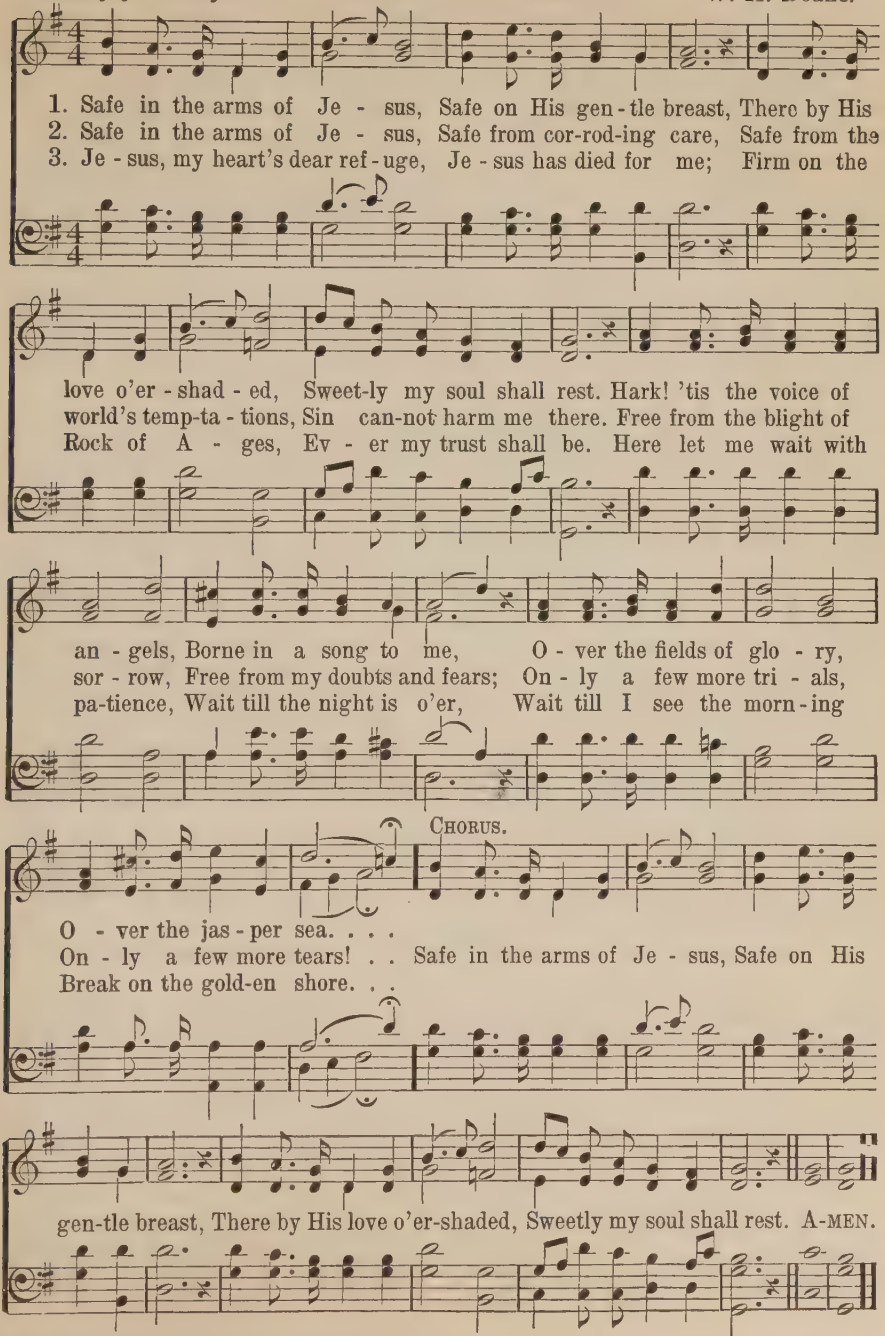
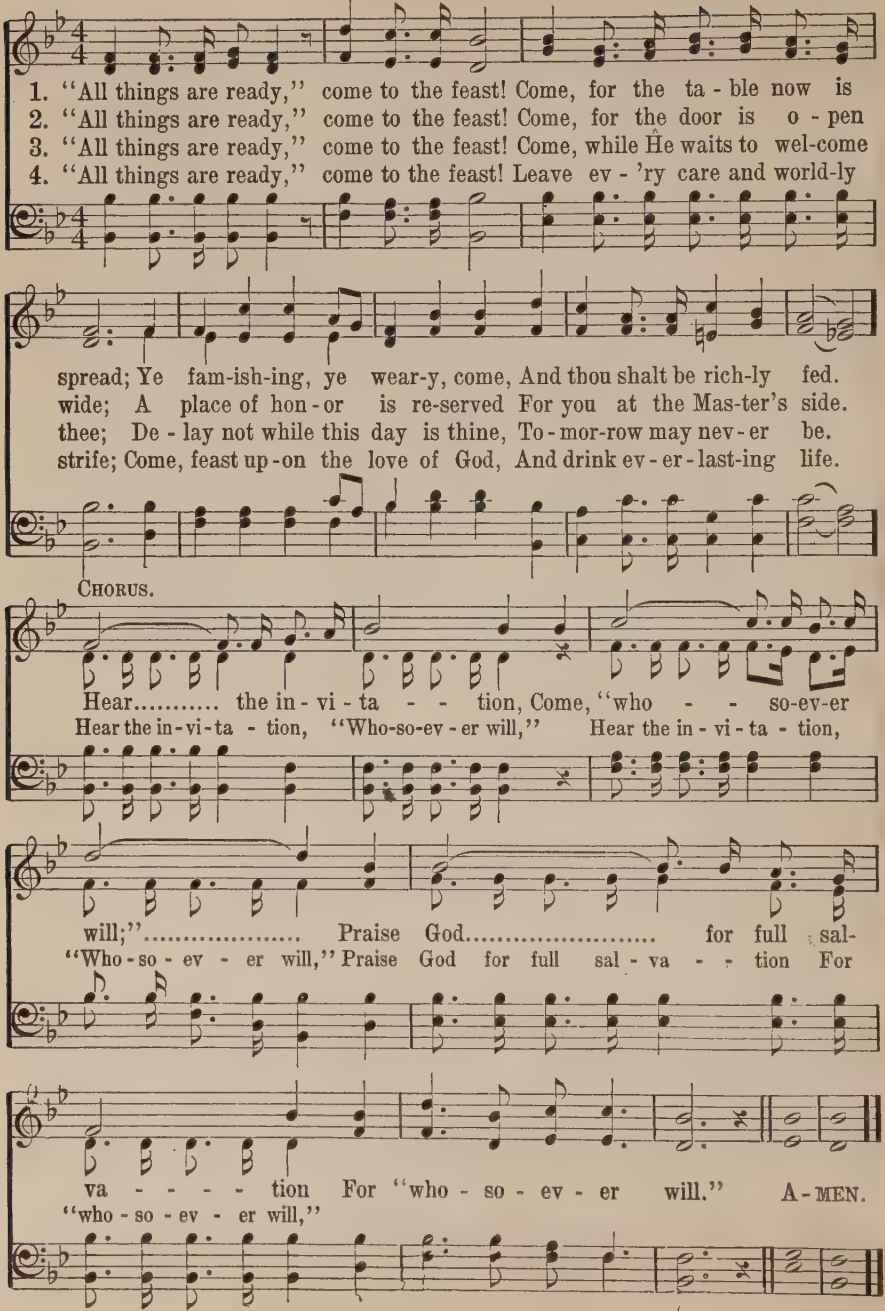

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the
love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with
an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er, Wait till I see the morn - ing
CHORUS.
O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
On - ly a few more tears! . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
Break on the gold-en shore. . .
gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A-MEN.

219 Come to the Feast.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER. W. A. Ogden.


1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wear-y, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen wide; A place of hon - or is re-served For you at the Mas-ter's side.
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to wel-come thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To - mor-row may nev - er be.
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world-ly strife; Come, feast up - on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last-ing life.
CHORUS.
Hear..... the in - vi - ta - - tion, Come, "who - - so-ev-er will;".....
Hear the in-vi-ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will,"
Praise God..... for full sal-
Praise God for full sal - va - - tion For
va - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will." A - MEN.
"who - so - ev - er will,"

220 Only a Sinner.

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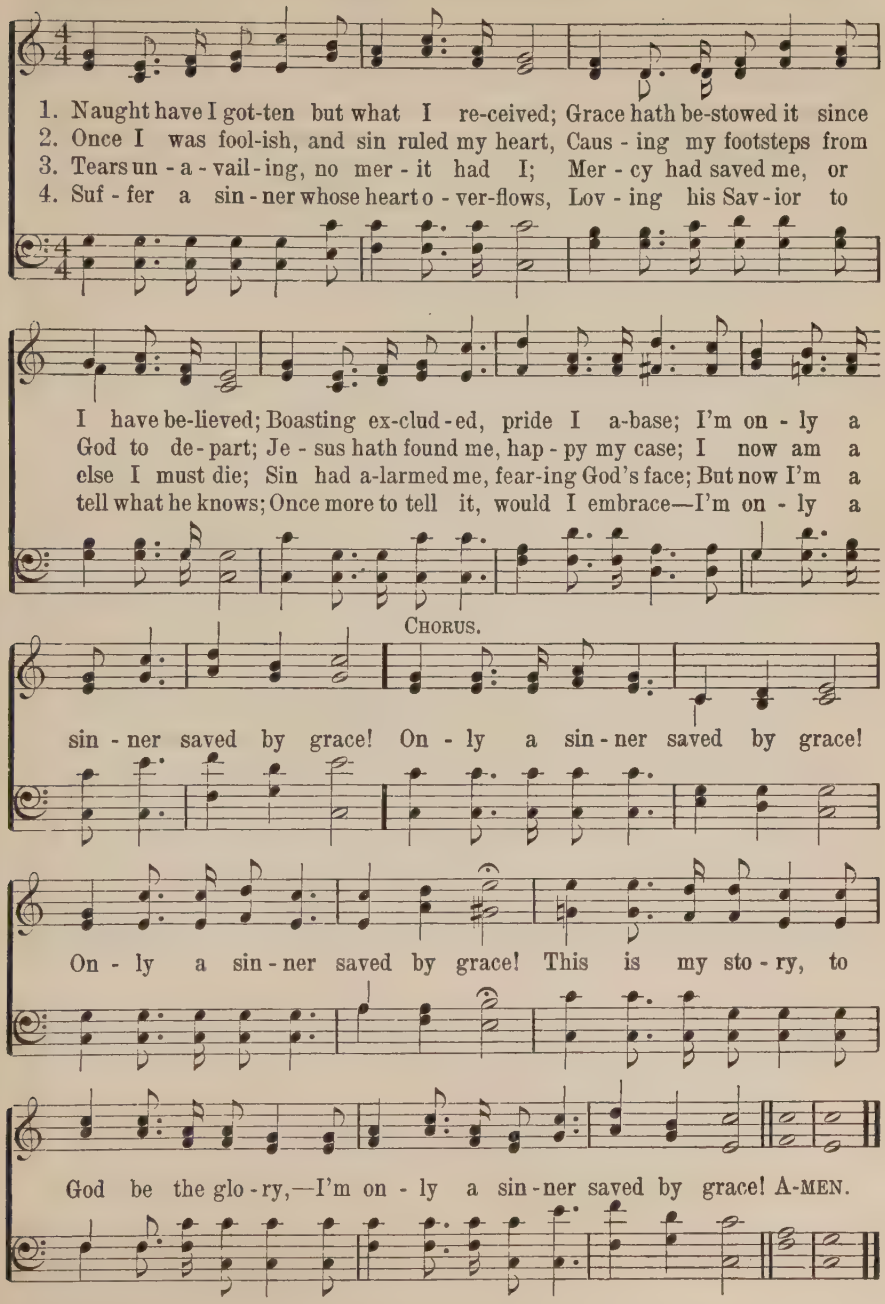
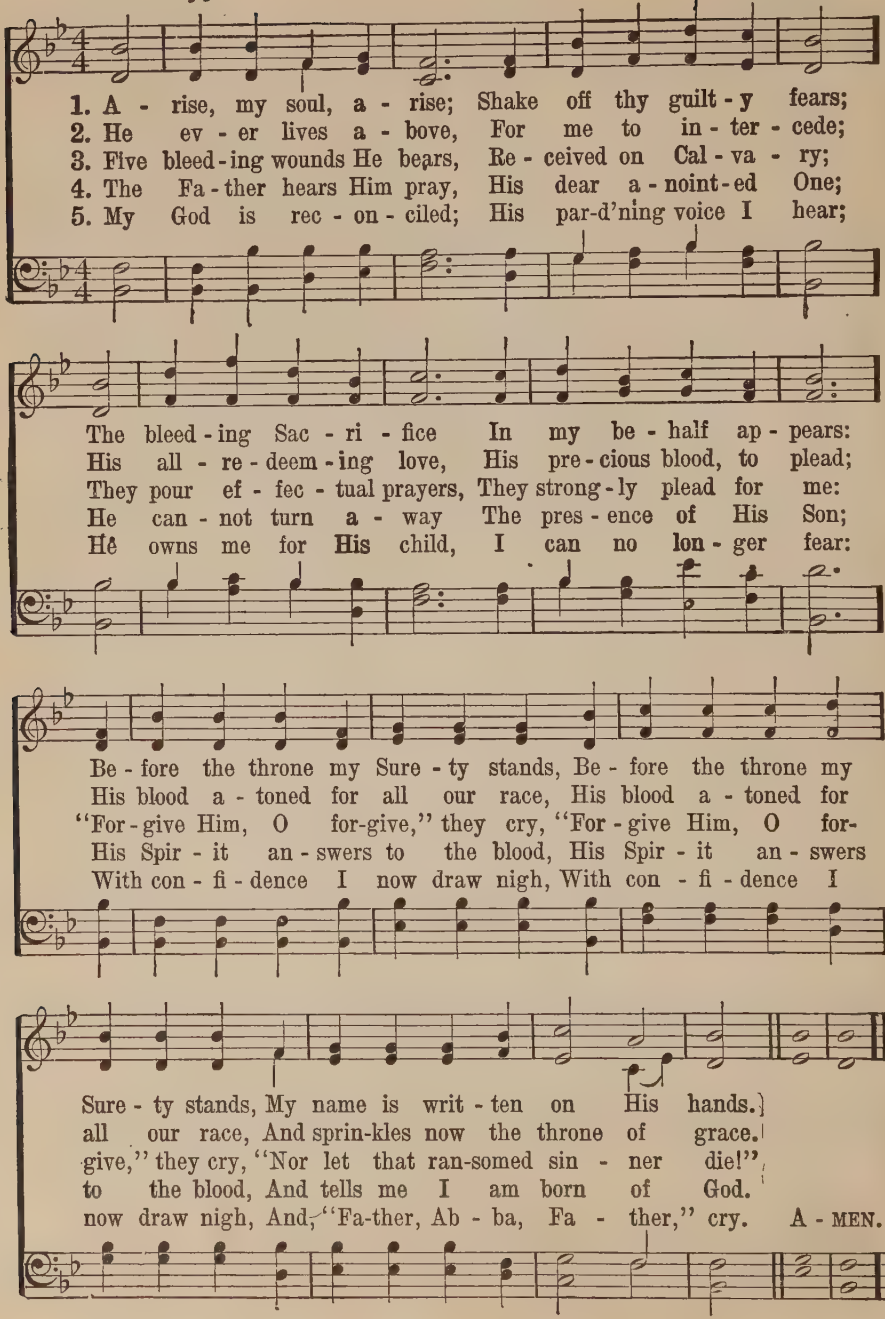
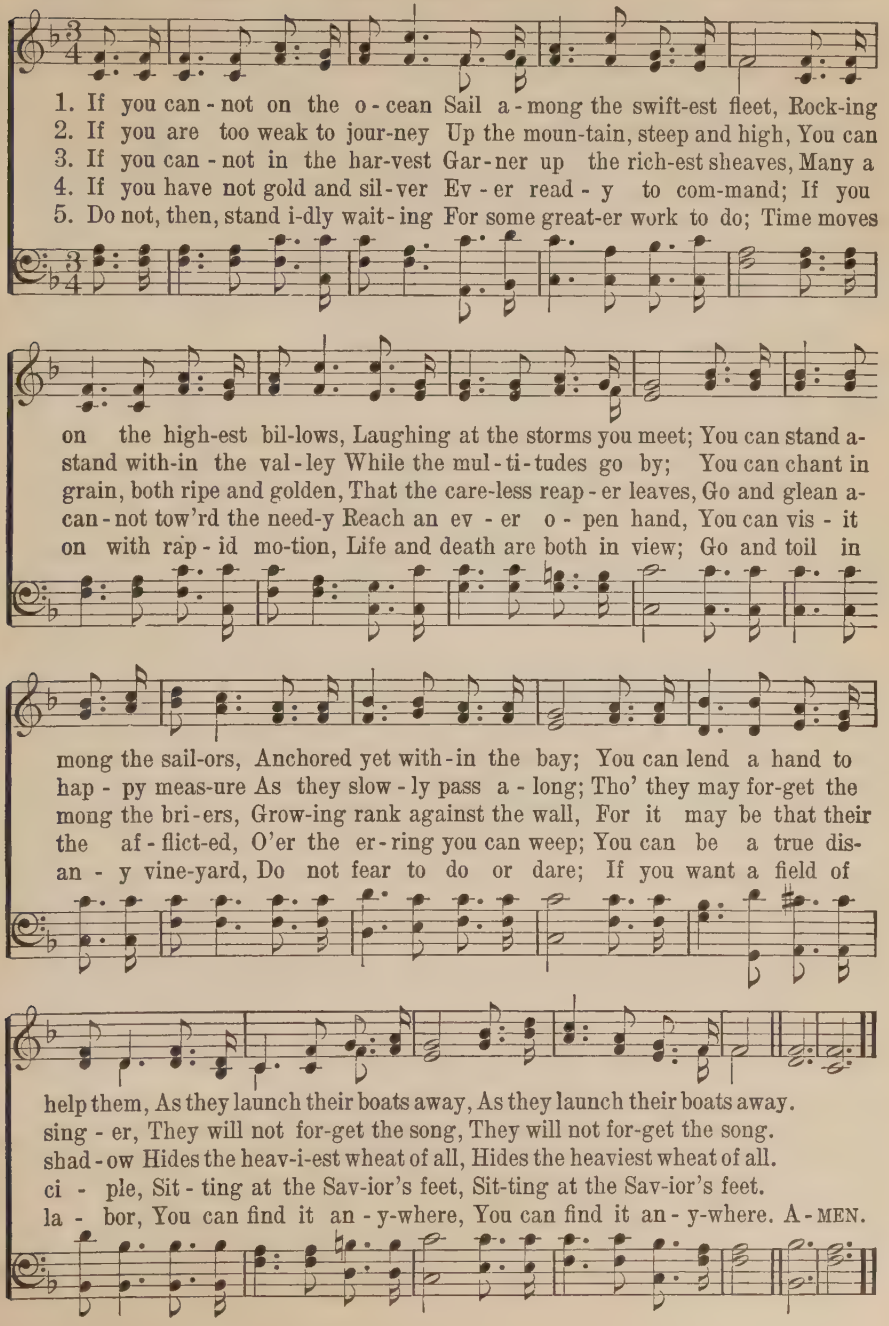
James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a - vail - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior to
I have be-lieved; Boasting ex-clud - ed, pride I a-base; I'm on - ly a
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I now am a
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on - ly a
Chorus.
sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! A-men.

221 Arise, My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Lenox. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Lewis Edson.

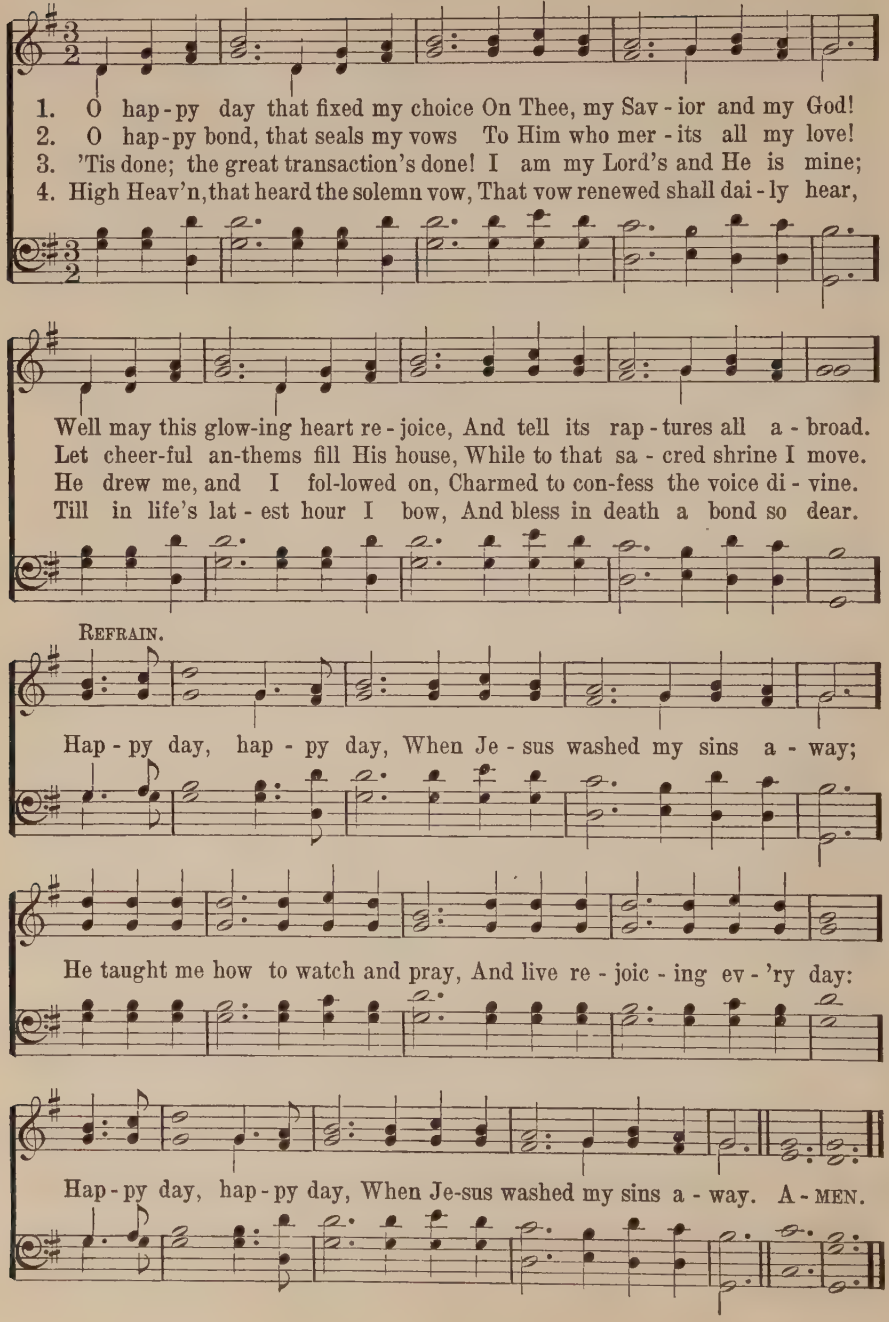

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par-d'ning voice I hear;
The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood, to plead;
They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me:
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son;
He owns me for His child, I can no lon - ger fear:
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for
"For - give Him, O for-give," they cry, "For - give Him, O for-
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I
Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
all our race, And sprin-kles now the throne of grace.
give," they cry, "Nor let that ran-somed sin - ner die!"
to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
now draw nigh, And "Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry. A - MEN.

222 If You Cannot On the Ocean.

Mrs. E. H. Gates. *Your Mission. 8s. 7s. D.* S. M. Grannis.

1. If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift-est fleet, Rock-ing
on the high-est bil-lows, Laughing at the storms you meet; You can stand a-
mong the sail-ors, Anchored yet with-in the bay; You can lend a hand to
help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
2. If you are too weak to jour-ney Up the moun-tain, steep and high, You can
stand with-in the val-ley While the mul-ti-tudes go by; You can chant in
hap - py meas-ure As they slow - ly pass a - long; Tho' they may for-get the
sing - er, They will not for-get the song, They will not for-get the song.
3. If you can - not in the har-vest Gar-ner up the rich-est sheaves, Many a
grain, both ripe and golden, That the care-less reap - er leaves, Go and glean a-
mong the bri-ers, Grow-ing rank against the wall, For it may be that their
shad - ow Hides the heav-i-est wheat of all, Hides the heaviest wheat of all.
4. If you have not gold and sil-ver Ev - er read - y to com-mand; If you
can - not tow'rd the need-y Reach an ev - er o - pen hand, You can vis - it
the af - flict-ed, O'er the er - ring you can weep; You can be a true dis-
ci - ple, Sit - ting at the Sav-ior's feet, Sit-ting at the Sav-ior's feet.
5. Do not, then, stand i-dly wait - ing For some great-er work to do; Time moves
on with rap - id mo-tion, Life and death are both in view; Go and toil in
an - y vine-yard, Do not fear to do or dare; If you want a field of
la - bor, You can find it an - y-where, You can find it an - y-where. A - MEN.

223 O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. *Happy Day. L. M.* E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.
REFRAIN.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day:
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. A-MEN.

224 At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

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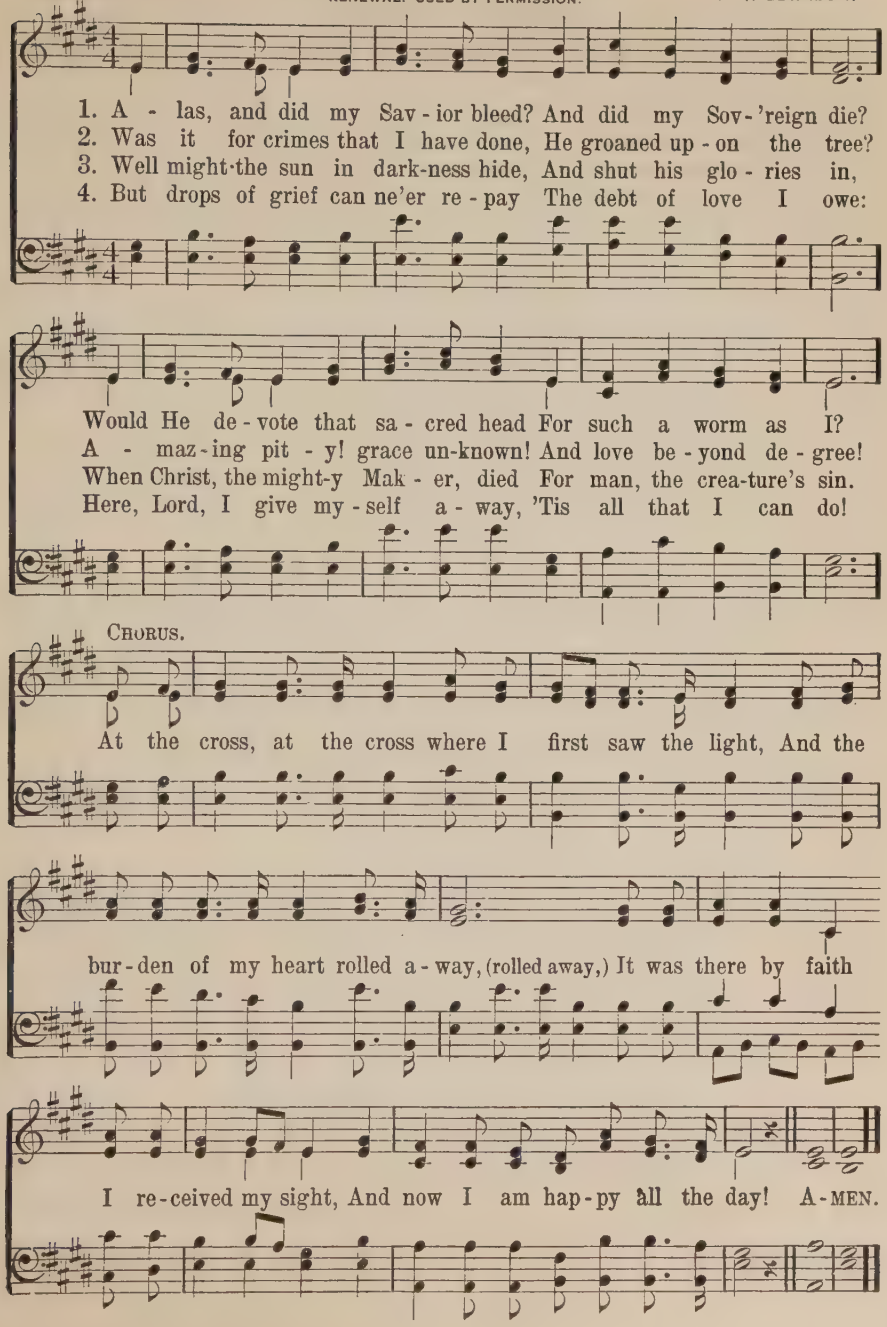
1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!
CHORUS.
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, (rolled away,) It was there by faith
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day! A - MEN.

225 Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

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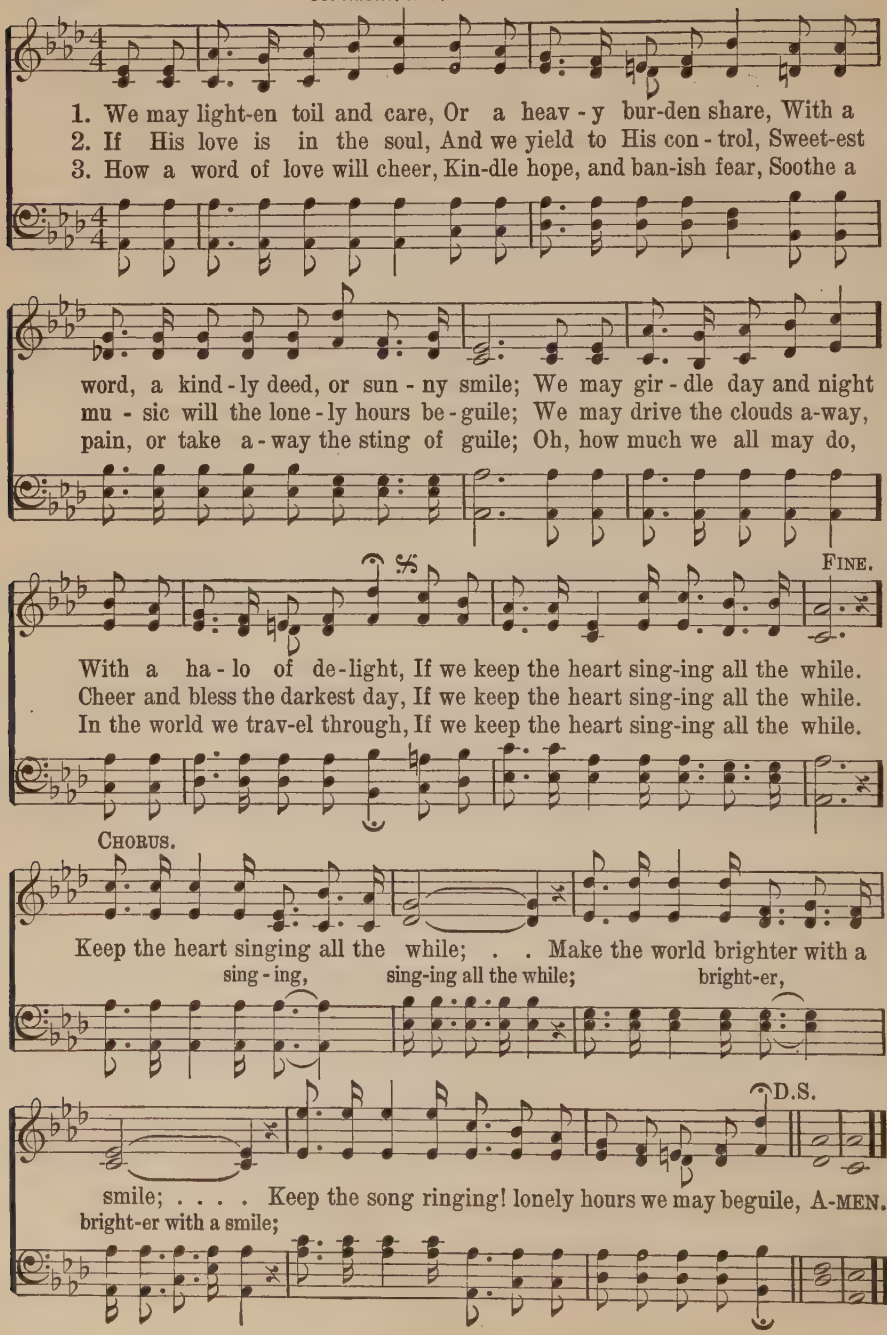
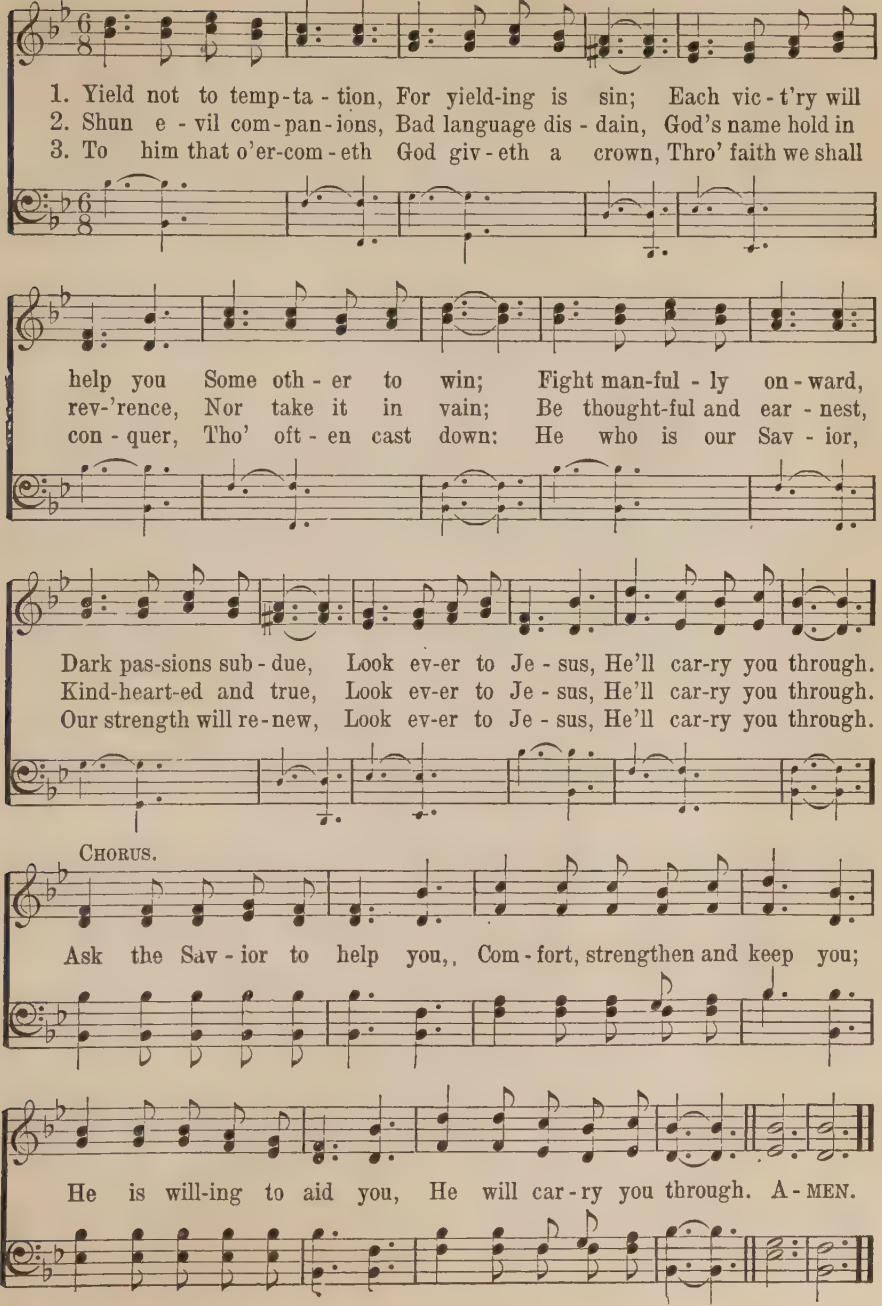
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con - trol, Sweet-est
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a
word, a kind - ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gir - dle day and night
mu - sic will the lone - ly hours be - guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,
FINE.
With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep the heart sing-ing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart sing-ing all the while.
In the world we trav-el through, If we keep the heart sing-ing all the while.
CHORUS.
Keep the heart singing all the while; . . Make the world brighter with a
sing - ing, sing-ing all the while; bright-er,
D.S.
smile; . . . . Keep the song ringing! lonely hours we may beguile, A-MEN.
bright-er with a smile;

226 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. R. PALMER. RENEWAL. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down: He who is our Sav-ior,
Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-MEN.

227 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

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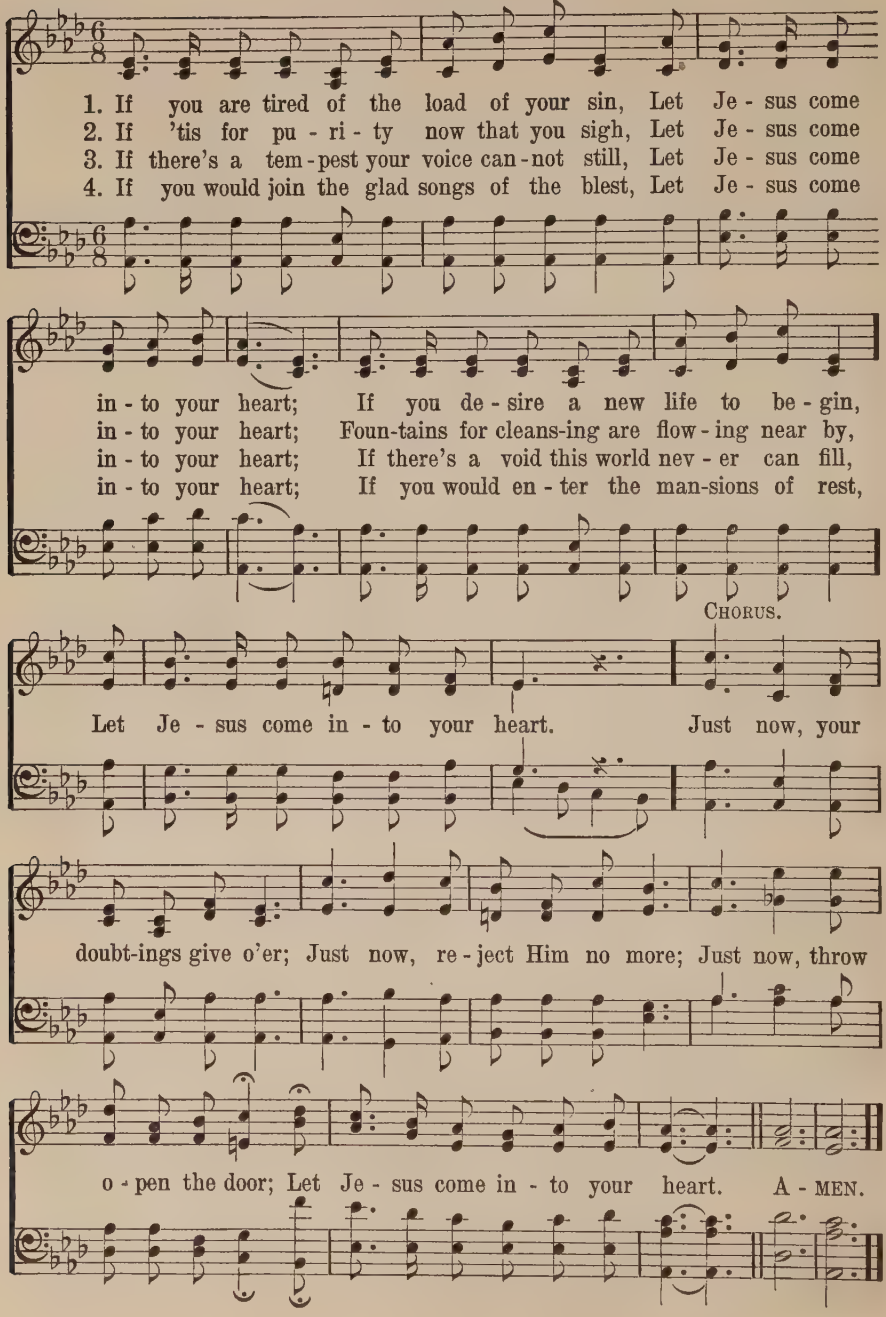
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
Foun-tains for cleans-ing are flow - ing near by,
If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. A - MEN.

228 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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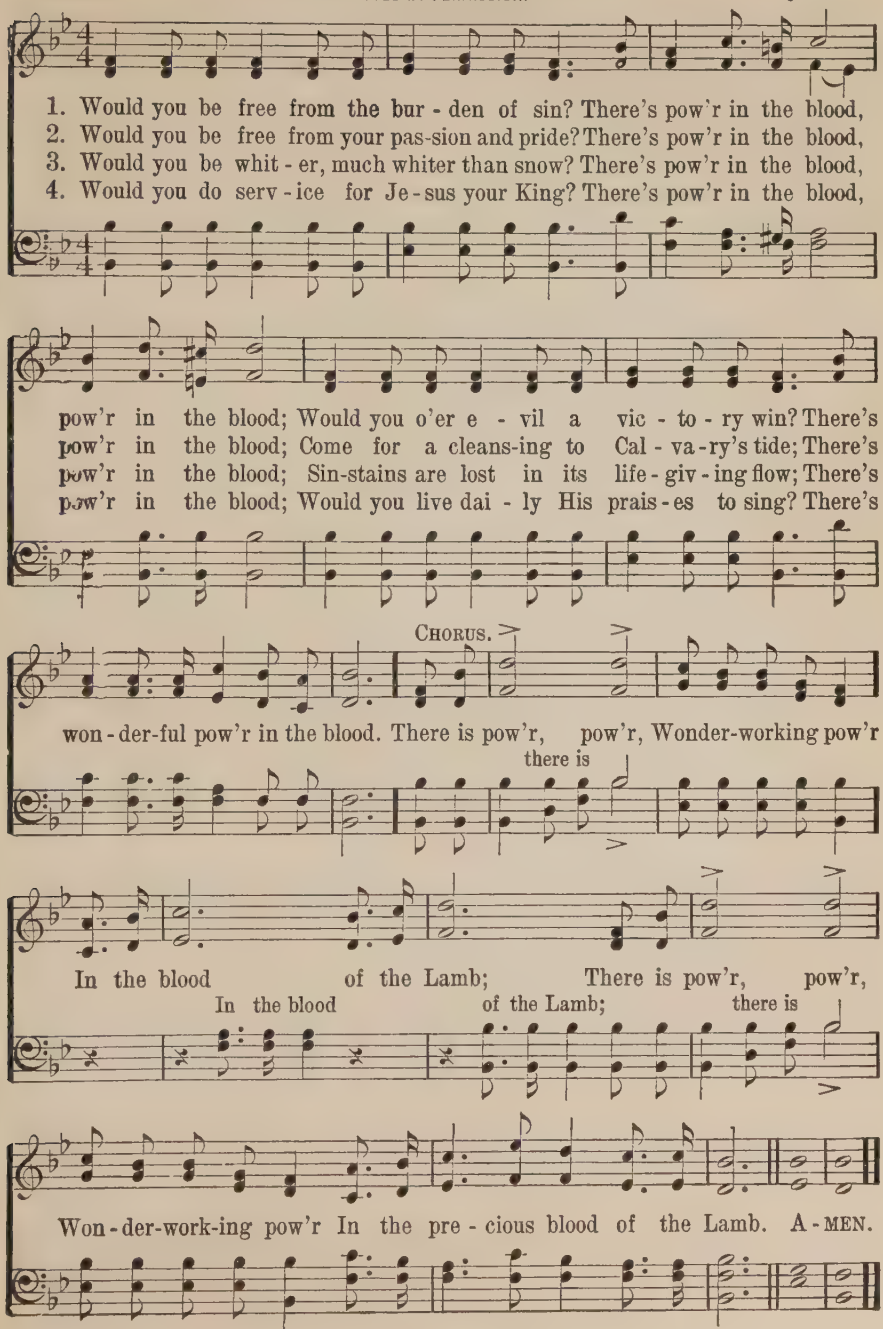
L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow; There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's
CHORUS.
won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
there is
In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
In the blood of the Lamb; there is
Won - der-work-ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A - MEN.

229 Blessed Assurance.

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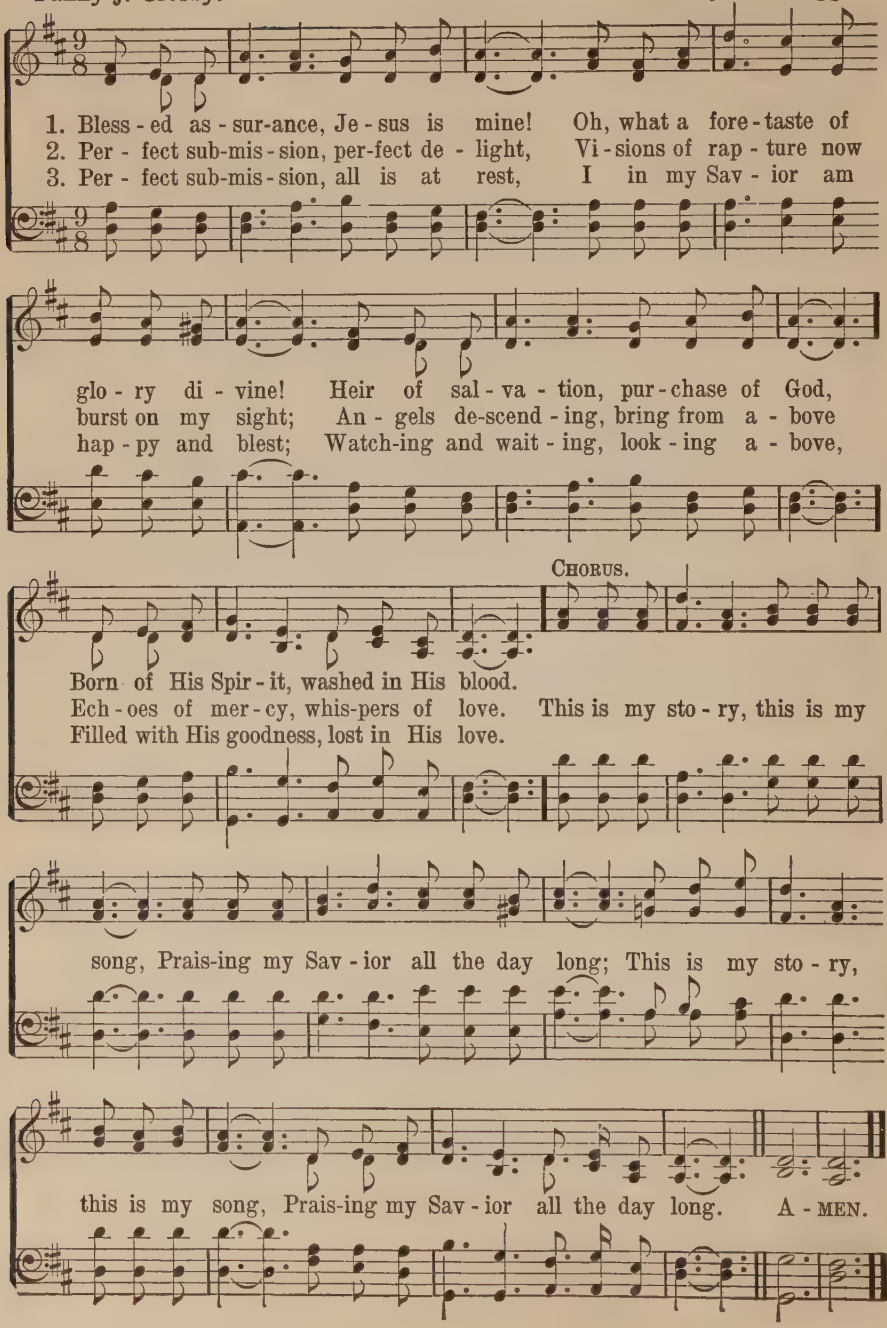
1. Bless - ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
burst on my sight; An - gels de-scend - ing, bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest; Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,
Chorus.
Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long. A - MEN.

230 His Way With Thee.

C. S. N.

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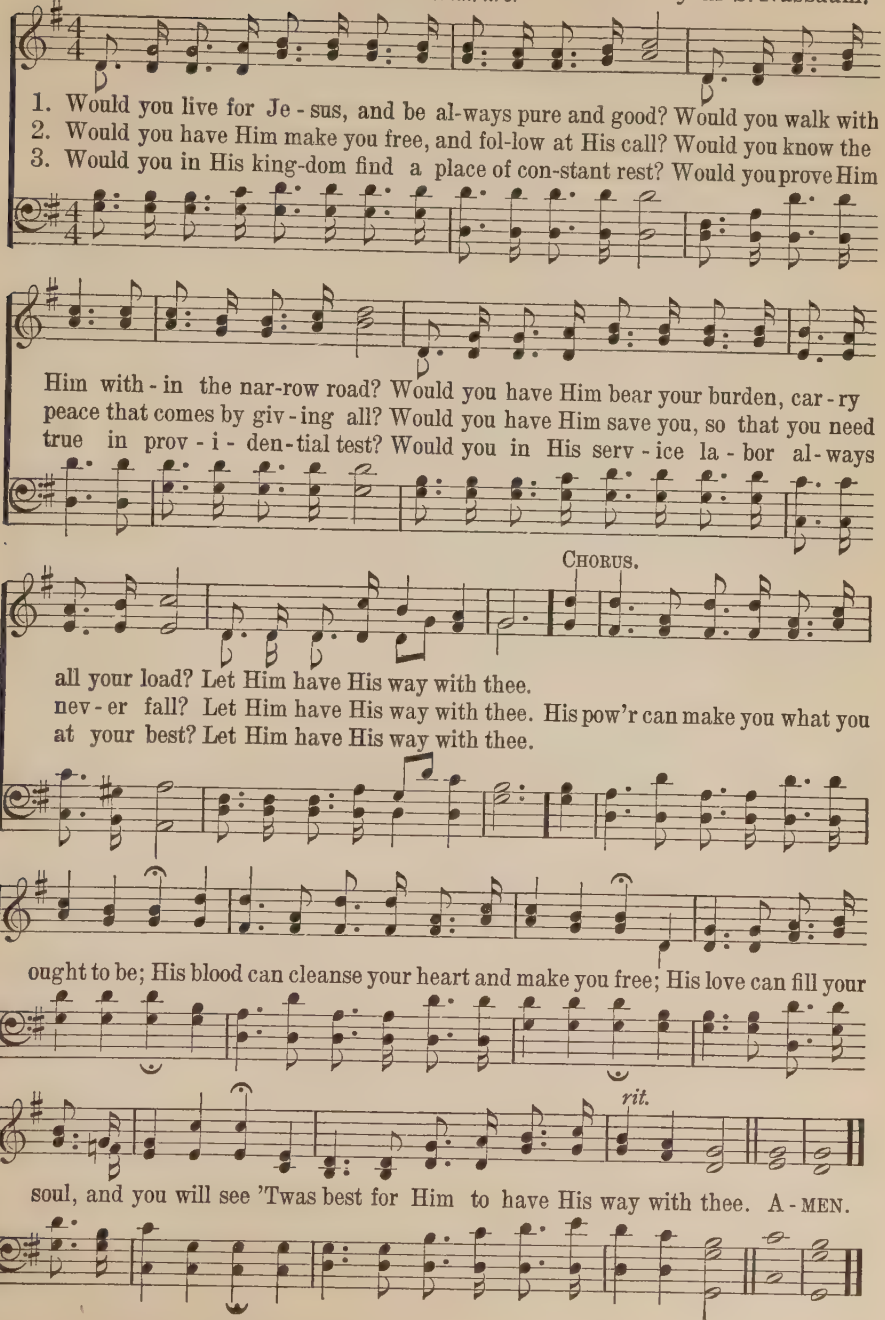
Cyrus S. Nusbaum.


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need
true in prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al-ways
CHORUS.
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your
rit.
soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

231 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

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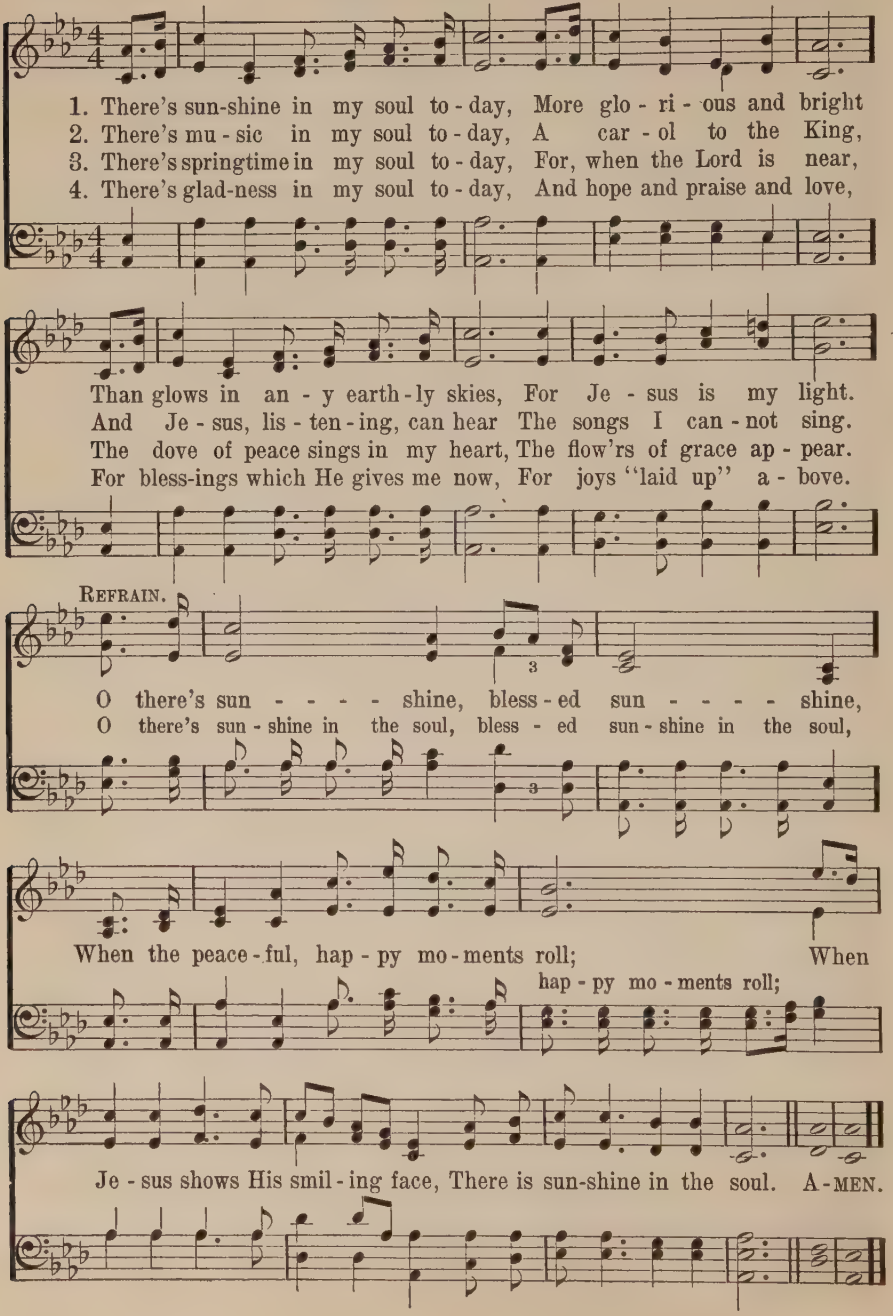
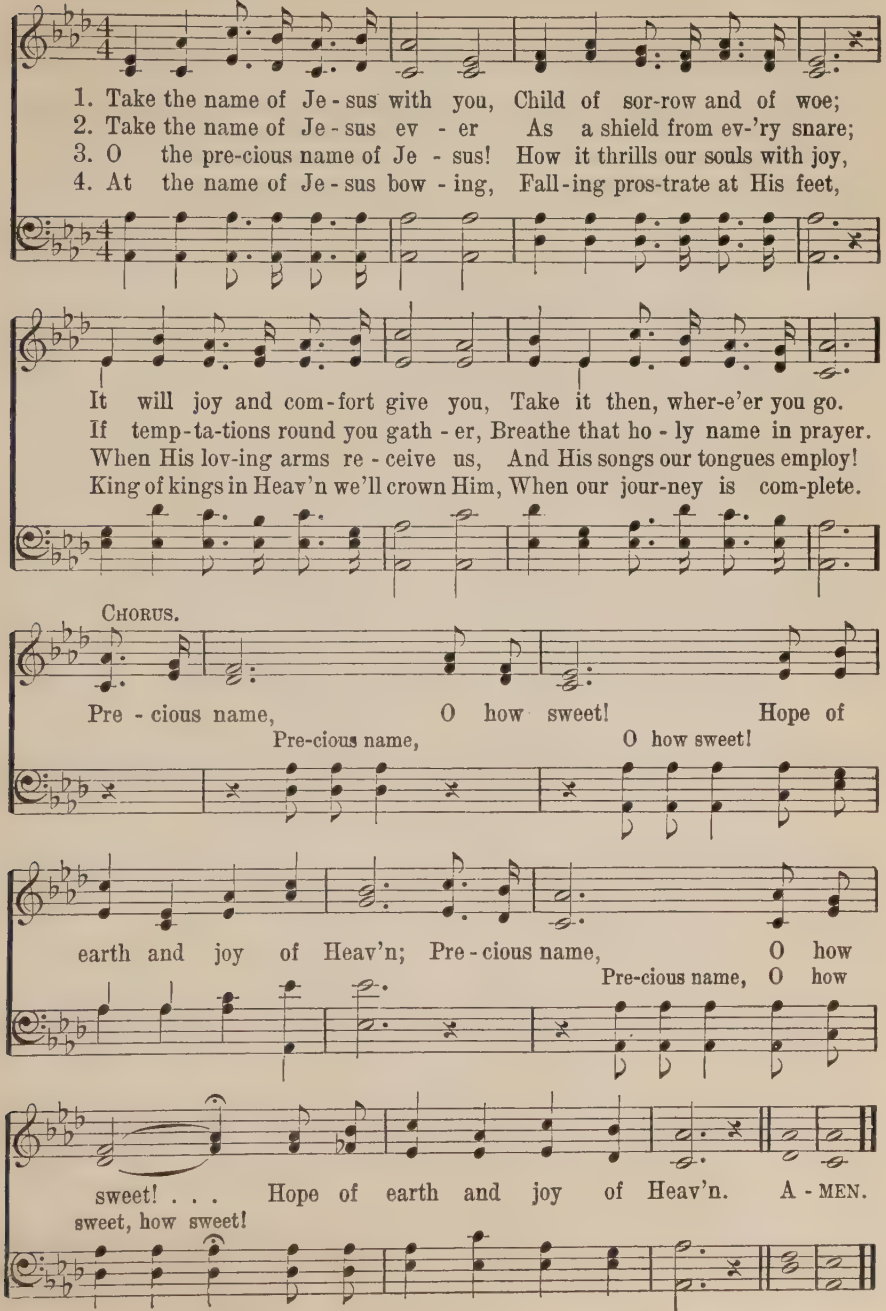
Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
Than glows in an-y earth-ly skies, For Je-sus is my light.
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to the King,
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope and praise and love,
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.
REFRAIN.
O there's sun - - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
hap-py mo-ments roll;
Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul. A-MEN.

232 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.
CHORUS.
Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre-cious name, O how
sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
sweet, how sweet!

233 Follow On.

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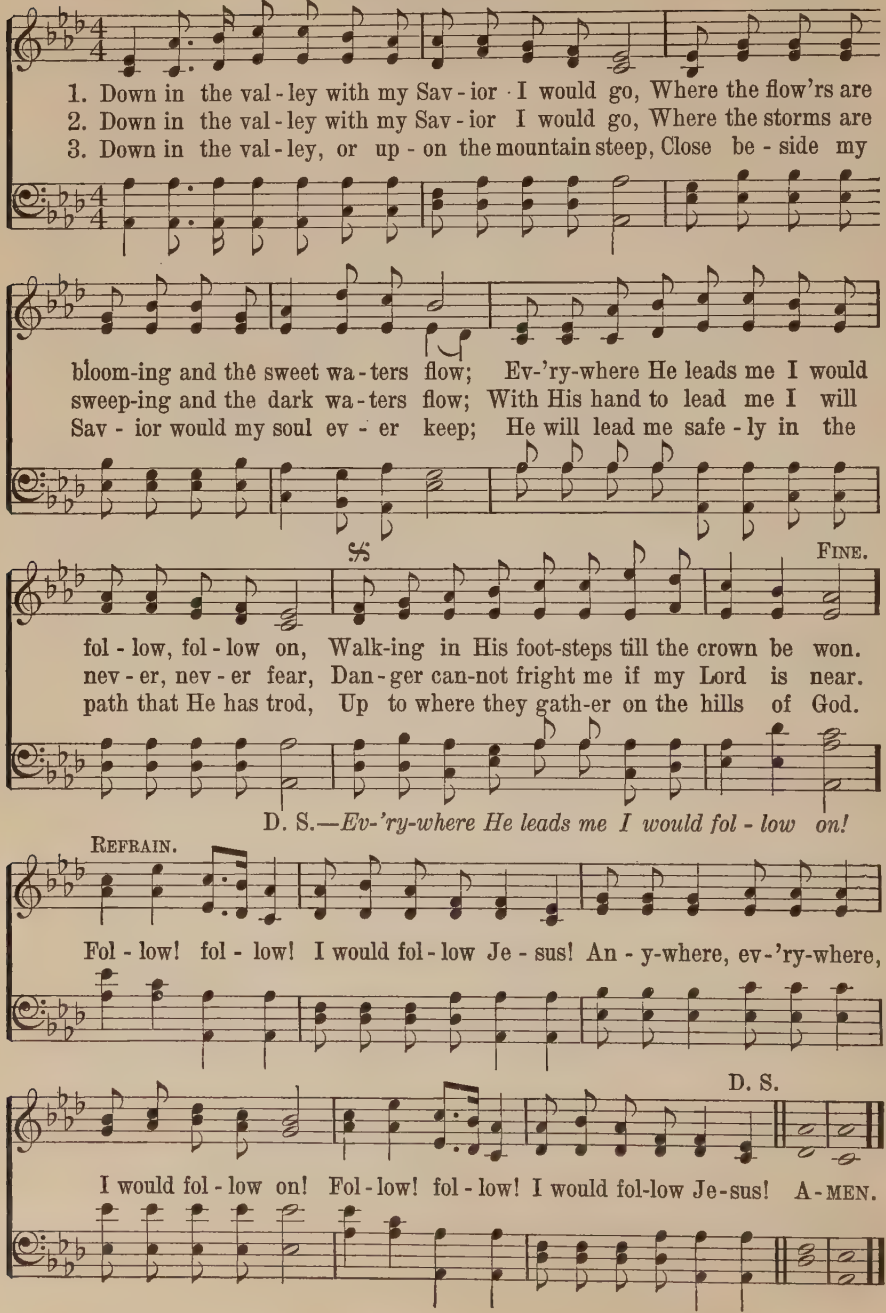
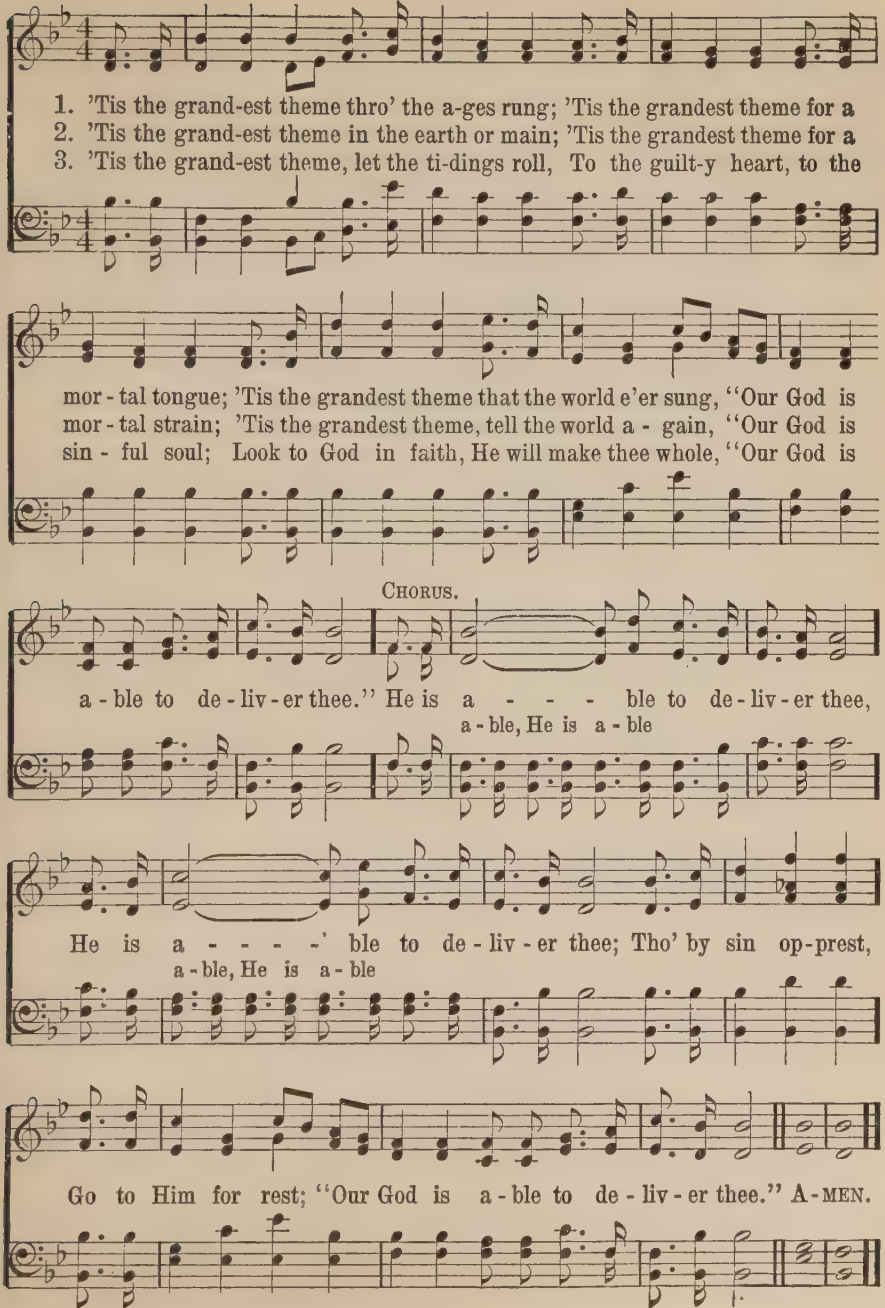

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my
bloom-ing and the sweet wa - ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would
sweep-ing and the dark wa - ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the
FINE.
fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan - ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.
D. S.—*Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low on!*
REFRAIN.
Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol - low Je - sus! An - y-where, ev-'ry-where,
D. S.
I would fol - low on! Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je-sus! A - MEN.

234 He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MRS. W. A. OGDEN. RENEWAL. W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the
mor - tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor - tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is
Chorus.
a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble
He is a - - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a - ble, He is a - ble
Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." A - MEN.

235 The Bible.

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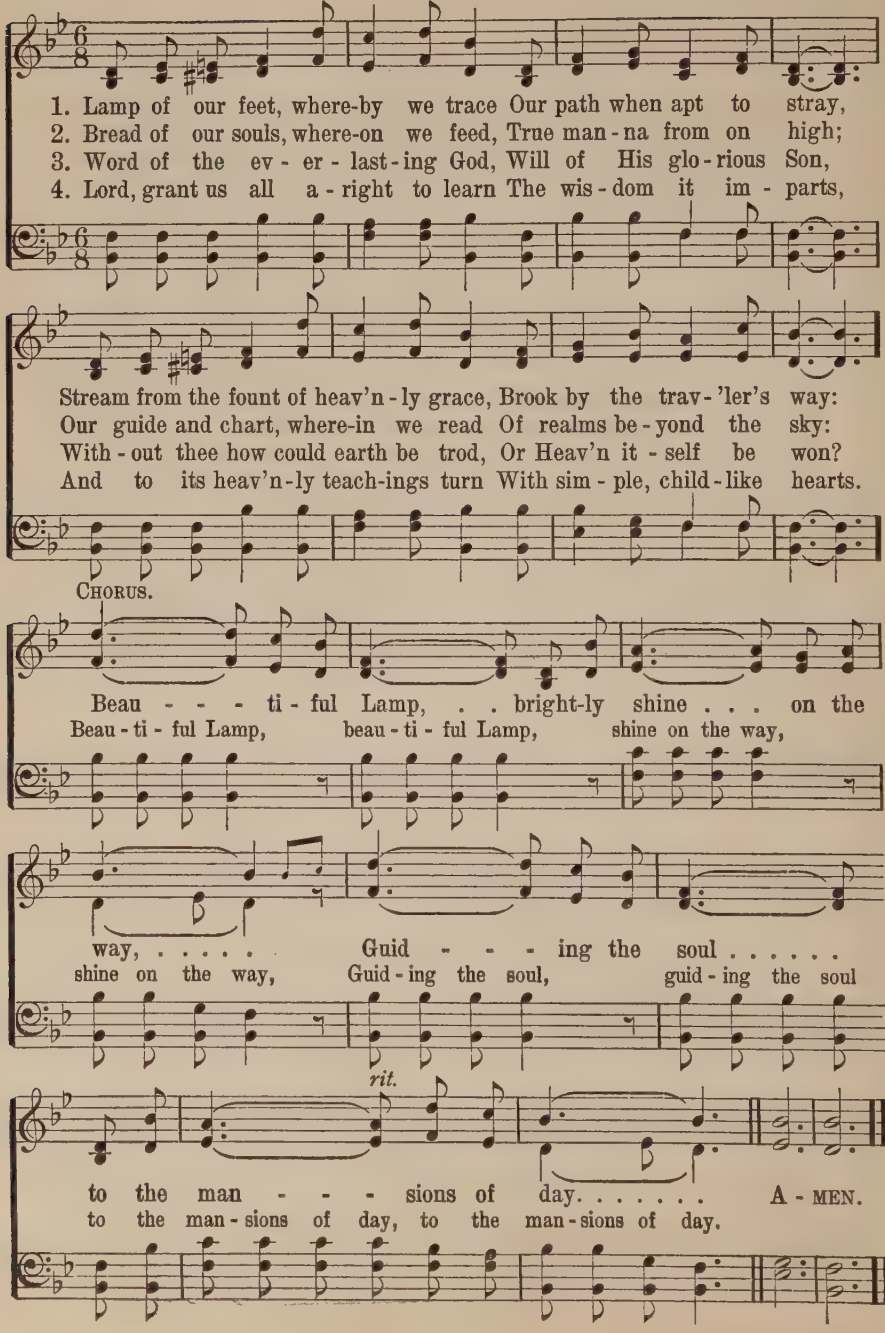
1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray,
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man-na from on high;
3. Word of the ev-er-last-ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son,
4. Lord, grant us all a-right to learn The wis-dom it im-parts,
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ler's way:
Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky:
With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or Heav'n it-self be won?
And to its heav'n-ly teach-ings turn With sim-ple, child-like hearts.
CHORUS.
Beau - - - ti-ful Lamp, . . bright-ly shine . . . on the way,
Beau-ti-ful Lamp, beau-ti-ful Lamp, shine on the way,
Guid - - - ing the soul . . . . . .
shine on the way, Guid-ing the soul, guid-ing the soul
rit.
to the man - - - sions of day. . . . . A-MEN.
to the man-sions of day, to the man-sions of day.

236 Beulah Land.

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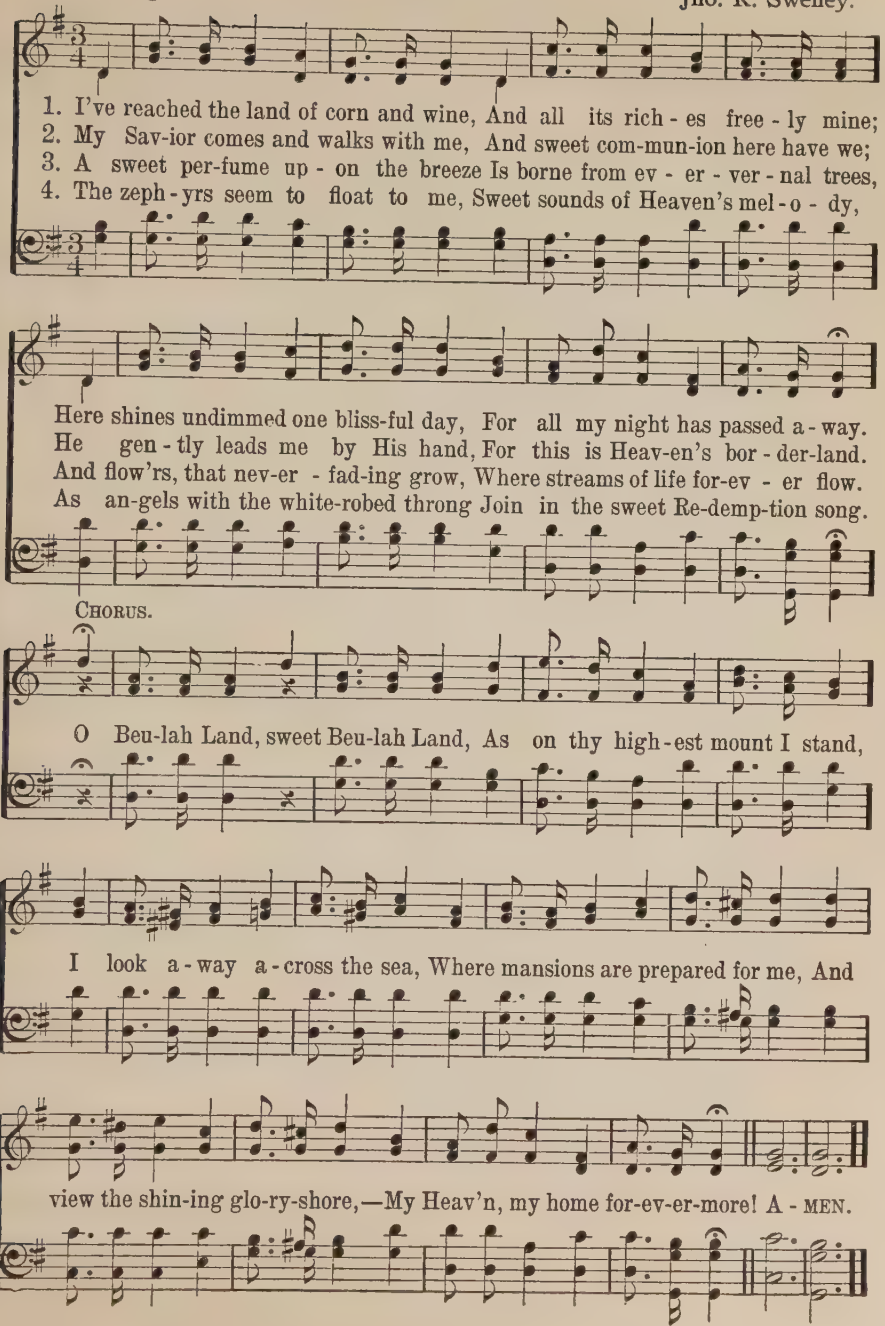
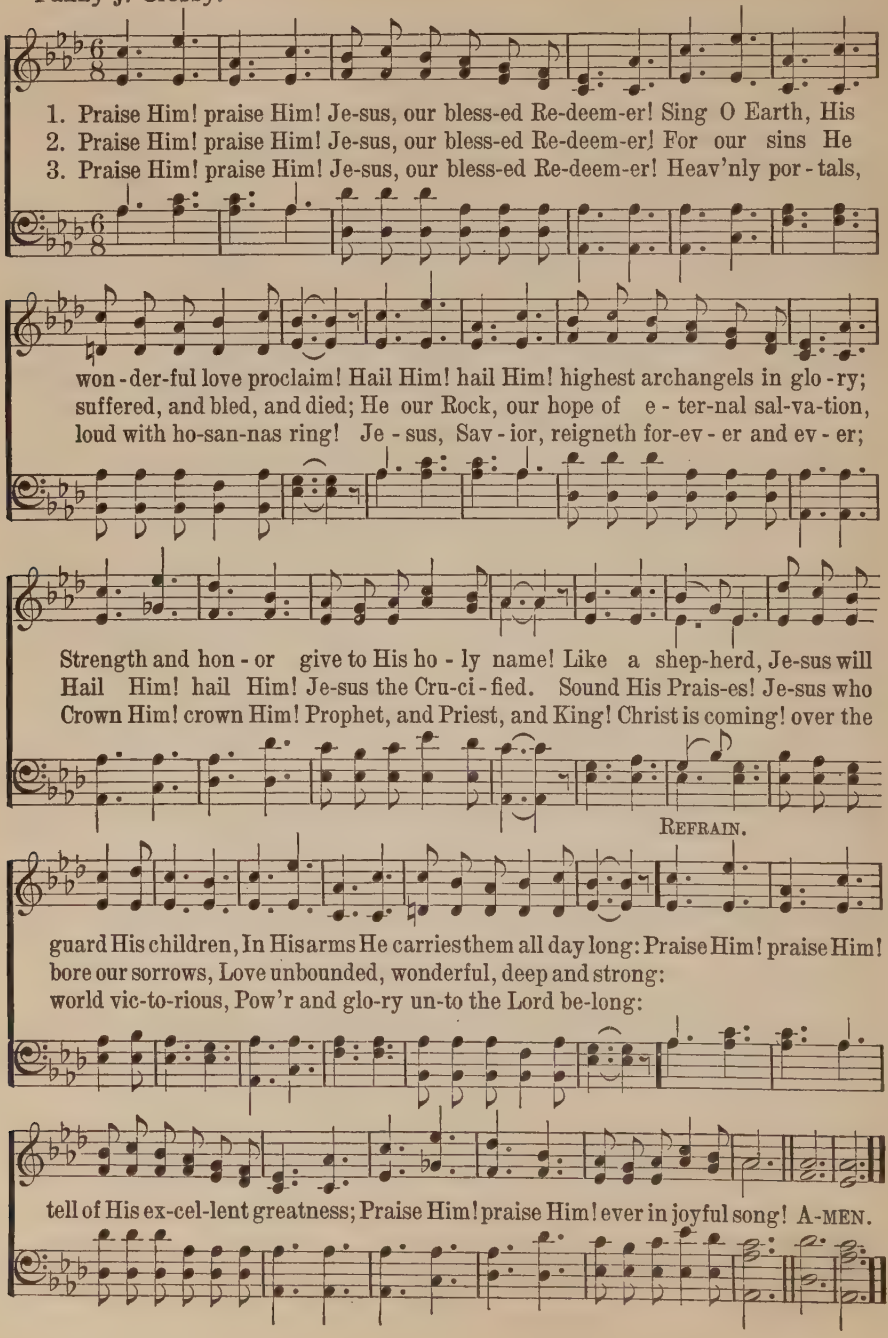
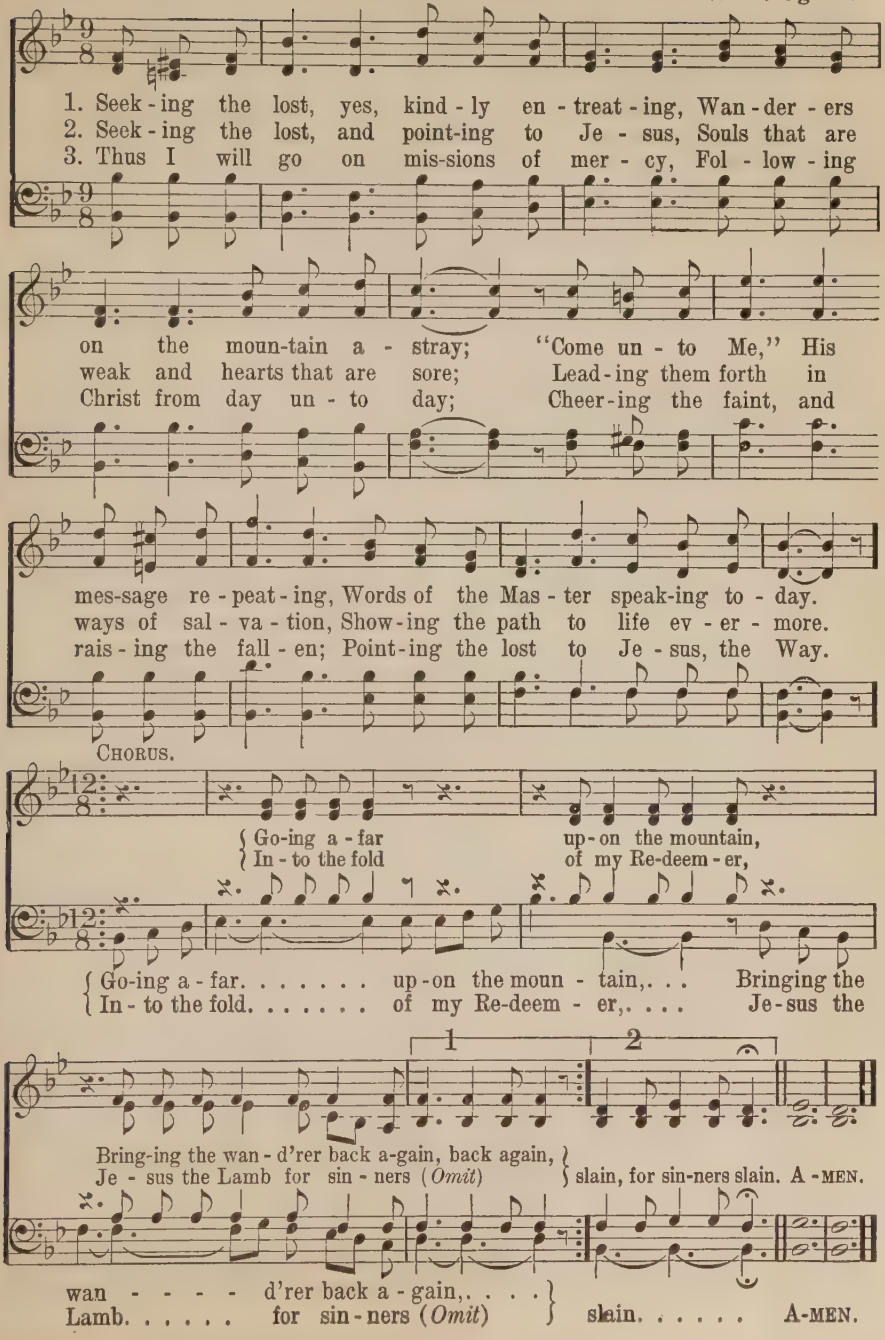

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
CHORUS.
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is Heav-en's bor - der-land.
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me, And
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad-ing grow, Where streams of life for-ev - er flow.
view the shin-ing glo-ry-shore,—My Heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more! A - MEN.
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of Heaven's mel - o - dy,
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet Re-demp-tion song.

237 Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.

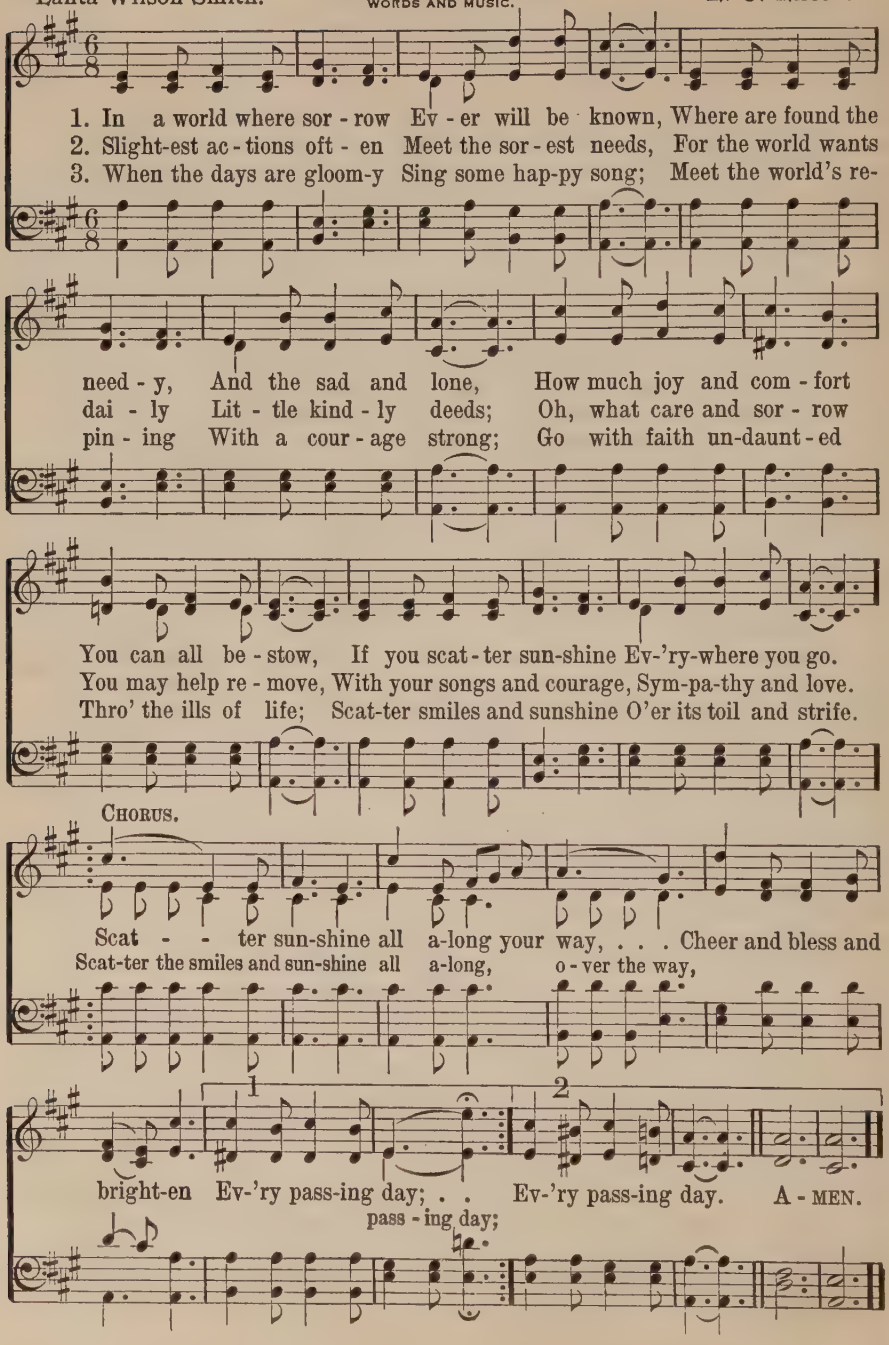

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals,
won-der-ful love proclaim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;
Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His Prais-es! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming! over the
REFRAIN.
guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long: Praise Him! praise Him!
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong:
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song! A-MEN.

238 Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. USED BY PER. OF MRS. W. A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing, Wan - der - ers
2. Seek - ing the lost, and point-ing to Je - sus, Souls that are
3. Thus I will go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing
on the moun-tain a - stray; "Come un - to Me," His
weak and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in
Christ from day un - to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and
mes-sage re - peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
ways of sal - va - tion, Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more.
rais - ing the fall - en; Point-ing the lost to Je - sus, the Way.
CHORUS.
Go-ing a - far up - on the mountain,
In - to the fold of my Re-deem - er,
Go-ing a - far. . . . . up - on the moun - tain,. . . Bringing the
In - to the fold. . . . . of my Re-deem - er,. . . . Je-sus the
1
2
Bring-ing the wan - d'rer back a-gain, back again,
Je - sus the Lamb for sin - ners (Omit) slain, for sin-ners slain. A - MEN.
wan - - - - d'rer back a - gain,. . . .
Lamb. . . . . for sin - ners (Omit) slain. . . . . A-MEN.

239 Scatter Sunshine.

Lanta Wilson Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slight-est ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap-py song; Meet the world's re-
need - y, And the sad and lone, How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un-daunt - ed
You can all be - stow, If you scat - ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - - ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter the smiles and sun-shine all a-long, o - ver the way,
1
bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; . .
2
Ev-'ry pass-ing day.
pass - ing day;
A - MEN.

240 Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Martin Luther.

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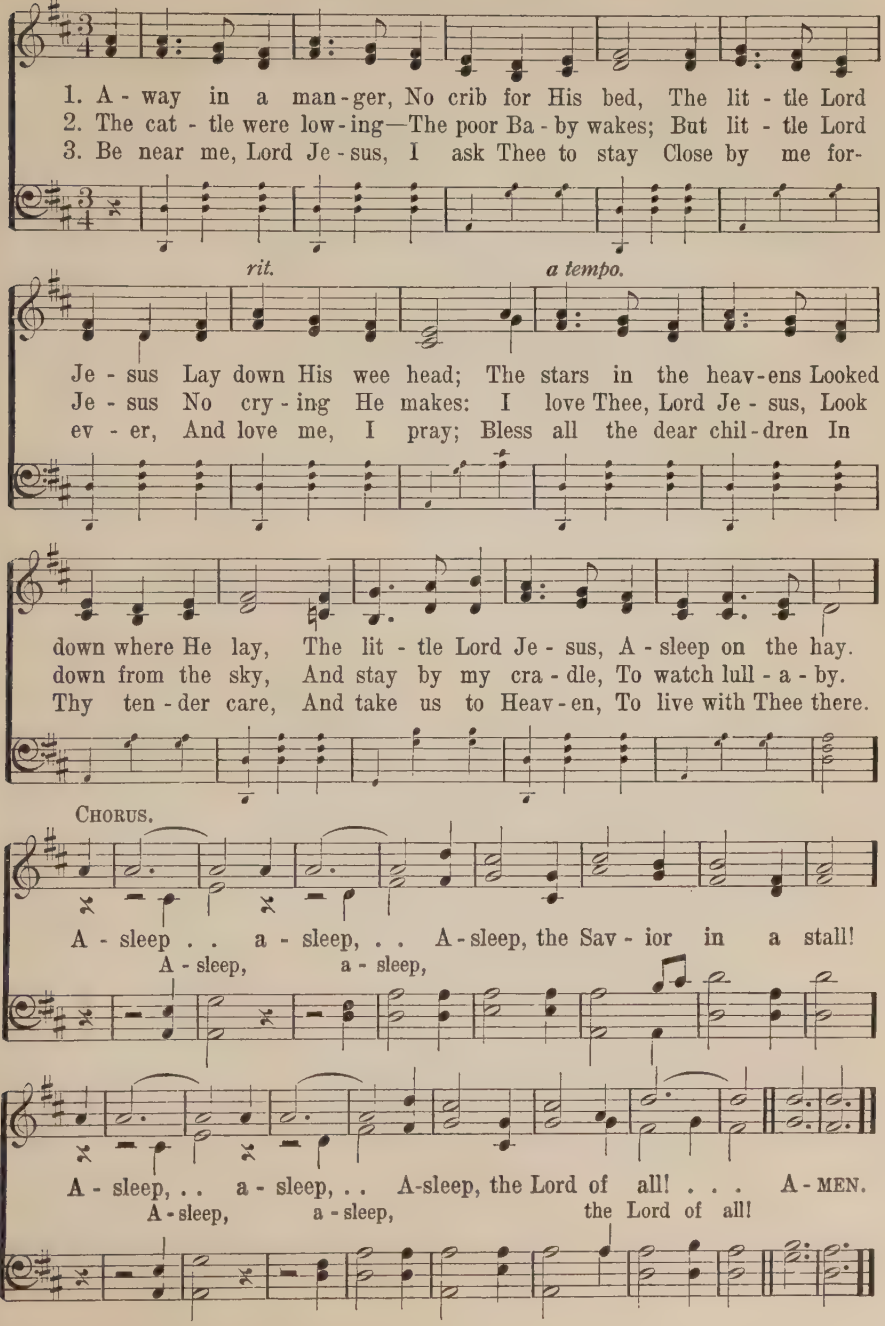
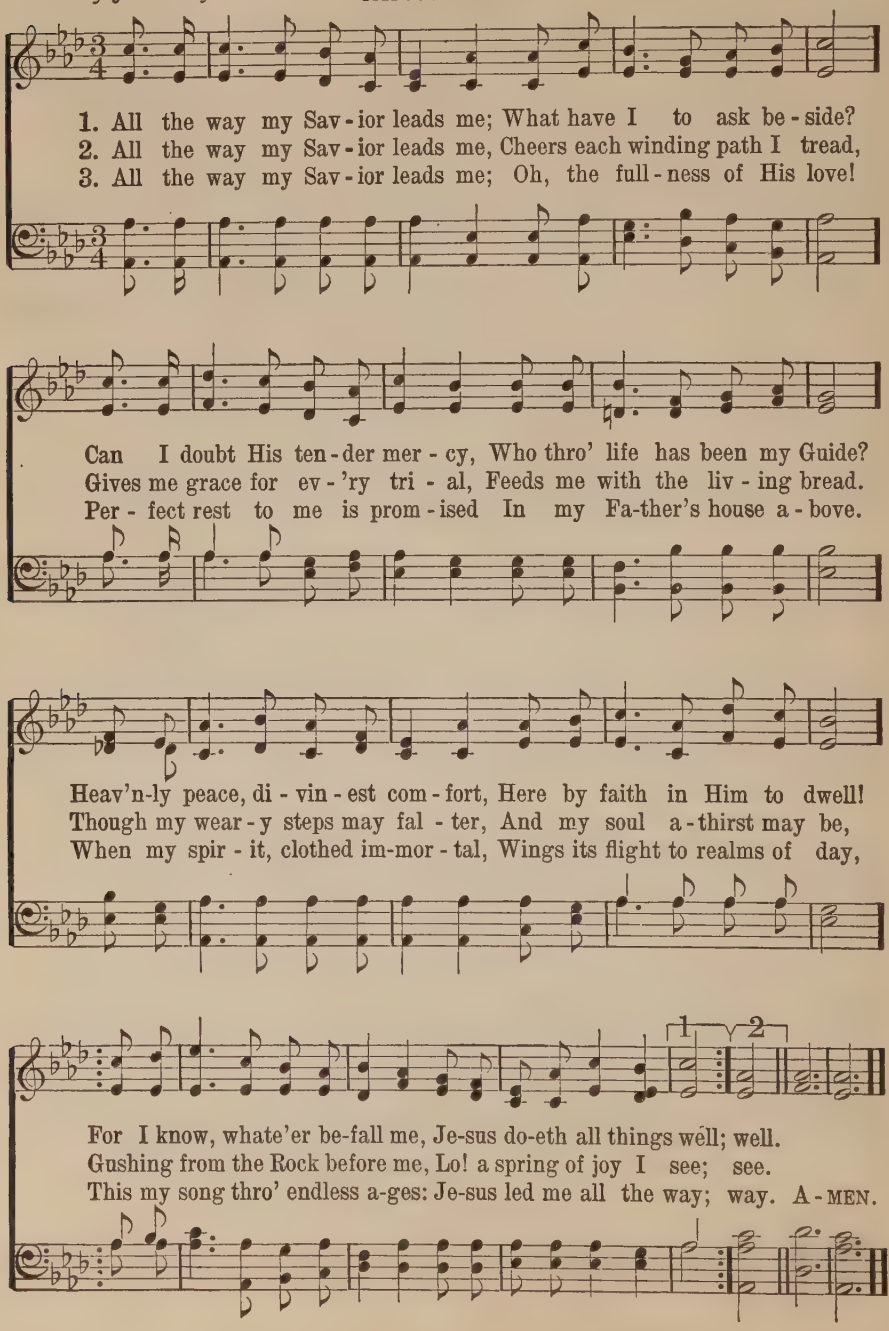
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low - ing—The poor Ba - by wakes; But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-
rit.
a tempo.
Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Looked
Je - sus No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In
down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lull - a - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to Heav - en, To live with Thee there.
CHORUS.
A - sleep . . a - sleep, . . A - sleep, the Sav - ior in a stall!
A - sleep, a - sleep,
A - sleep, . . a - sleep, . . A-sleep, the Lord of all! . . . A - MEN.
A - sleep, a - sleep, the Lord of all!

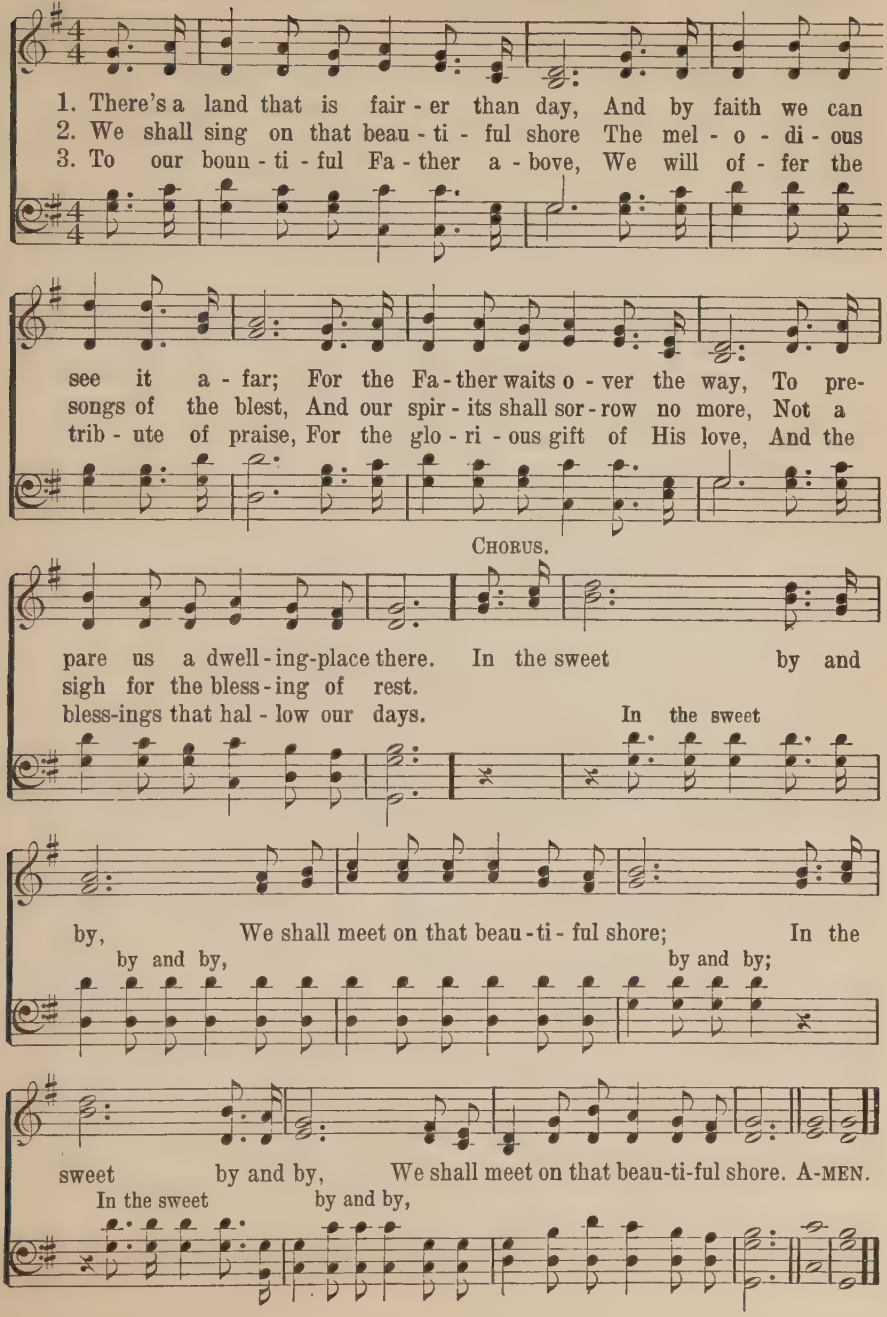
241 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.

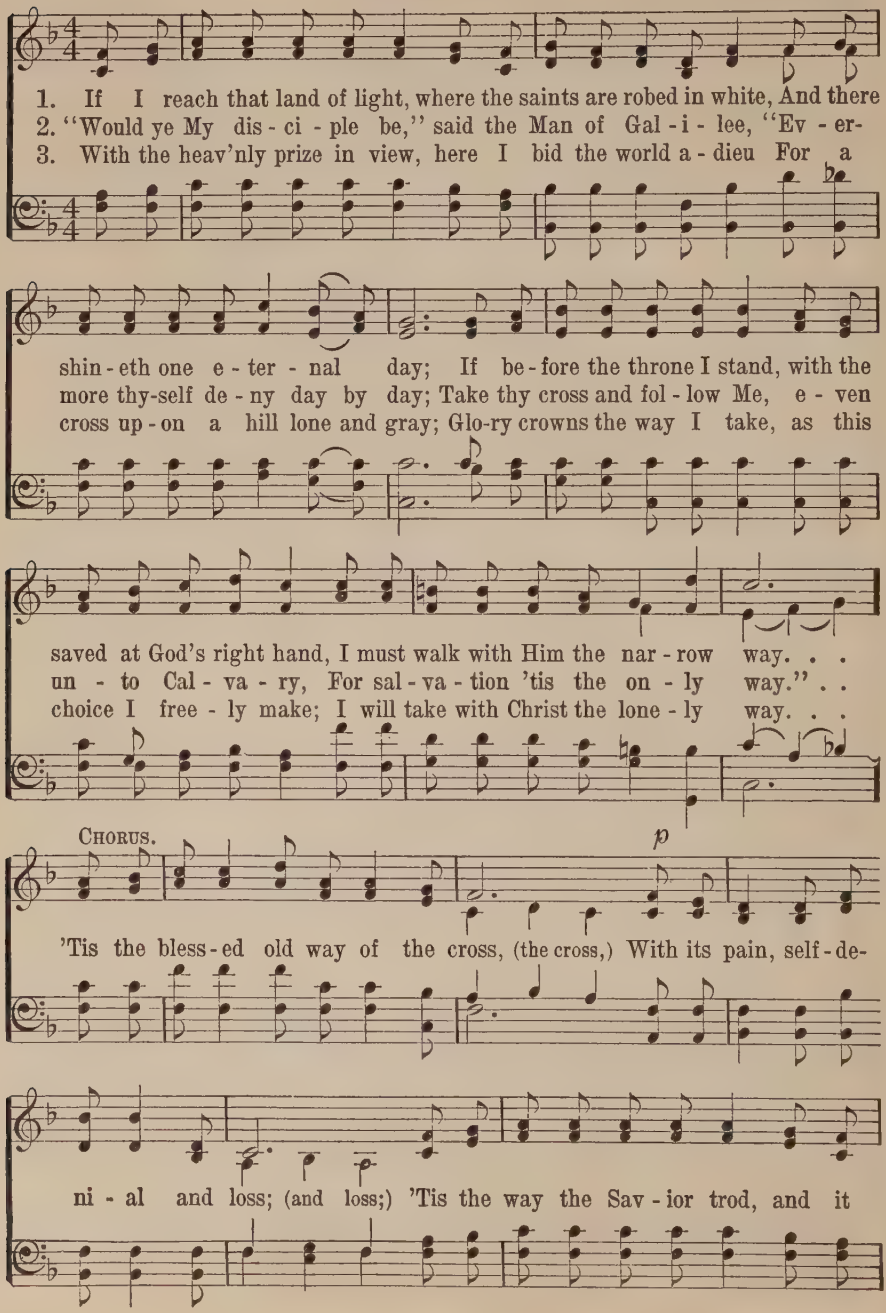

1. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav - ior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread.
Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove.
Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
1
2
For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' endless a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way. A - MEN.

242 Sweet By and By.

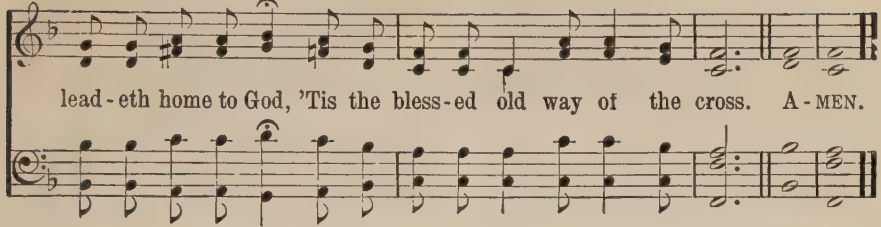
S. F. Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER. J. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
CHORUS.
pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days.
In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by;
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. A-MEN.
In the sweet by and by,

243 The Blessed Old Way of the Cross.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. If I reach that land of light, where the saints are robed in white, And there shin-eth one e-ter-nal day; If be-fore the throne I stand, with the saved at God's right hand, I must walk with Him the nar-row way. . .
2. "Would ye My dis-ci-ple be," said the Man of Gal-i-lee, "Ev-er- more thy-self de-ny day by day; Take thy cross and fol-low Me, e-ven un-to Cal-va-ry, For sal-va-tion 'tis the on-ly way." . .
3. With the heav'nly prize in view, here I bid the world a-dieu For a cross up-on a hill lone and gray; Glo-ry crowns the way I take, as this choice I free-ly make; I will take with Christ the lone-ly way. . .
Chorus.
p
'Tis the bless-ed old way of the cross, (the cross,) With its pain, self-de- ni-al and loss; (and loss;) 'Tis the way the Sav-ior trod, and it

The Blessed Old Way of the Cross.



244 Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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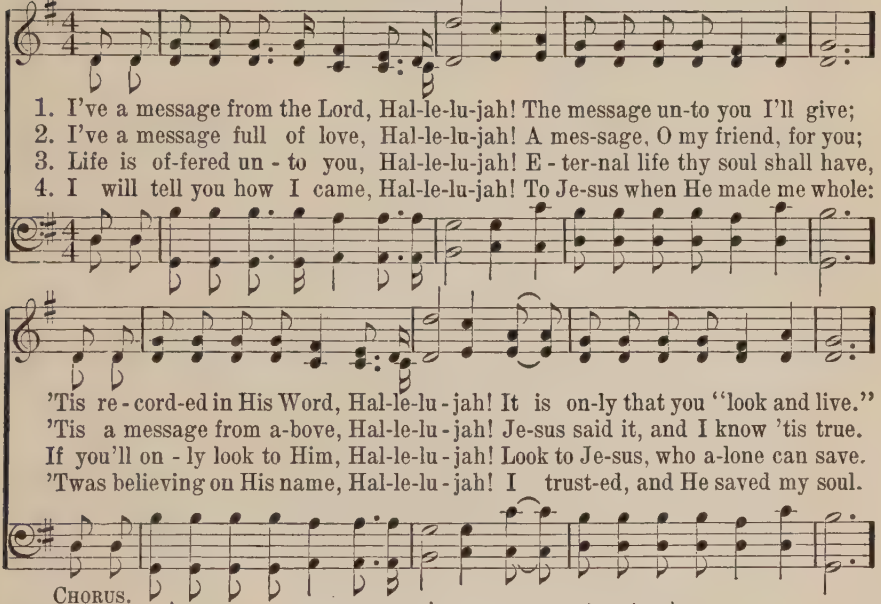
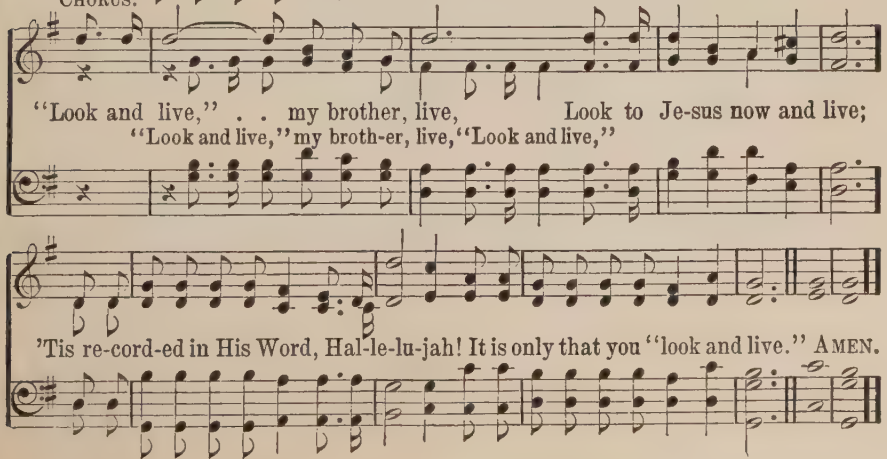
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

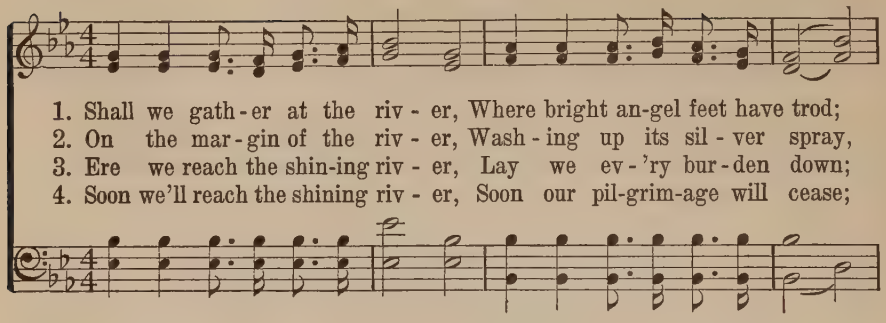

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give;
2. I've a message full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;
3. Life is of-fered un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole:
'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a message from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.
'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed, and He saved my soul.

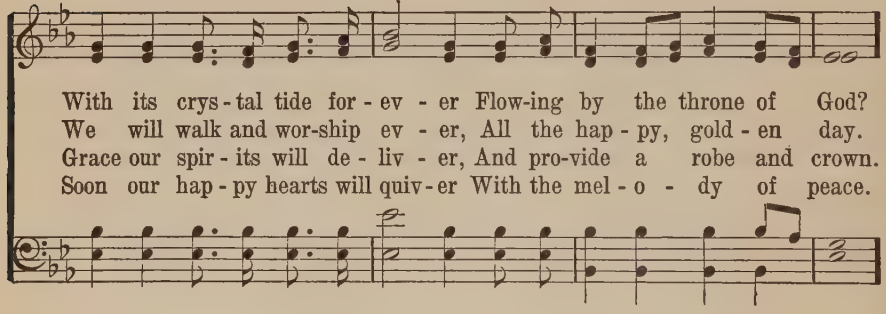
CHORUS.


"Look and live," . . my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live;
"Look and live," my broth-er, live, "Look and live,"
'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is only that you "look and live." AMEN.

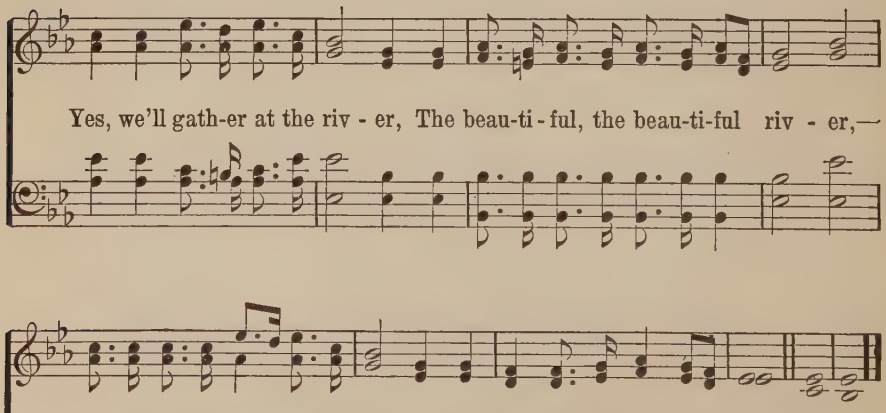
245 Beautiful River.

Robert Lowry. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.

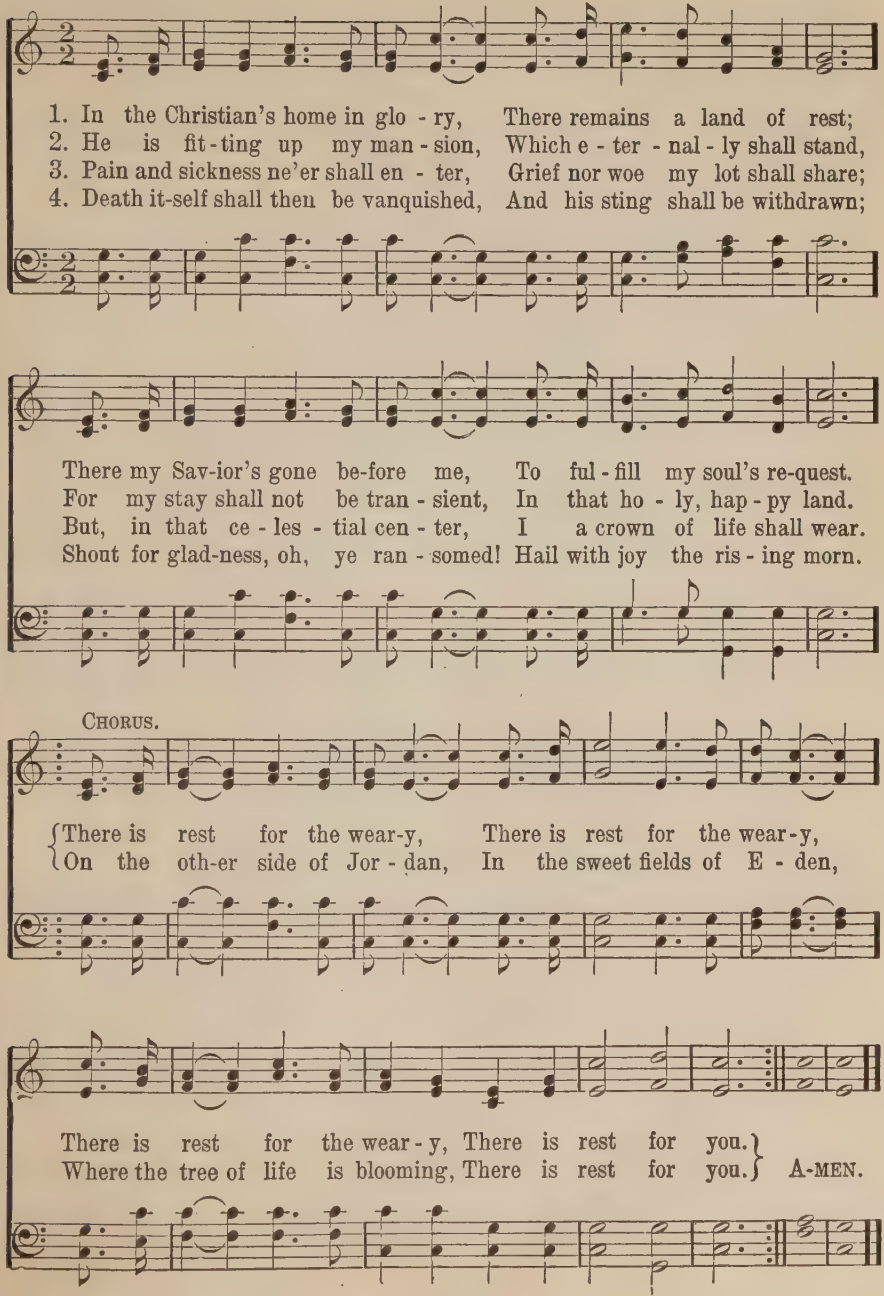

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;


With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

CHORUS.

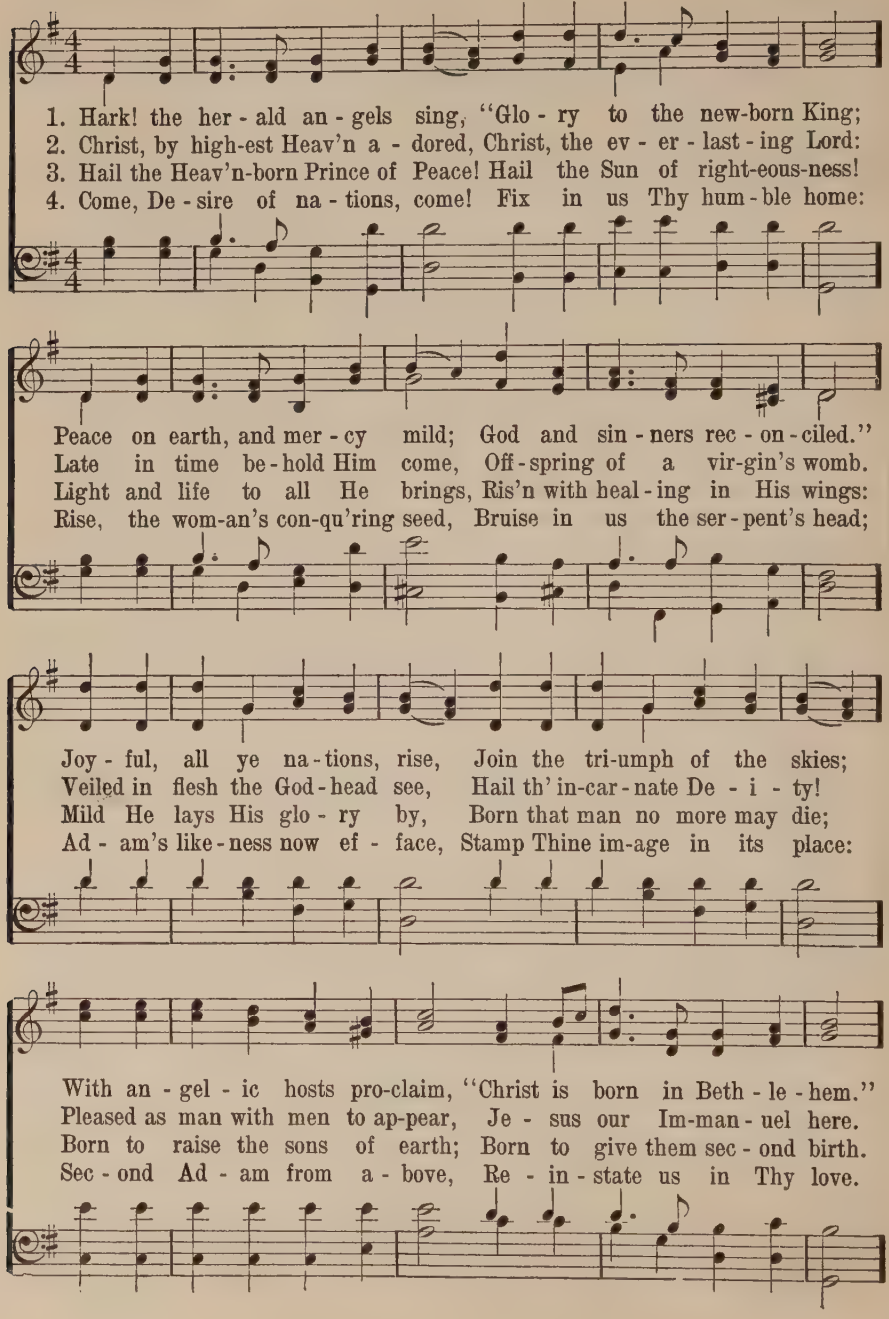

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.

246 Rest for the Weary.

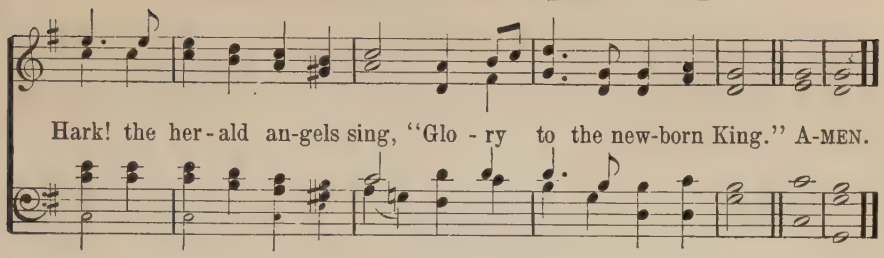
William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;
There my Sav-ior's gone be-fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
CHORUS.
There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y,
On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,
There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. A-MEN.

247 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley. *Mendelssohn. 7s. D.* Mendelssohn.

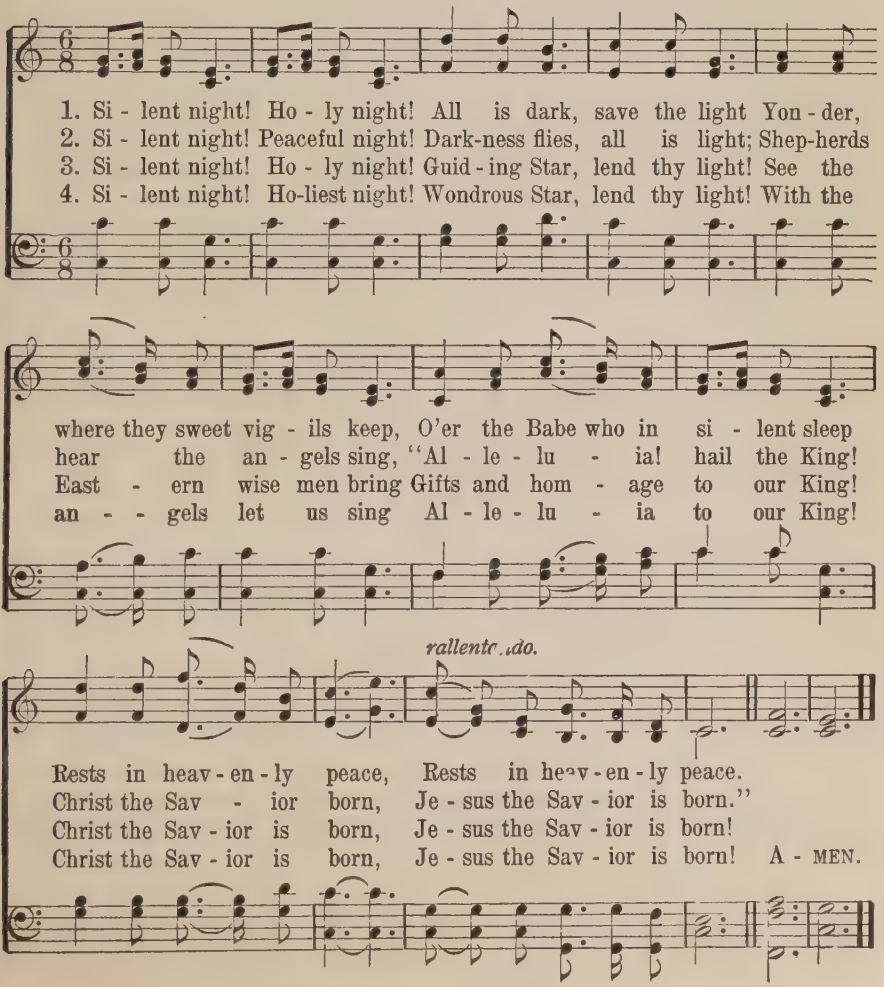

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir-gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Rise, the wom-an's con-qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im-age in its place:
With an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men to ap-pear, Je - sus our Im-man - uel here.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



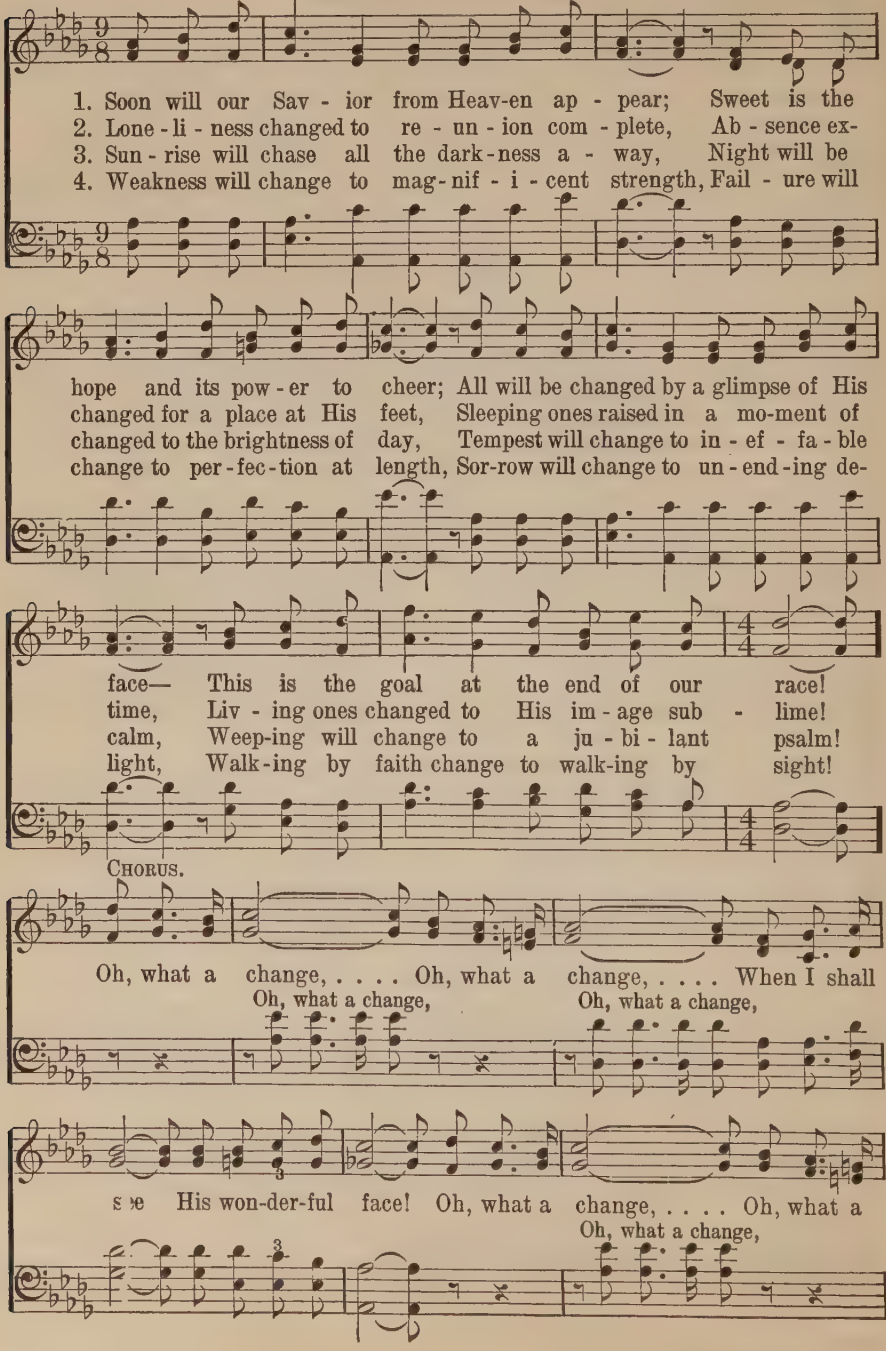
248 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr. *Christmas Carol.* Franz Gruber.

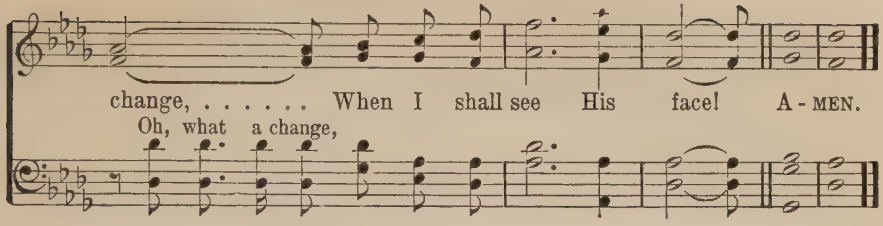

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der,
2. Si - lent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho-liest night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the
where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!
rallentando.
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born! A - MEN.

249 Oh, What a Change!

Ada R. Habershon. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Robert Harkness.

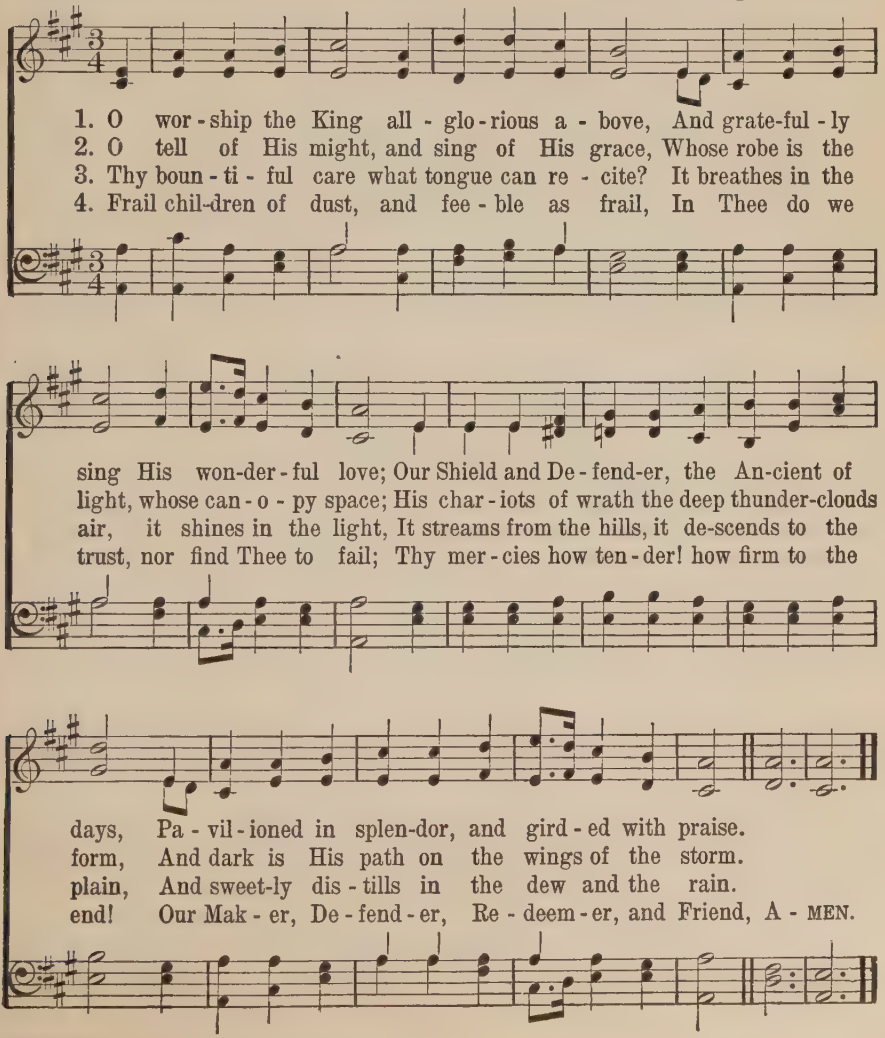

1. Soon will our Sav - ior from Heav-en ap - pear; Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - un - ion com - plete, Ab - sence ex-
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark - ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weakness will change to mag - nif - i - cent strength, Fail - ure will
hope and its pow - er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
changed for a place at His feet, Sleeping ones raised in a mo-ment of
changed to the brightness of day, Tempest will change to in - ef - fa - ble
change to per - fec - tion at length, Sor-row will change to un - end - ing de-
face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
calm, Weep-ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
light, Walk-ing by faith change to walk-ing by sight!
CHORUS.
Oh, what a change, ... Oh, what a change, ... When I shall
Oh, what a change,
Oh, what a change,
see His won-der-ful face! Oh, what a change, ... Oh, what a
Oh, what a change,

Oh, What a Change!



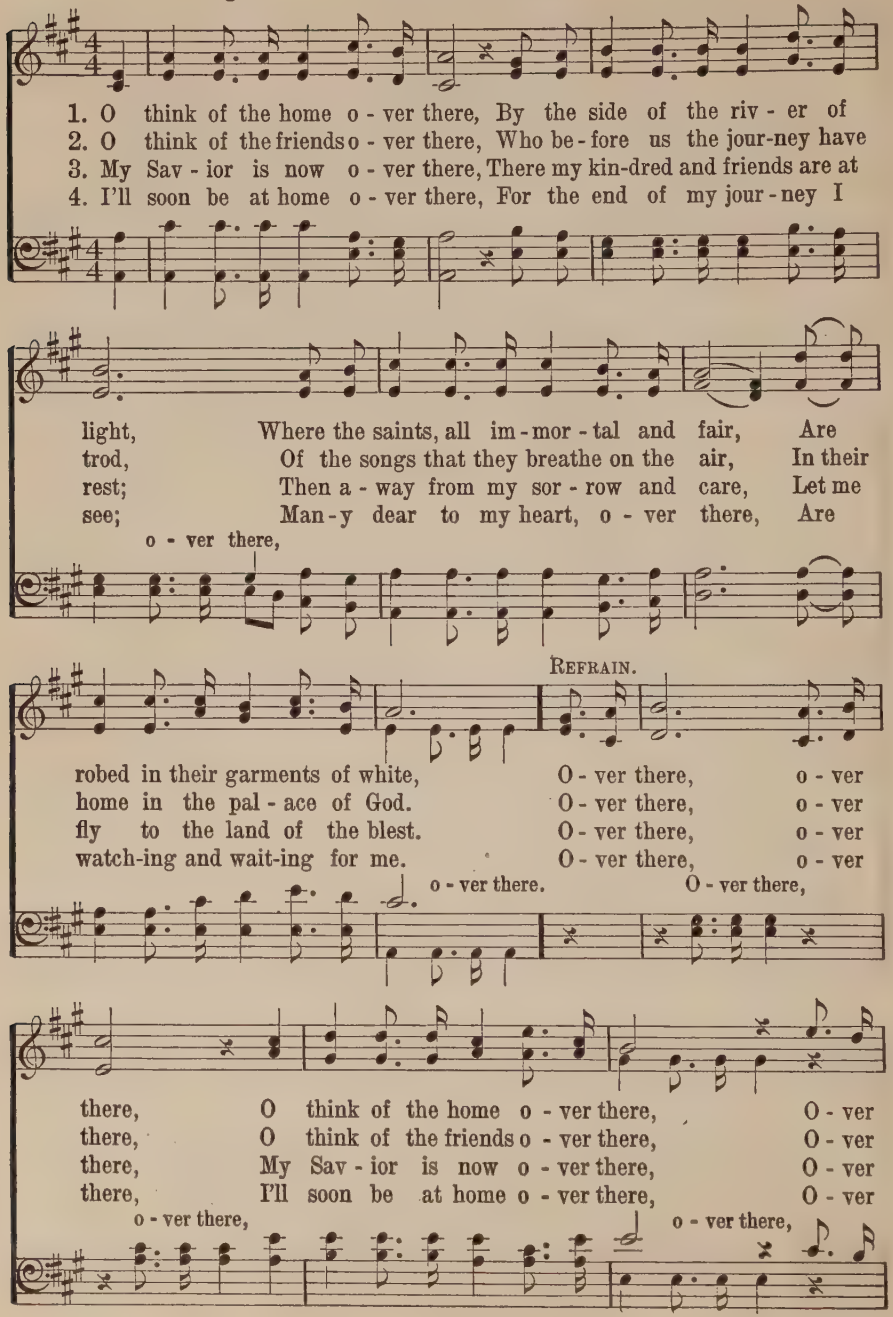
250 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. *Lyons. 10. 11.* Francis Joseph Haydn.

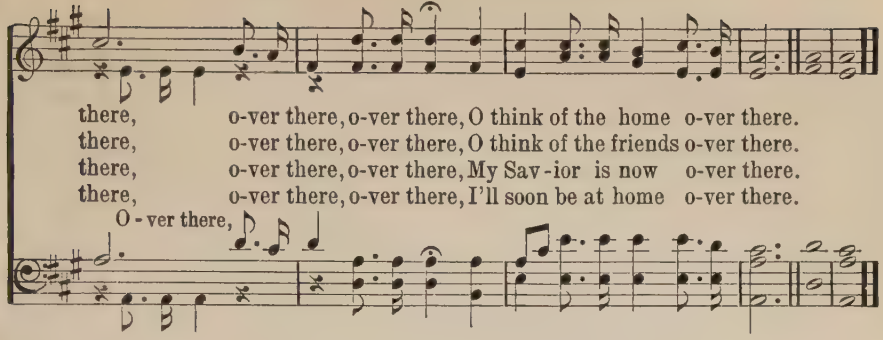

1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend-er, the An-cient of
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the
days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend, A - MEN.

251 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.

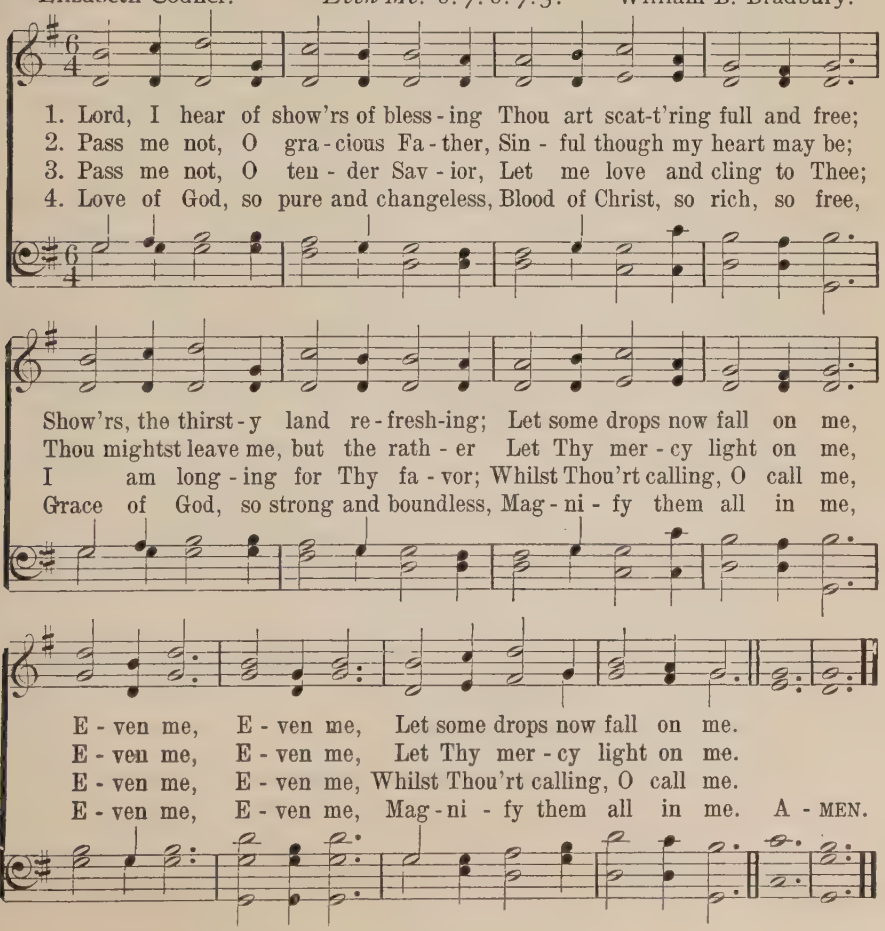

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I
light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
o - ver there,
REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver
o - ver there. O - ver there,
there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
o - ver there, o - ver there,

The Home Over There.

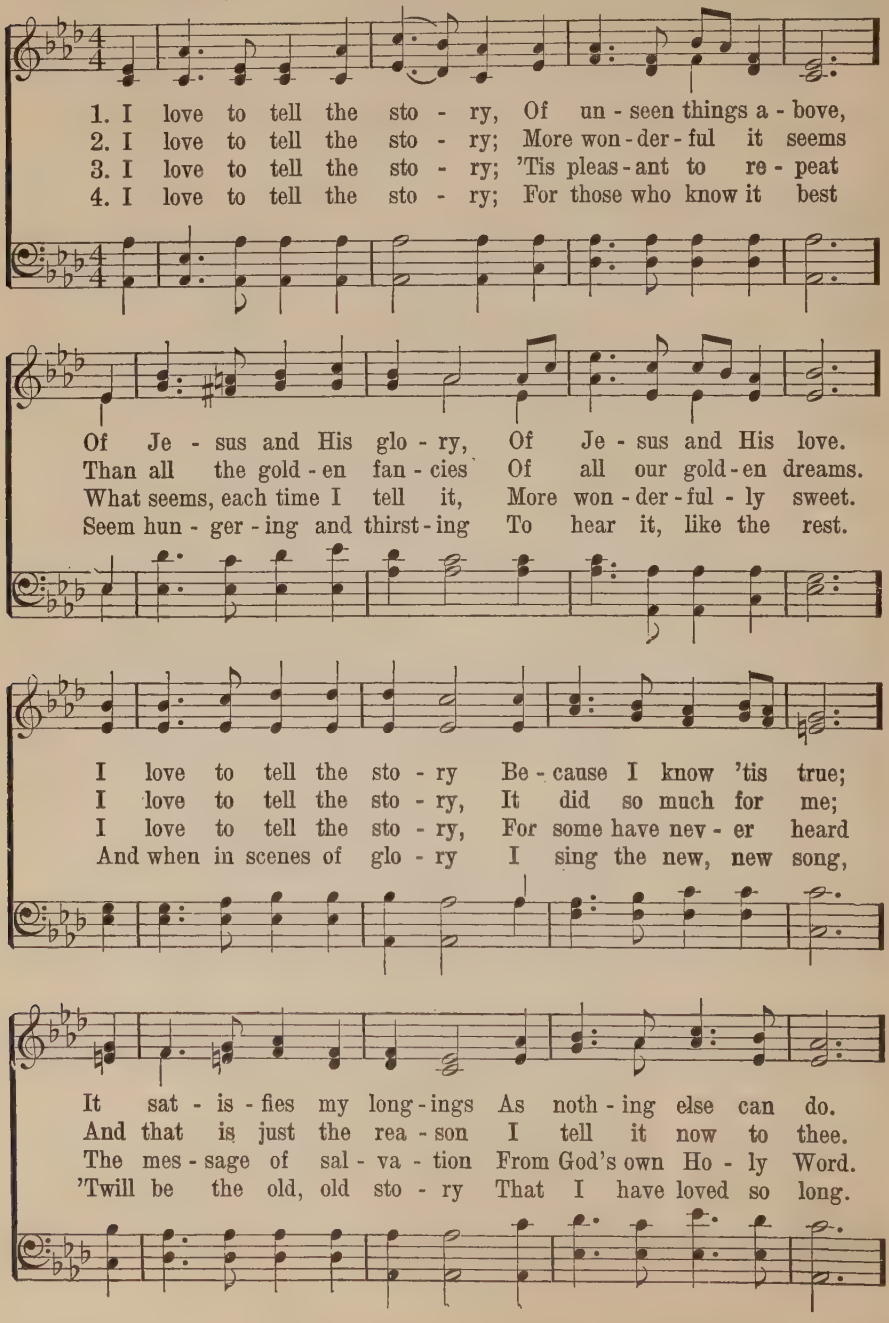

there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.
O-ver there,

252 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

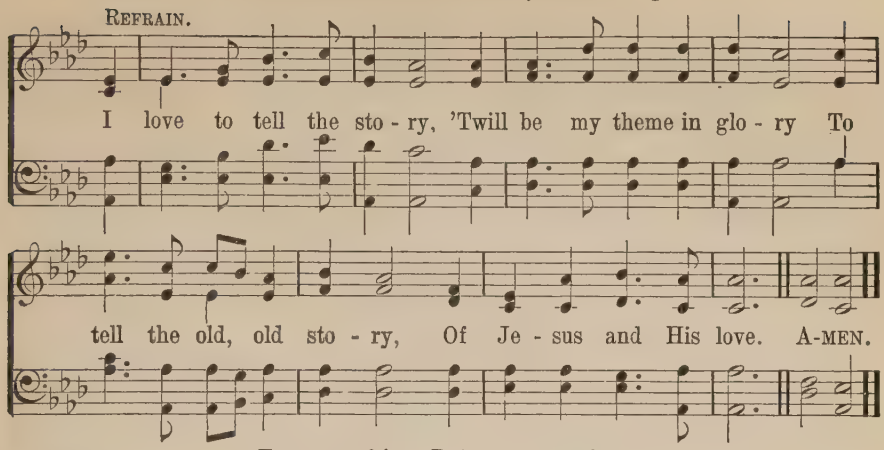
Elizabeth Codner. *Even Me. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.* William B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, Sin-ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-ior, Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me,
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy light on me,
I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni-fy them all in me,
E-ven me, E-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E-ven me, E-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
E-ven me, E-ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
E-ven me, E-ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me. A-MEN.

253 I Love to Tell the Story.

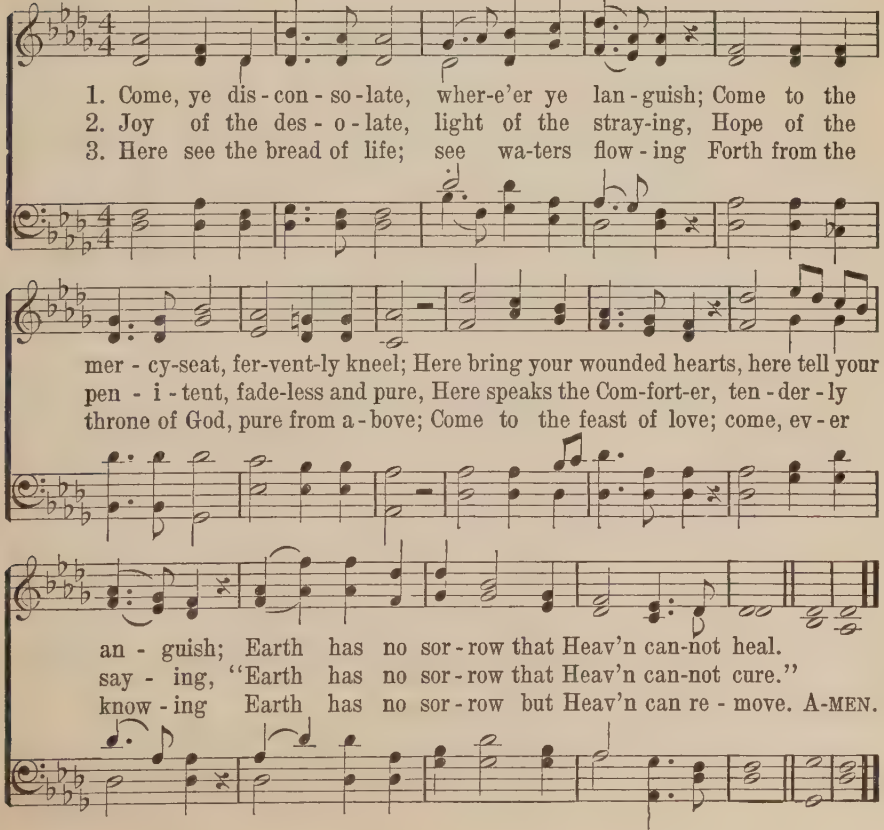
Katherine Hankey. *Hankey. 7s. D.* William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.
I love to tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

I Love to Tell the Story.

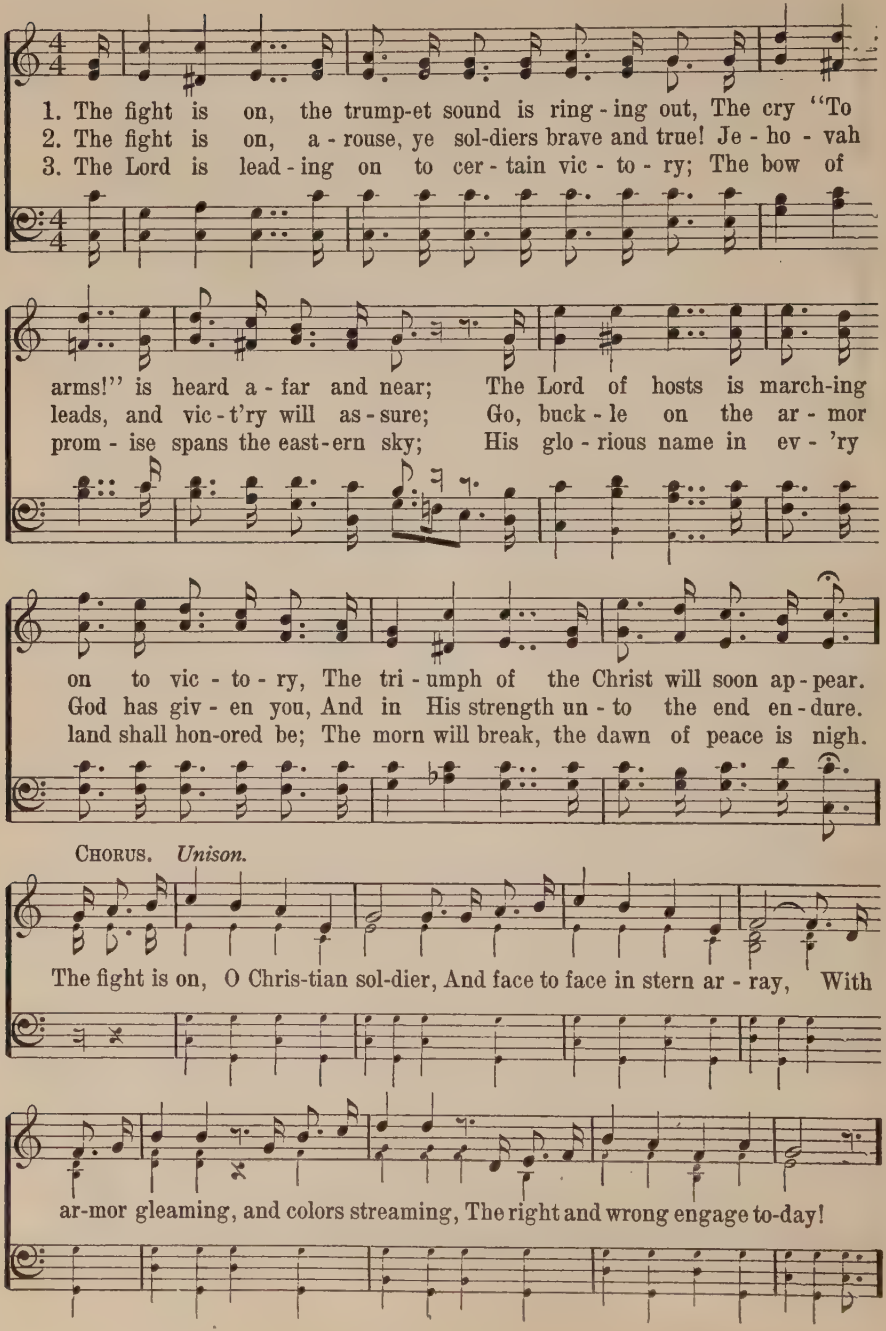


254 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. *Disconsolate. 11s. 10s.* Samuel Webbe.

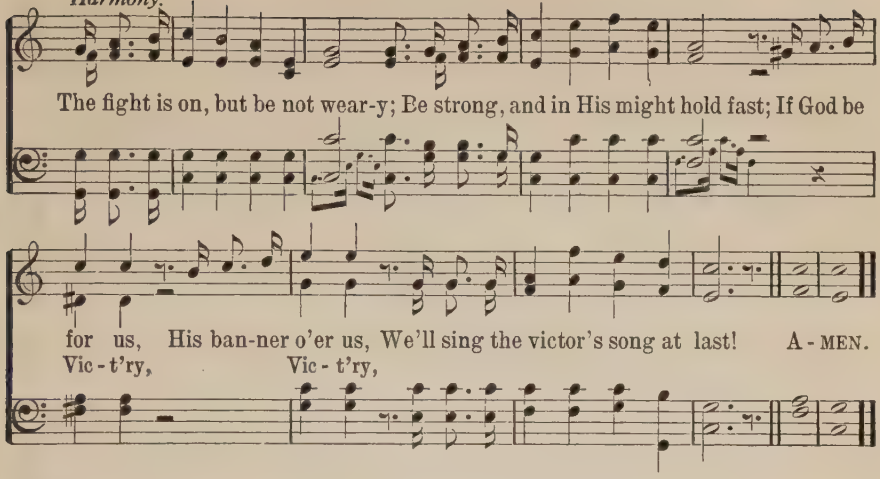

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the
mer - cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er
an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not heal.
say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not cure."
know - ing Earth has no sor - row but Heav'n can re - move. A-MEN.

255 The Fight is On.

C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry
on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap - pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison.
The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray, With
ar-mor gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

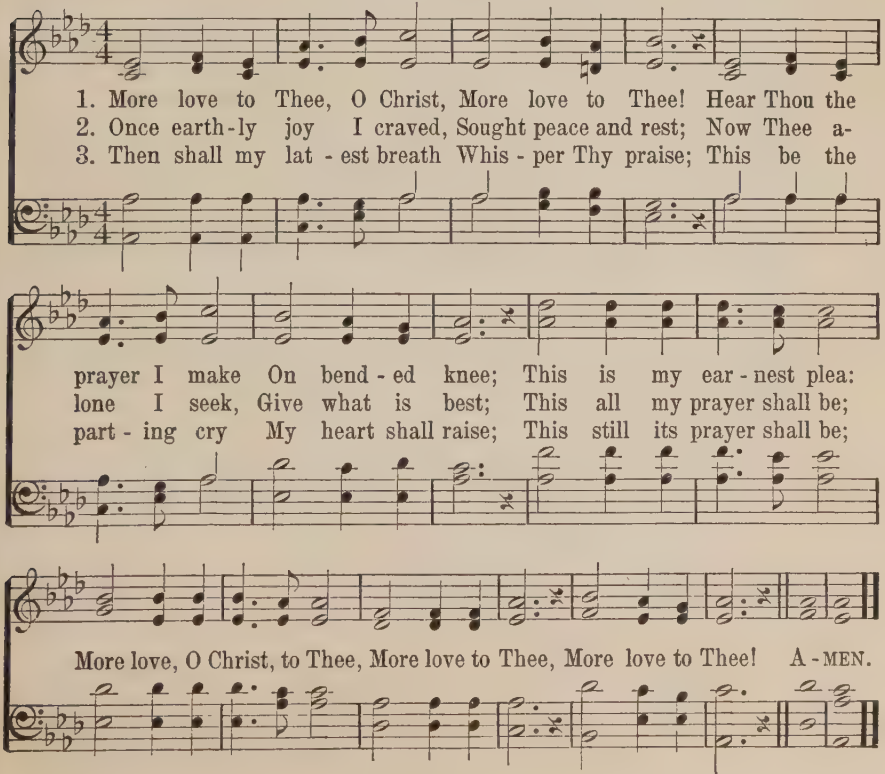
The Fight is On.

Harmony.


The fight is on, but be not wear-y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last! A - MEN.
Vic - t'ry, Vic - t'ry,

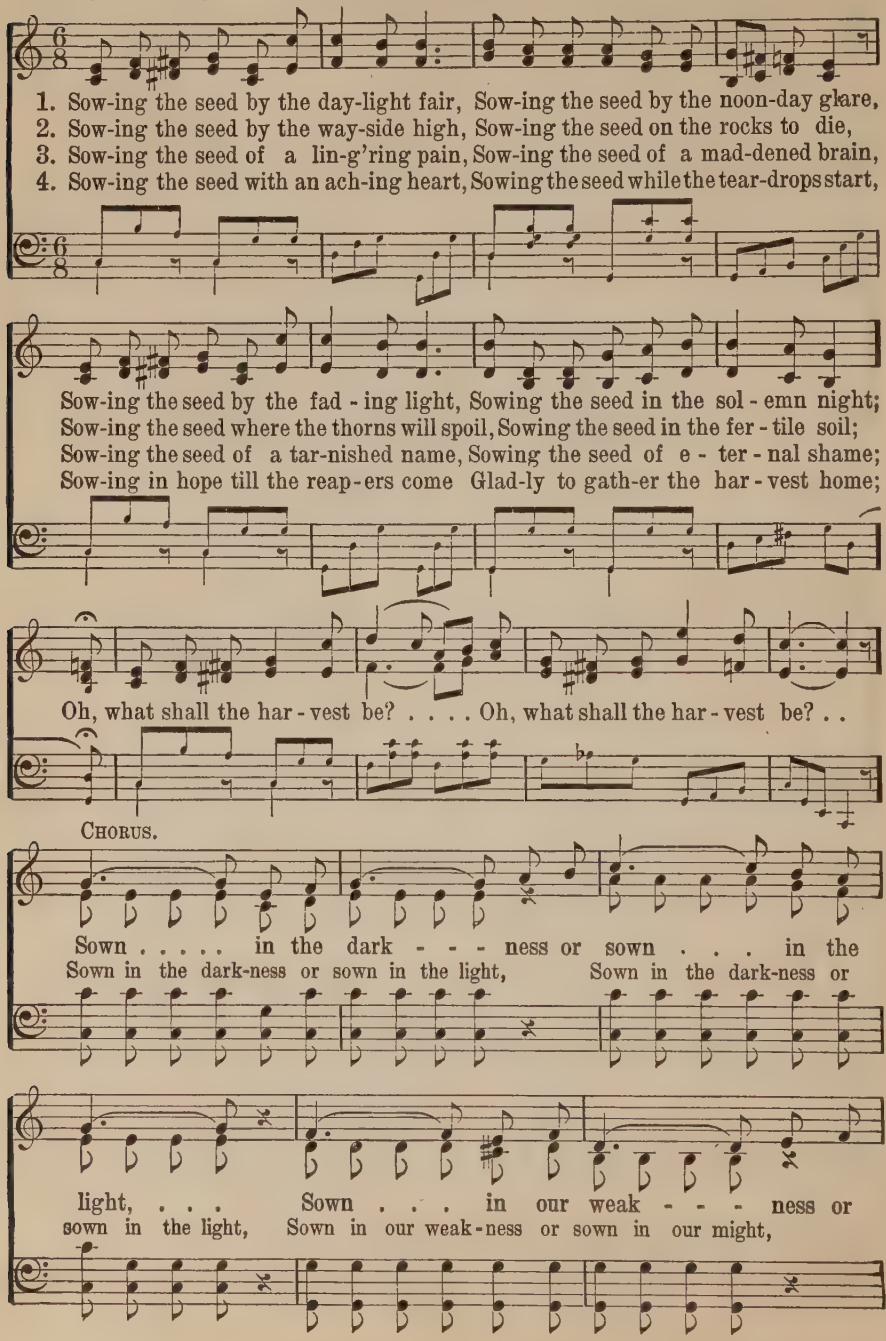
256 More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

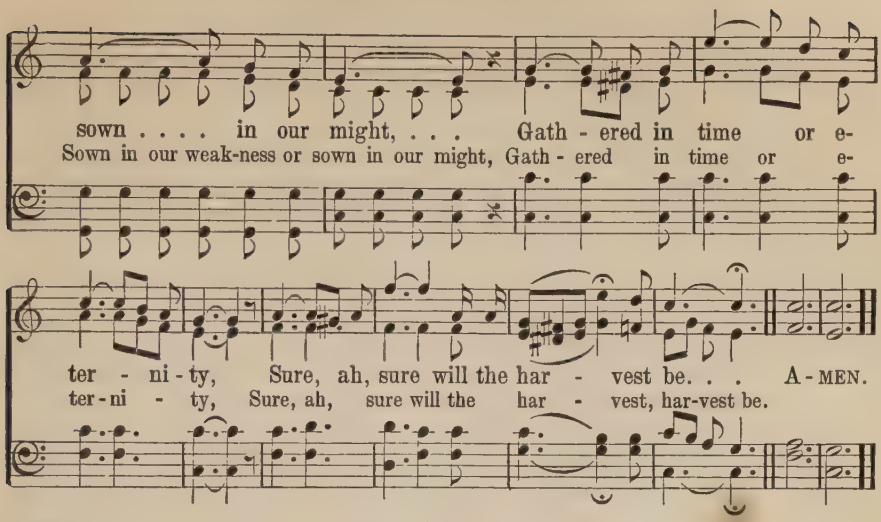

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be;
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be;
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A - MEN.

257 What Shall the Harvest Be?

Emily S. Oakley. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

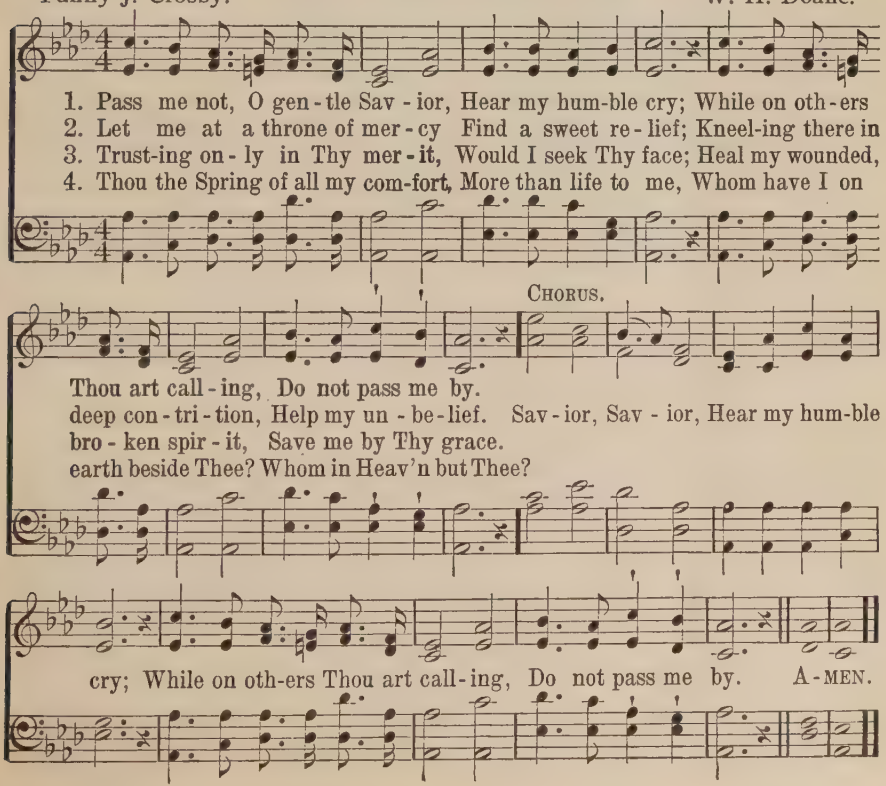

1. Sow-ing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sow-ing the seed by the way-side high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sow-ing the seed of a lin-g'ring pain, Sow-ing the seed of a mad-dened brain,
4. Sow-ing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sow-ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sowing the seed in the sol - emn night;
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tar-nished name, Sowing the seed of e - ter - nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the har - vest home;
Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . . Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . .
CHORUS.
Sown . . . . . in the dark - - - ness or sown . . . in the
Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or
light, . . . Sown . . . in our weak - - - ness or
sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,

What Shall the Harvest Be?

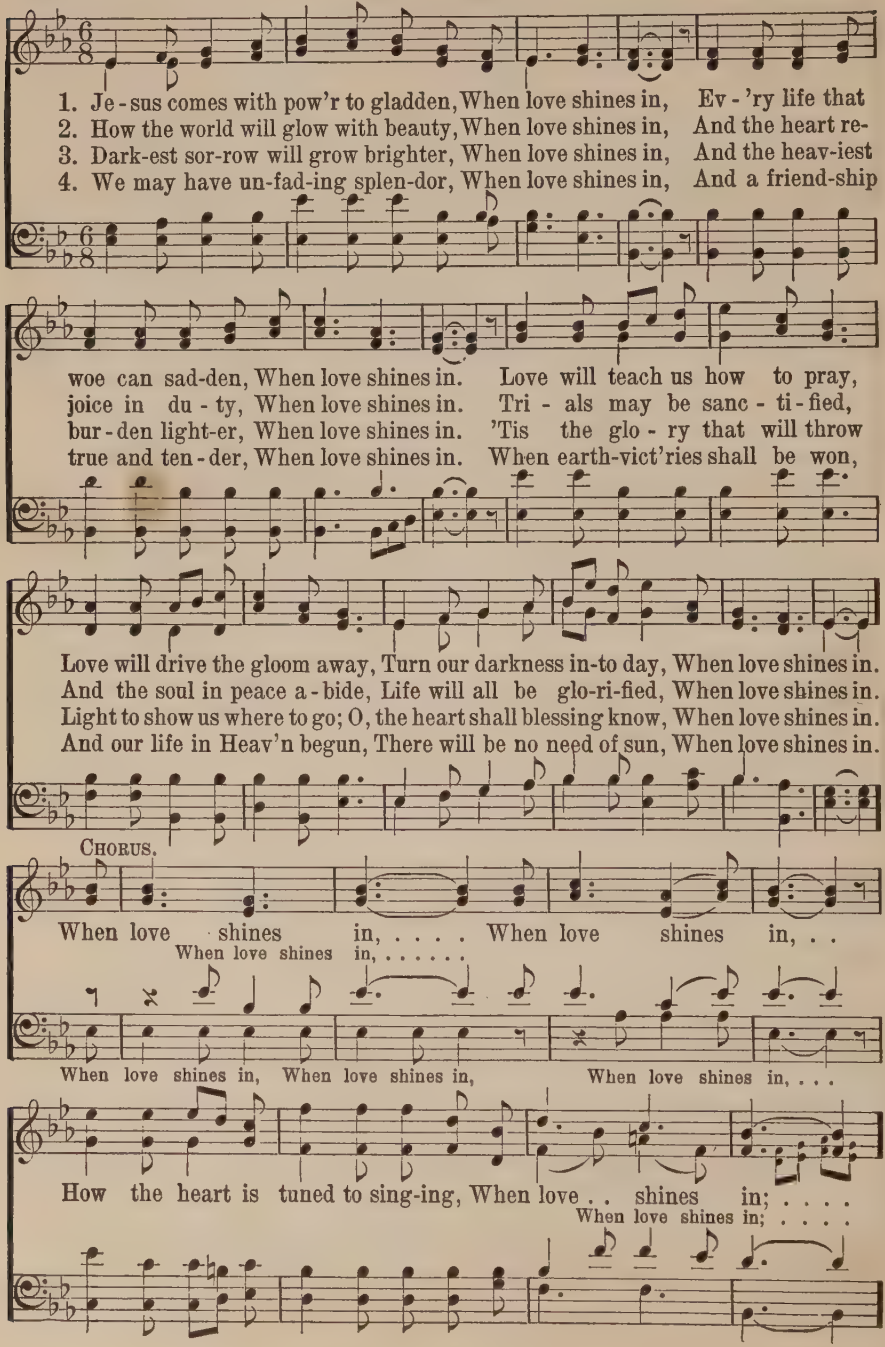

sown . . . . in our might, . . . Gath - ered in time or e-
Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e-
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be. . . A - MEN.
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be.

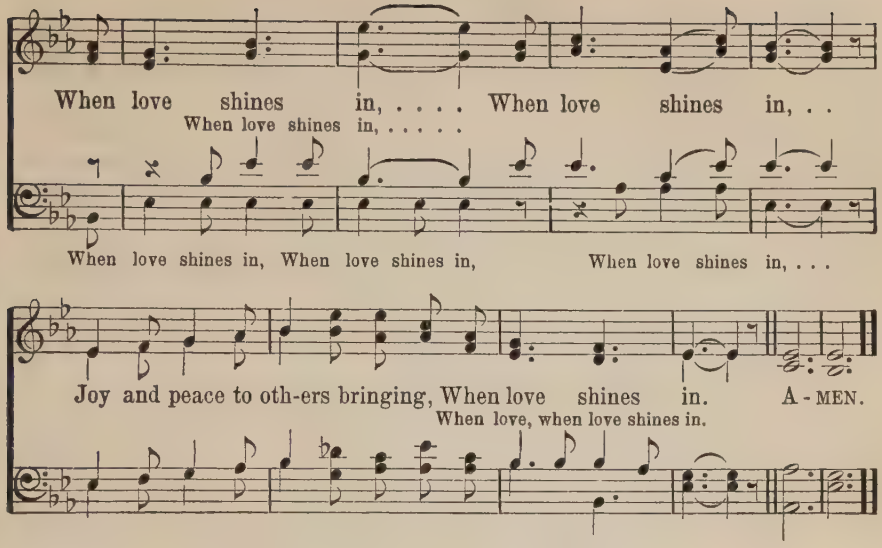
258 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
CHORUS.
Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble
bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by. A - MEN.

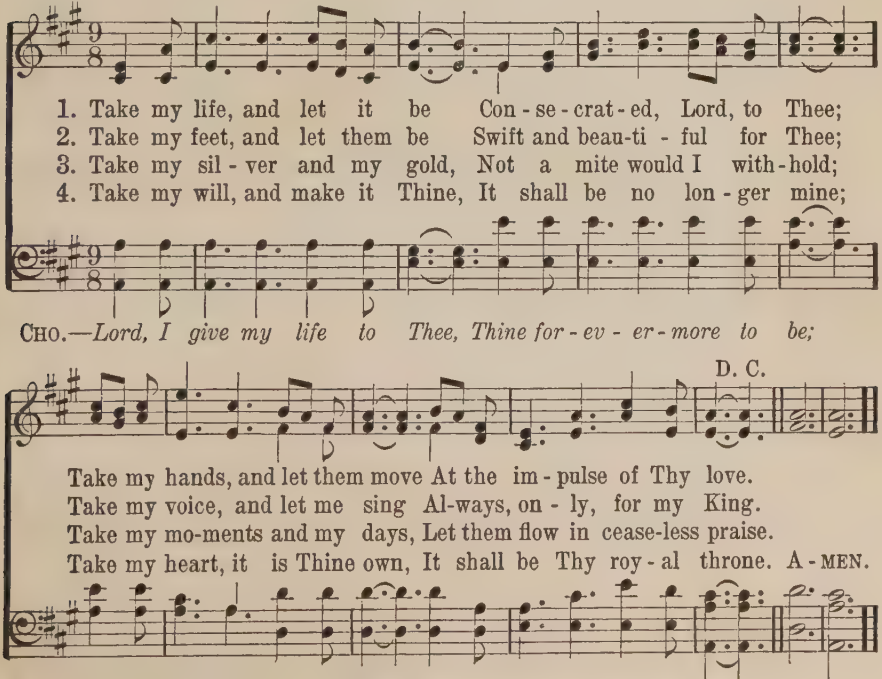
259 When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splen-dor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a - bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in Heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.
CHORUS.
When love shines in, ... When love shines in, . .
When love shines in, ...
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in, . . .
How the heart is tuned to sing-ing, When love . . shines in; . . . .
When love shines in; . . . .

When Love Shines In.

When love shines in, ... When love shines in, . .
When love shines in, ...
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in, . . .
Joy and peace to oth-ers bringing, When love shines in. A-MEN.
When love, when love shines in.

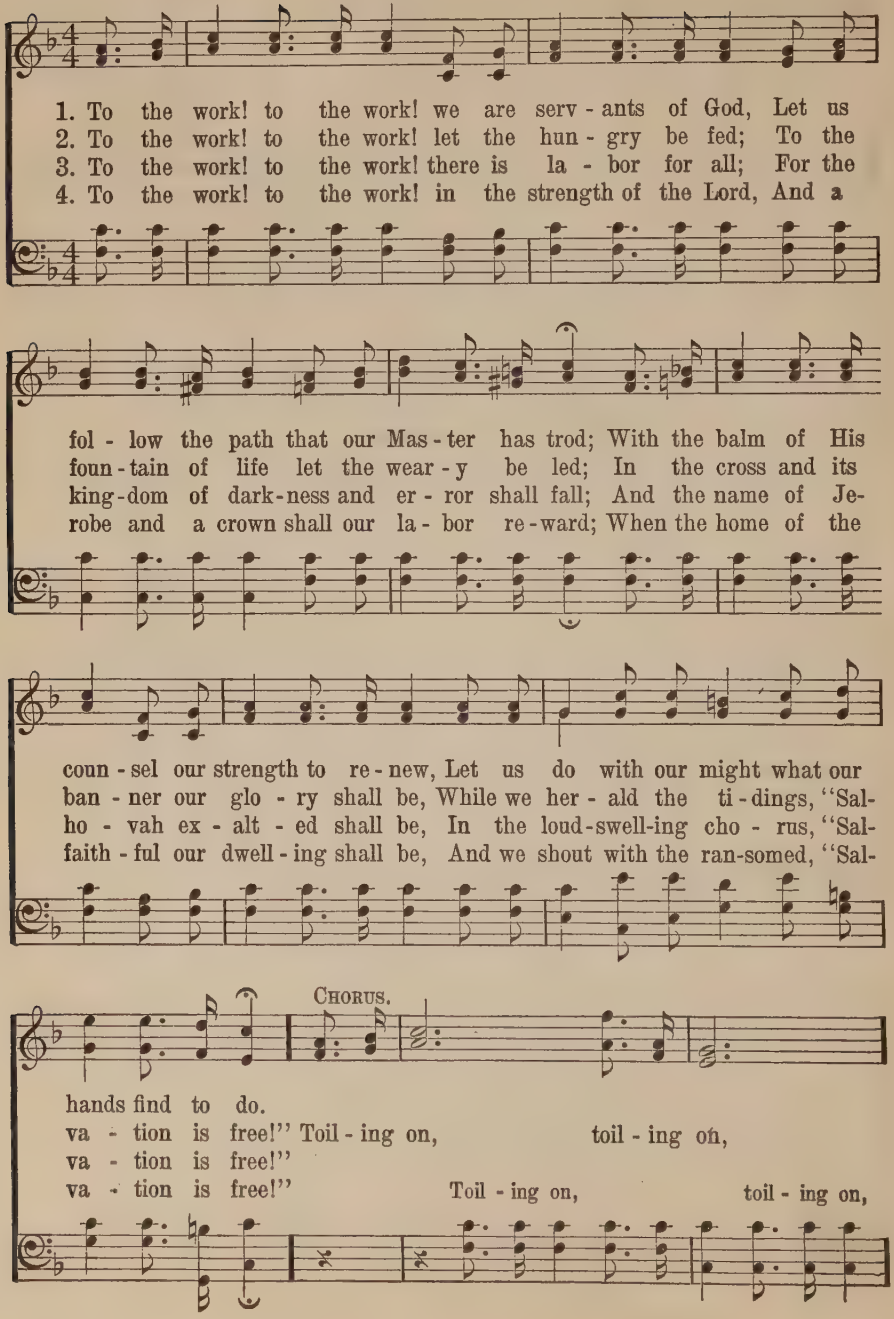
260 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.

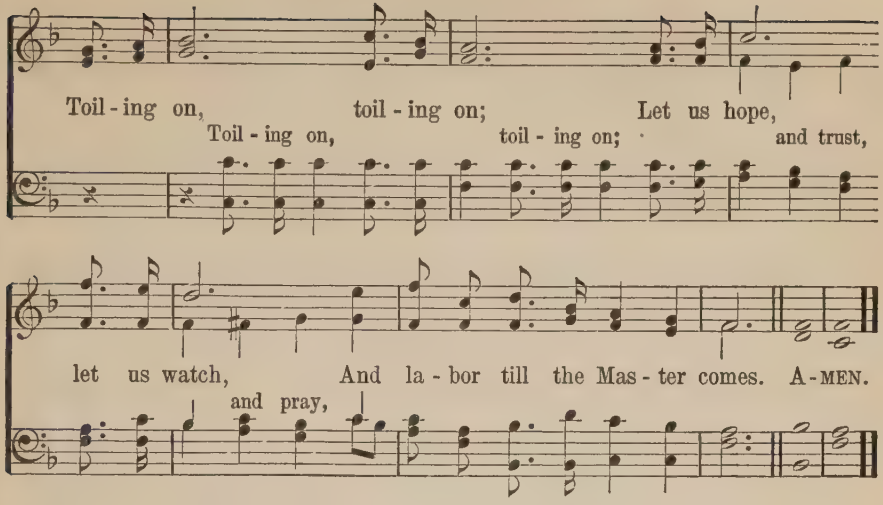

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be;
D. C.
Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne. A-MEN.
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

261 To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

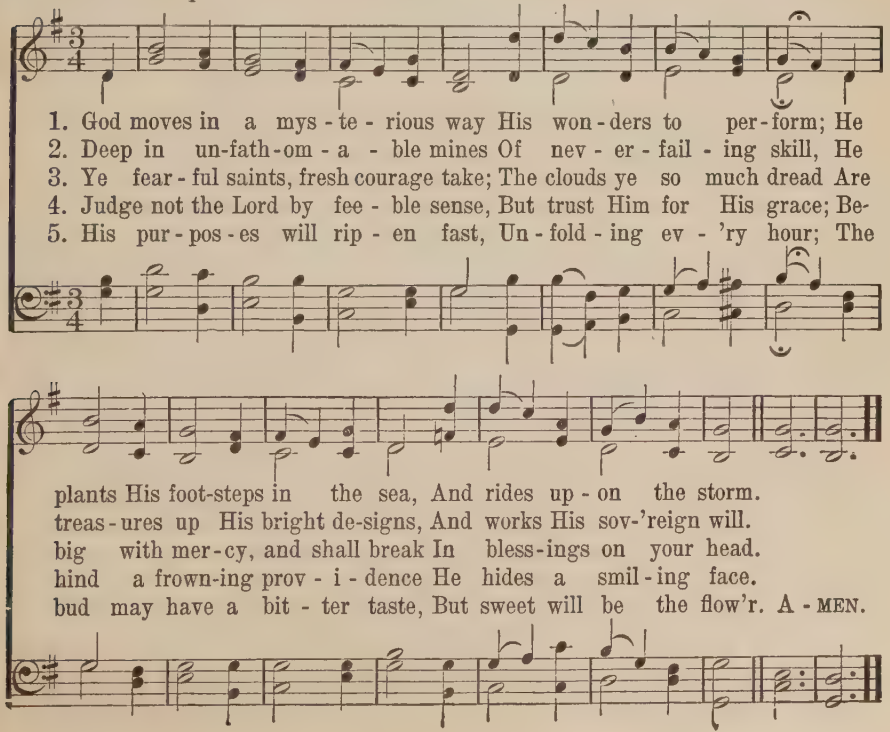

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je-
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the
coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal-
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal-
faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran - somed, "Sal-
Chorus.
hands find to do.
va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

To the Work.


Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; Let us hope,
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; and trust,
let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes. A - MEN.
and pray,

262 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper. *Belmont. C. M.* Samuel Webbe.


1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form; He
2. Deep in un-fath-om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Be-
5. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour; The
plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
treas - ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-'reign will.
big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
hind a frown-ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r. A - MEN.

263 Awake! Awake!

Fanny J. Crosby.

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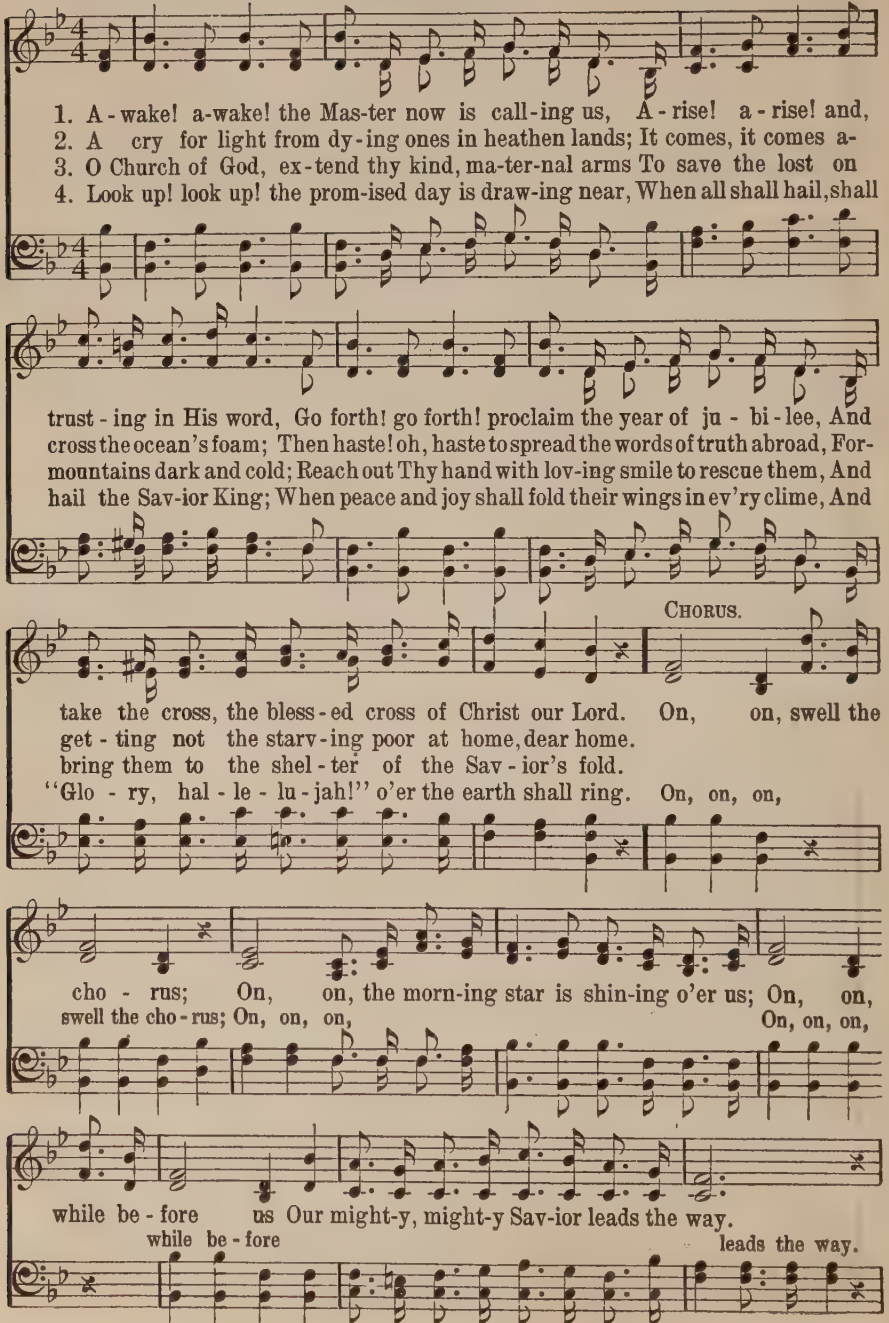
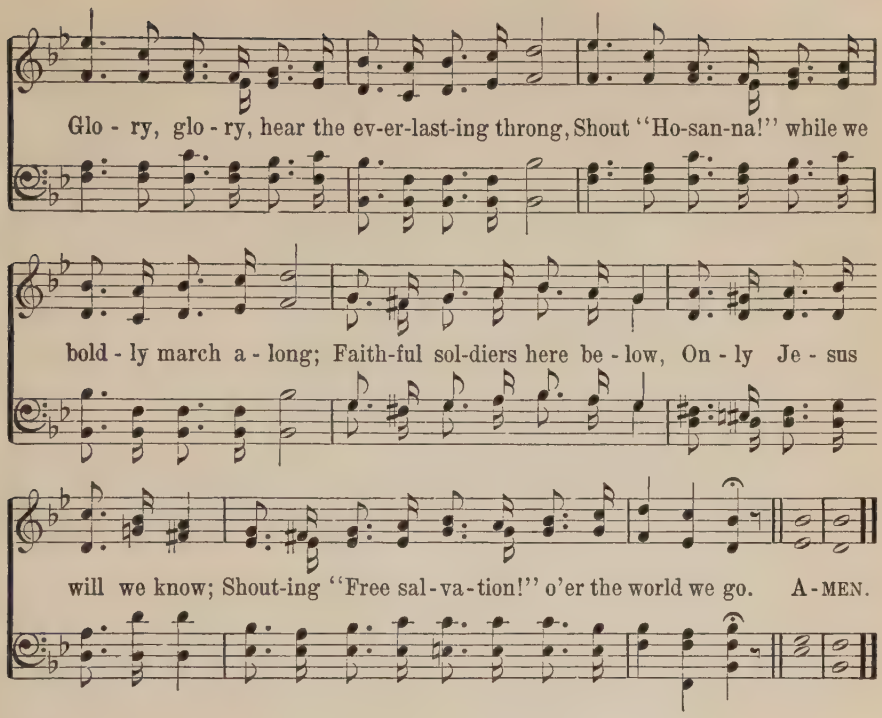
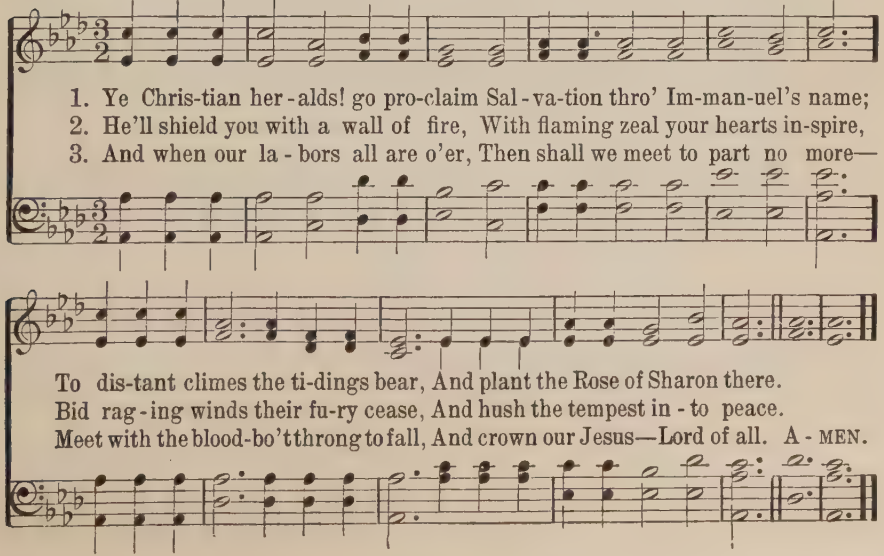
John R. Sweney.

1. A-wake! a-wake! the Mas-ter now is call-ing us, A-rise! a-rise! and,
2. A cry for light from dy-ing ones in heathen lands; It comes, it comes a-
3. O Church of God, ex-tend thy kind, ma-ter-nal arms To save the lost on
4. Look up! look up! the prom-ised day is draw-ing near, When all shall hail, shall
trust-ing in His word, Go forth! go forth! proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee, And
cross the ocean's foam; Then haste! oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For-
mountains dark and cold; Reach out Thy hand with lov-ing smile to rescue them, And
hail the Sav-ior King; When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime, And
CHORUS.
take the cross, the bless-ed cross of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the
get-ting not the starv-ing poor at home, dear home.
bring them to the shel-ter of the Sav-ior's fold.
"Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!" o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,
cho-rus; On, on, the morn-ing star is shin-ing o'er us; On, on,
swell the cho-rus; On, on, on,
On, on, on,
while be-fore us Our might-y, might-y Sav-ior leads the way.
while be-fore
leads the way.

Awake! Awake!


Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev-er-last-ing throng, Shout "Ho-san-na!" while we
bold - ly march a - long; Faith-ful sol-diers here be - low, On - ly Je - sus
will we know; Shout-ing "Free sal - va - tion!" o'er the world we go. A - MEN.

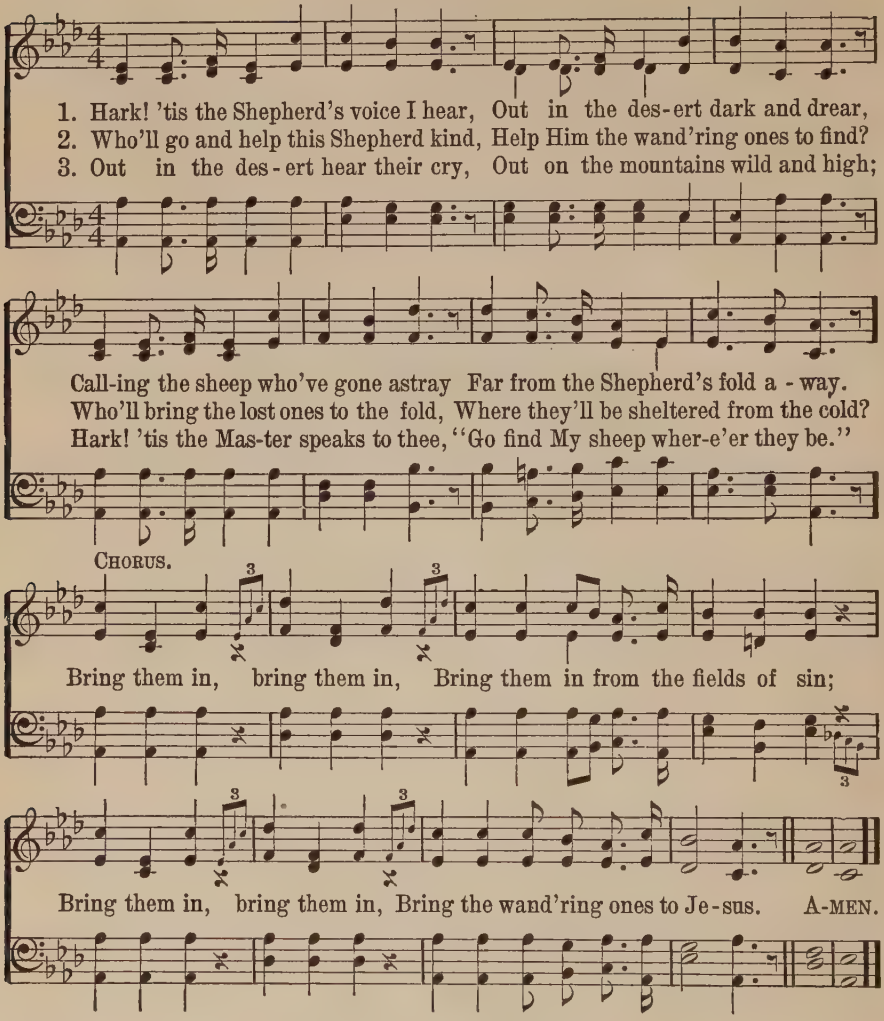
264 Ye Christian Heralds!

B. H. Draper. *Missionary Chant. L. M.* H. C. Zeuner.


1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts in-spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—
To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bo't throng to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A - MEN.

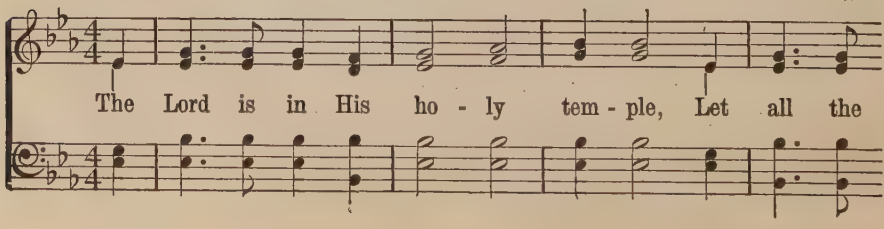
265 Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MRS. W. A. OGDEN. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. Ogden.

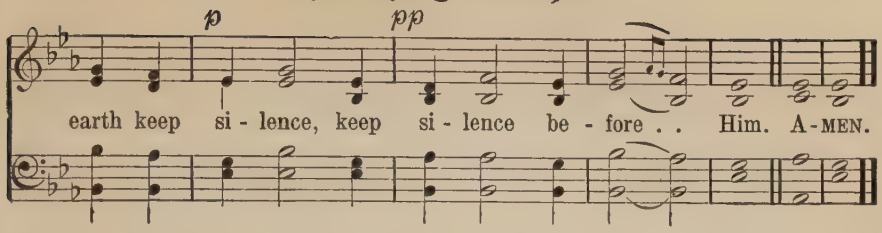

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;
Call-ing the sheep who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find My sheep wher-e'er they be."
CHORUS.
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je-sus. A-MEN.

266 His Holy Temple.

E. O. E.



His Holy Temple.



267 Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

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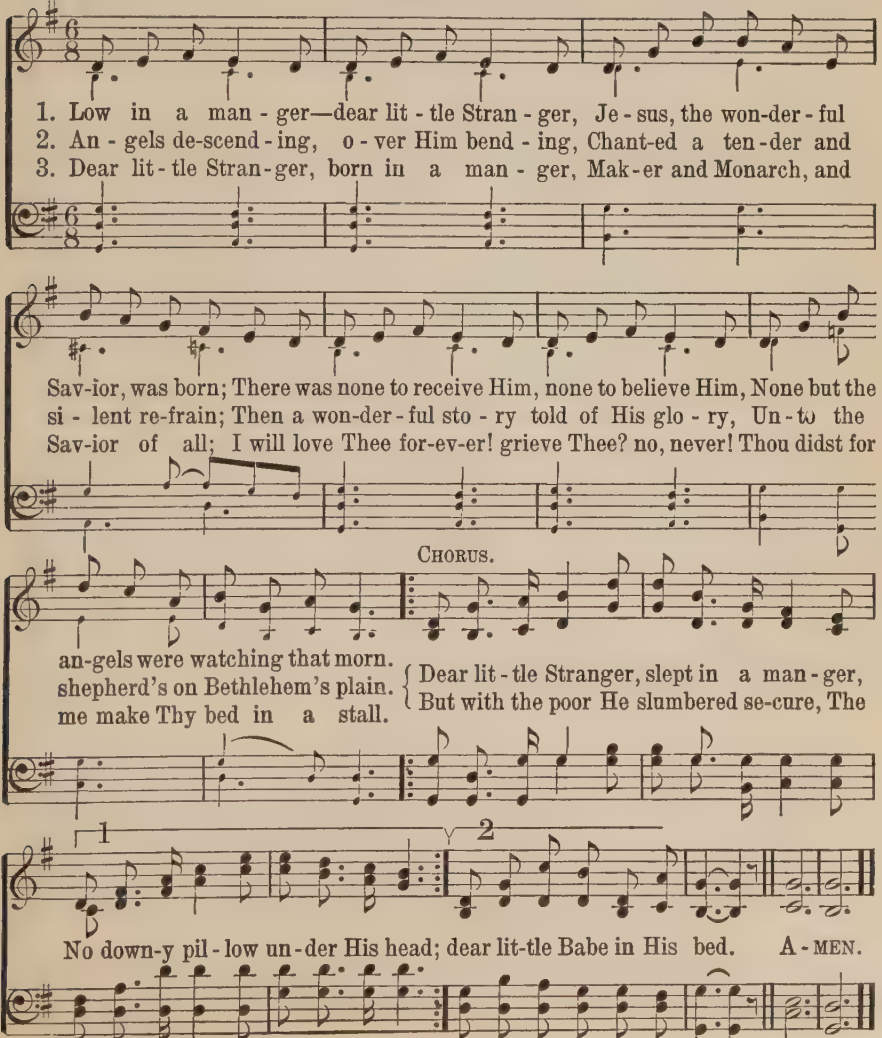
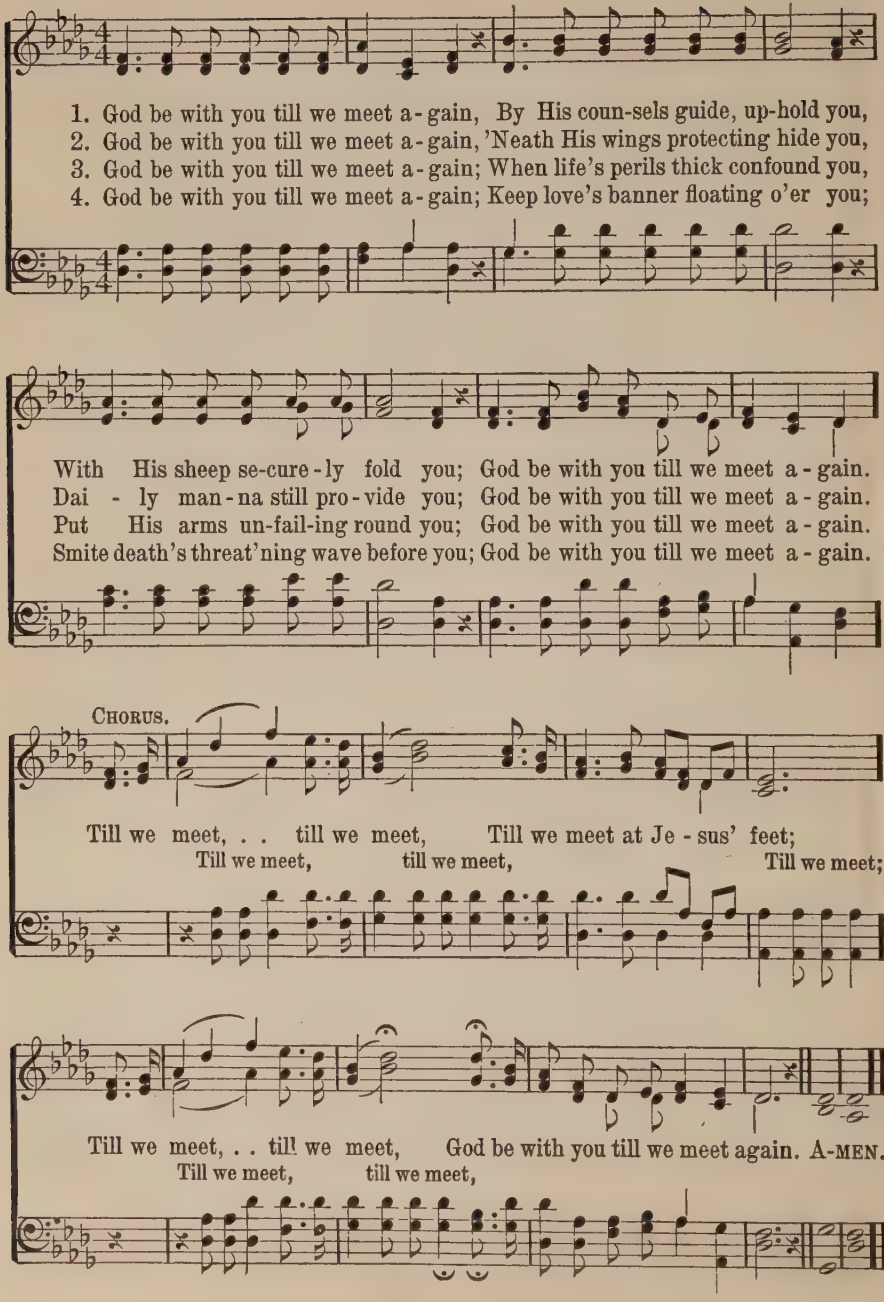
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and
Sav-ior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent re-frain; Then a won-der - ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev-er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for
CHORUS.
an-gels were watching that morn.
shepherd's on Bethlehem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.
Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The
1
2
No down-y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit-tle Babe in His bed. A - MEN.

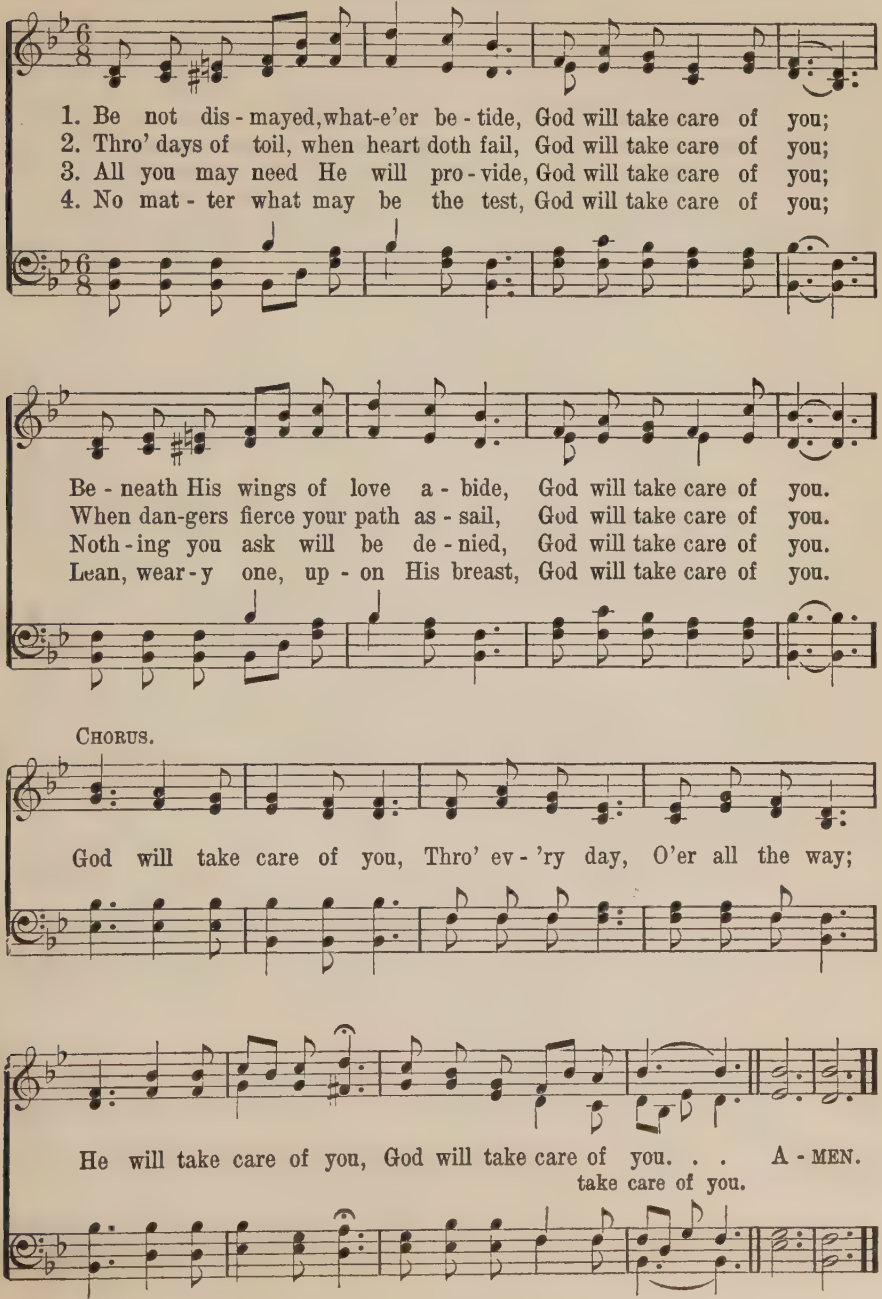
268 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. *Endeavor. P. M.* W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet;
Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. A-MEN.
Till we meet, till we meet,

269 God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS. USED BY PERMISSION. W. S. Martin.

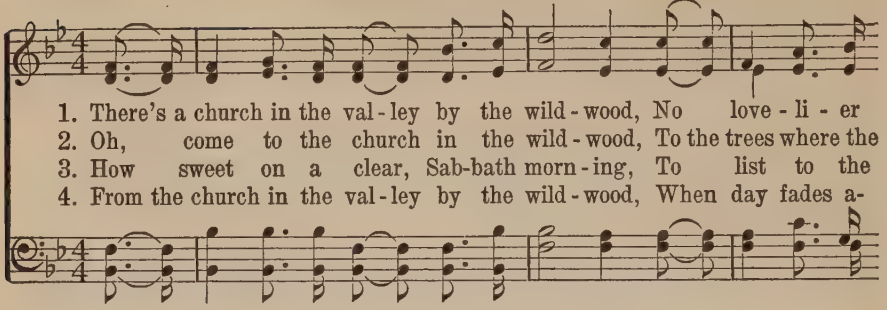

1. Be not dis - mayed, what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.
take care of you.

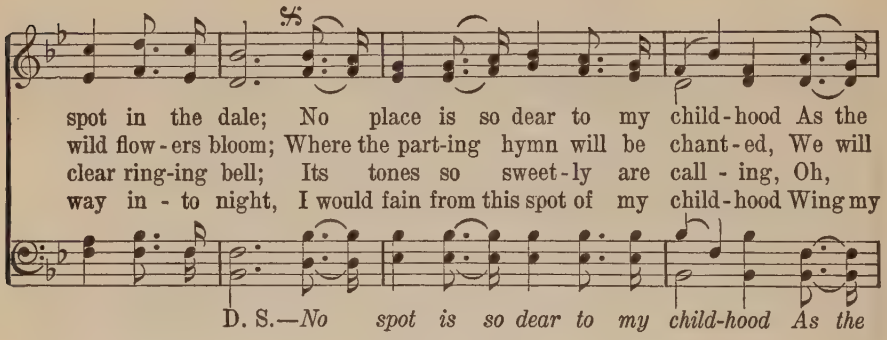
270 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

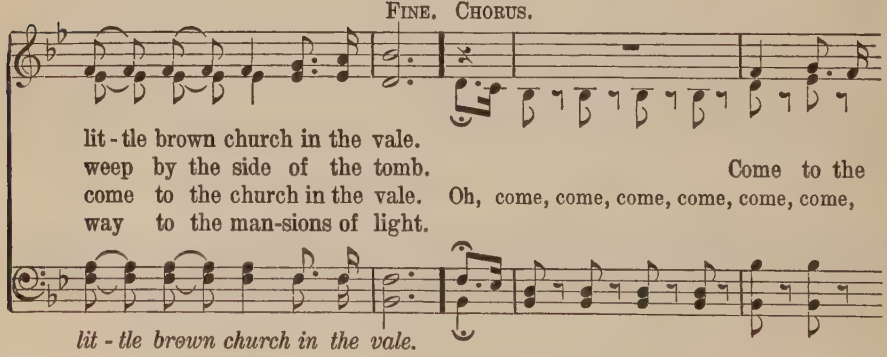
NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

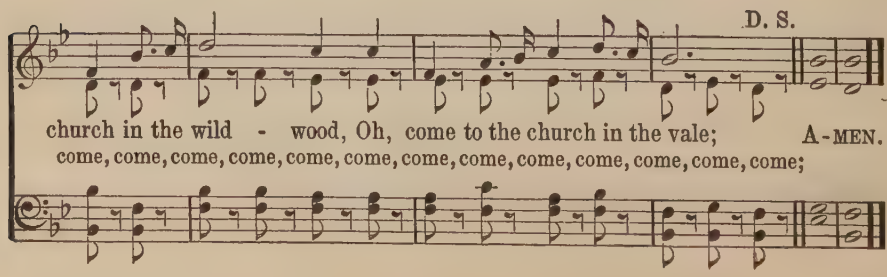
Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-


spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my
D. S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

FINE. CHORUS.

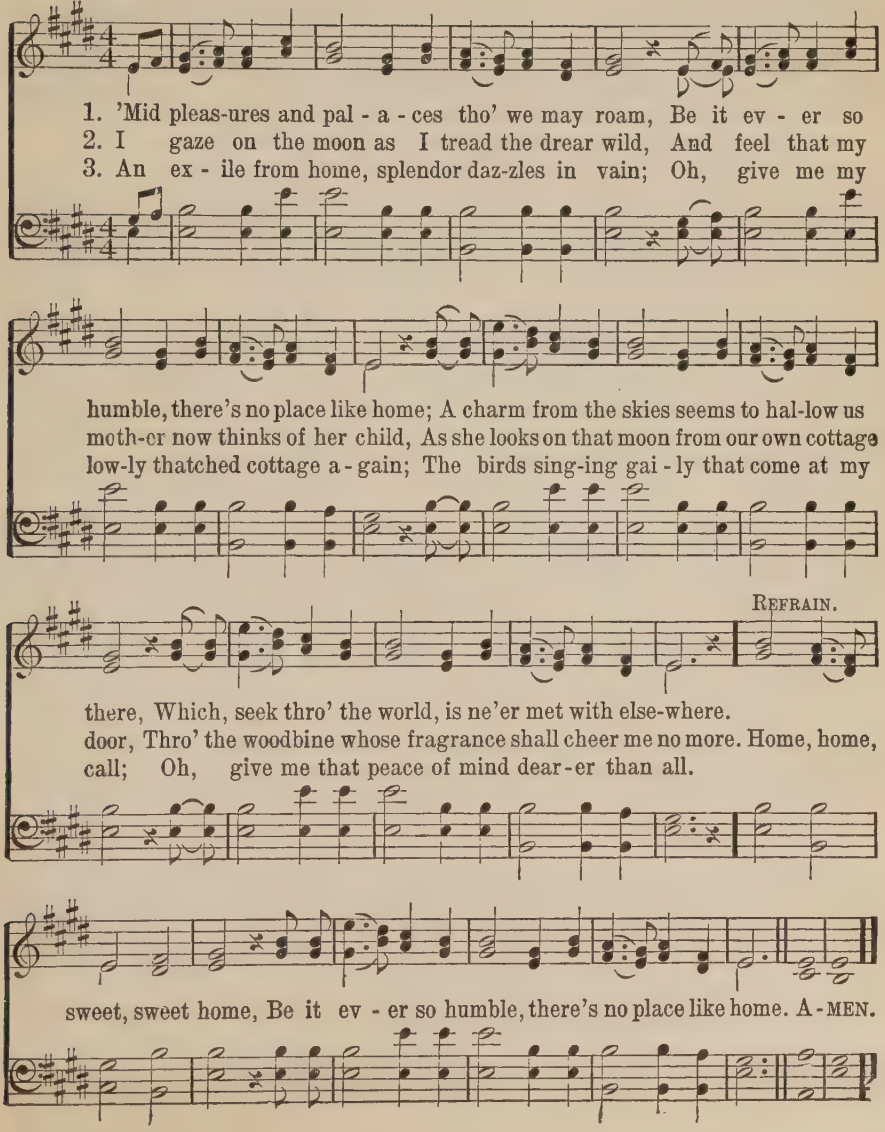

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit-tle brown church in the vale.


D. S.
church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
A-MEN.
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

Special Selections

271 Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.


1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my
humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us
moth-er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
low-ly thatched cottage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly that come at my
REFRAIN.
there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
door, Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
call; Oh, give me that peace of mind dear-er than all.
sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home. A - MEN.

272 Think On Thy Way.

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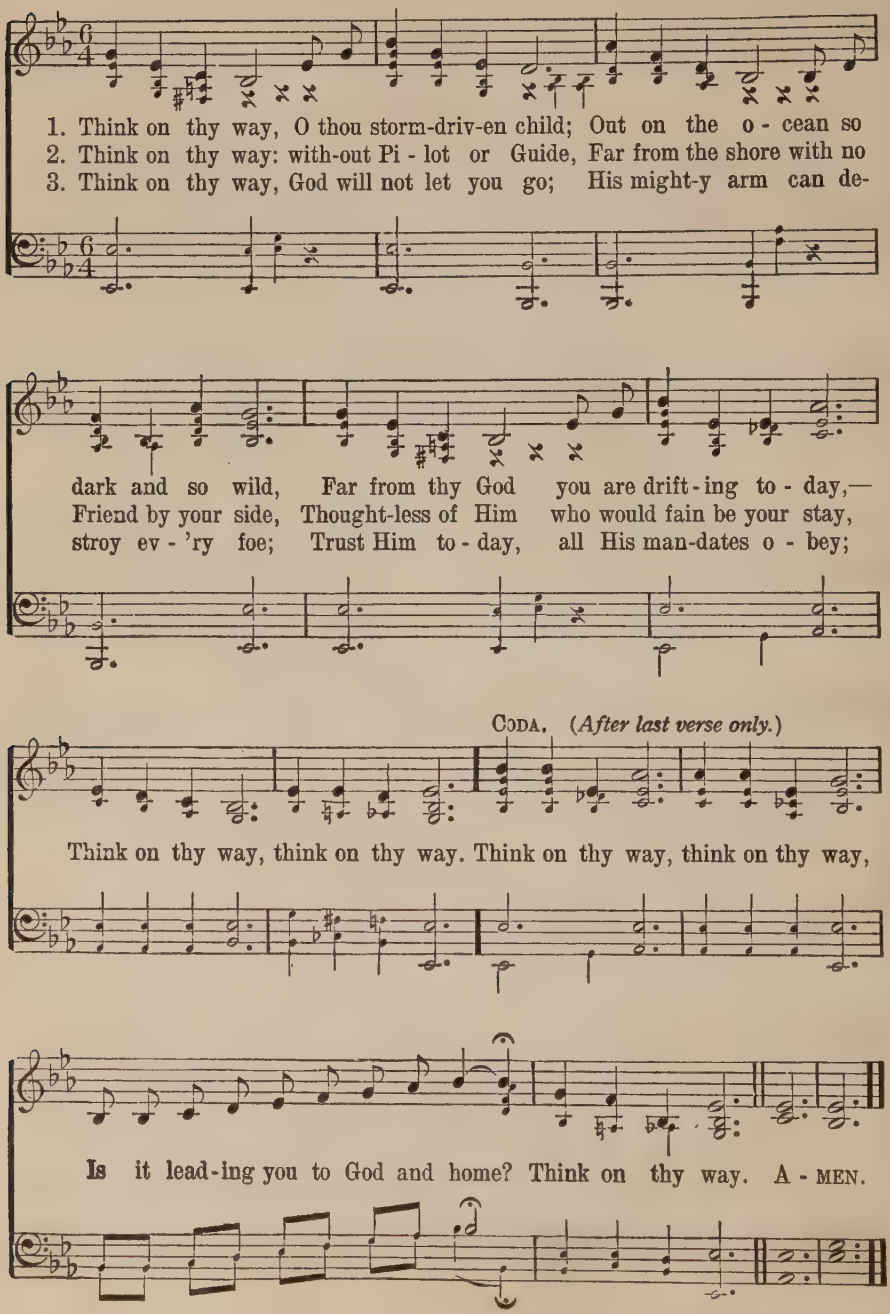
WORDS AND MUSIC. J. P. Scholfield.


1. Think on thy way, O thou storm-driv-en child; Out on the o - cean so
2. Think on thy way: with-out Pi - lot or Guide, Far from the shore with no
3. Think on thy way, God will not let you go; His might-y arm can de-
dark and so wild, Far from thy God you are drift-ing to - day,—
Friend by your side, Thought-less of Him who would fain be your stay,
stroy ev - 'ry foe; Trust Him to - day, all His man-dates o - bey;
CODA. (After last verse only.)
Think on thy way, think on thy way. Think on thy way, think on thy way,
Is it lead-ing you to God and home? Think on thy way. A - MEN.

273 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

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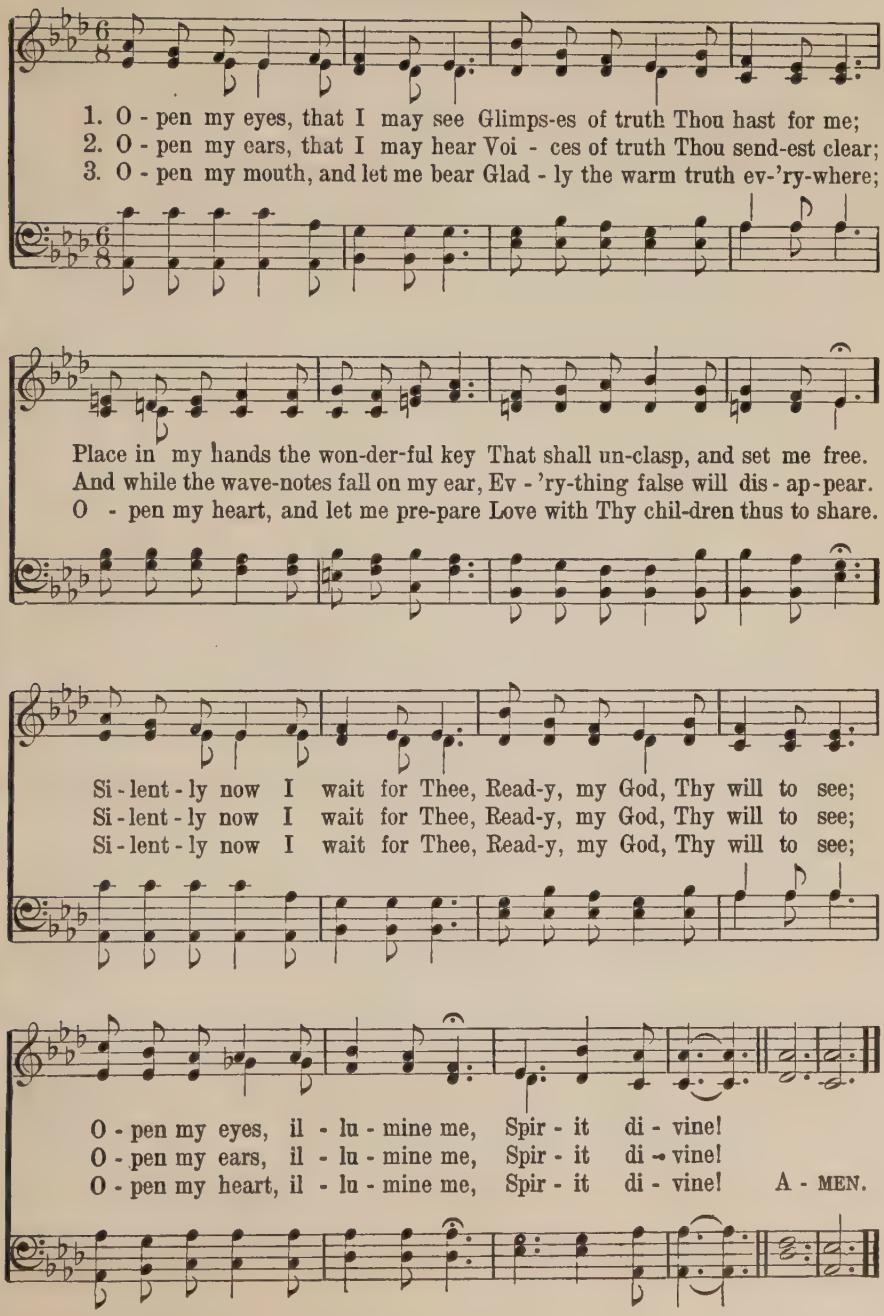
Chas. H. Scott.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;
Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine! A - MEN.

274 A Thought of Him.

C. L.

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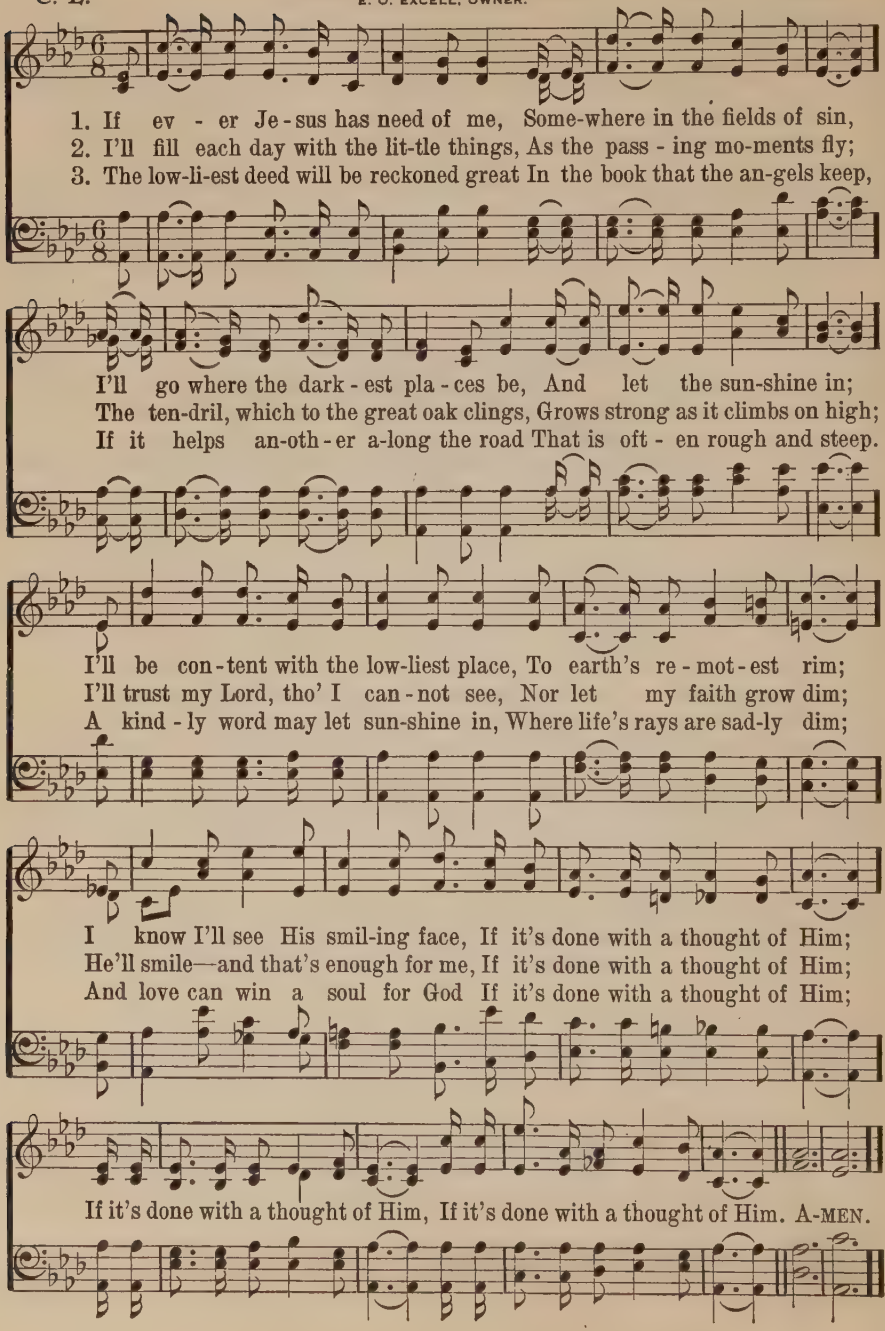
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If ev - er Je - sus has need of me, Some-where in the fields of sin,
2. I'll fill each day with the lit-tle things, As the pass - ing mo-ments fly;
3. The low-li-est deed will be reckoned great In the book that the an-gels keep,
I'll go where the dark - est pla - ces be, And let the sun-shine in;
The ten-dril, which to the great oak clings, Grows strong as it climbs on high;
If it helps an-oth - er a-long the road That is oft - en rough and steep.
I'll be con - tent with the low-liest place, To earth's re - mot - est rim;
I'll trust my Lord, tho' I can - not see, Nor let my faith grow dim;
A kind - ly word may let sun-shine in, Where life's rays are sad-ly dim;
I know I'll see His smil-ing face, If it's done with a thought of Him;
He'll smile—and that's enough for me, If it's done with a thought of Him;
And love can win a soul for God If it's done with a thought of Him;
If it's done with a thought of Him, If it's done with a thought of Him. A-MEN.

275 In His Keeping.

C. H. M.

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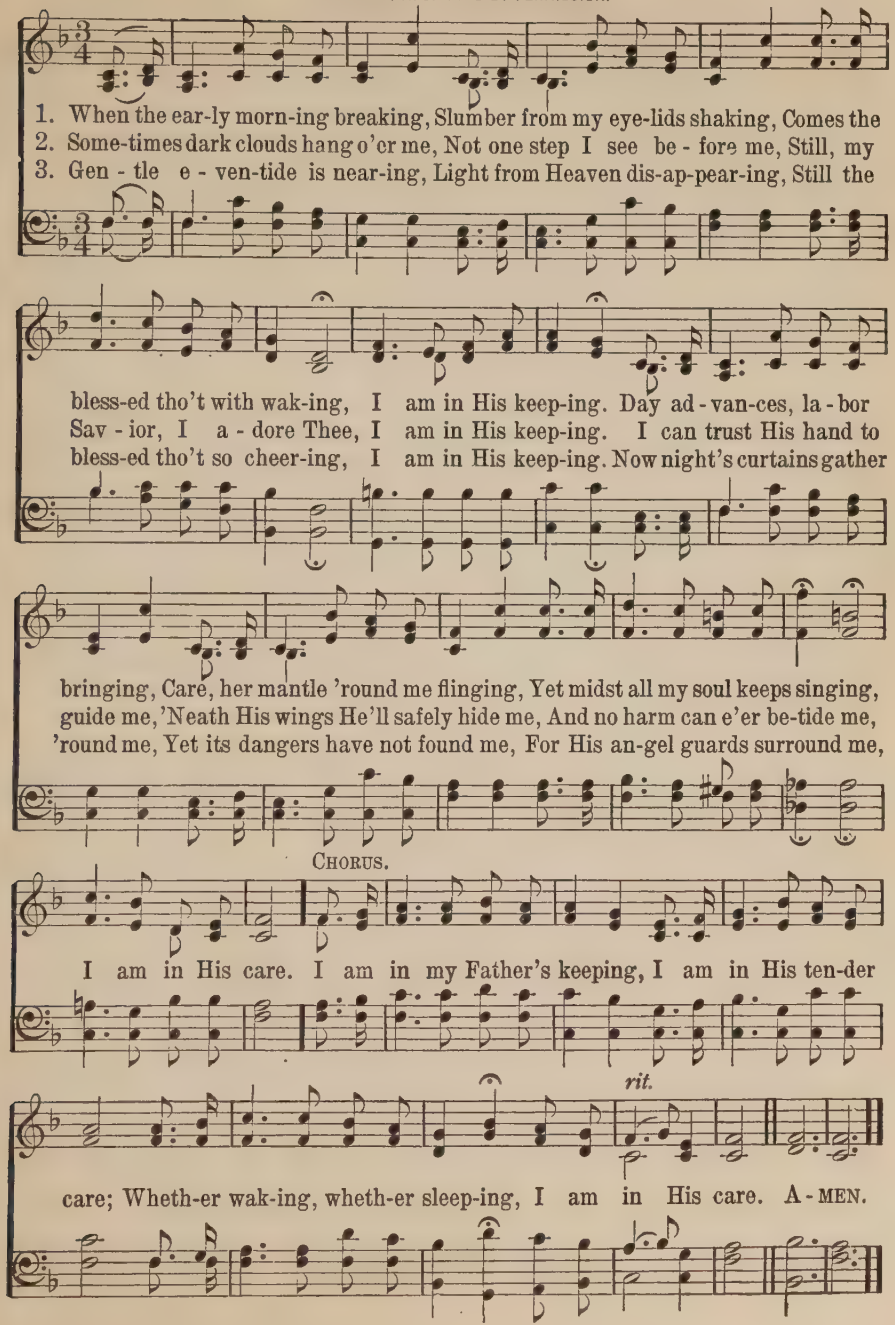
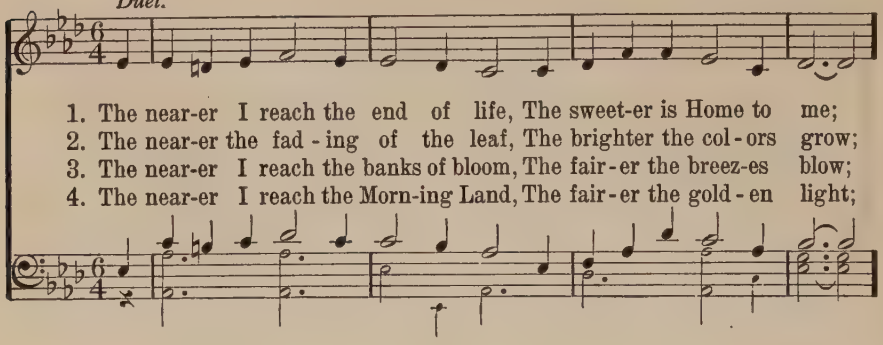
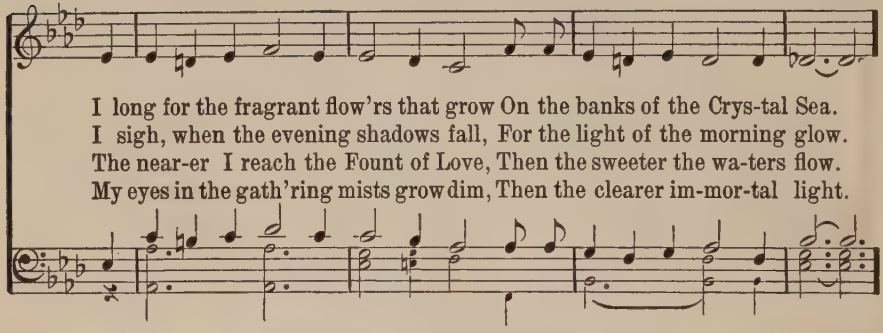
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. When the ear-ly morn-ing breaking, Slumber from my eye-lids shaking, Comes the
2. Some-times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be - fore me, Still, my
3. Gen - tle e - ven-tide is near-ing, Light from Heaven dis-ap-pear-ing, Still the
bless-ed tho't with wak-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Day ad - van-ces, la - bor
Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee, I am in His keep-ing. I can trust His hand to
bless-ed tho't so cheer-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Now night's curtains gather
bringing, Care, her mantle 'round me flinging, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing,
guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no harm can e'er be-tide me,
'round me, Yet its dangers have not found me, For His an-gel guards surround me,
CHORUS.
I am in His care. I am in my Father's keeping, I am in His ten-der
rit.
care; Wheth-er wak-ing, wheth-er sleep-ing, I am in His care. A - MEN.

276 The Nearer, The Sweeter.

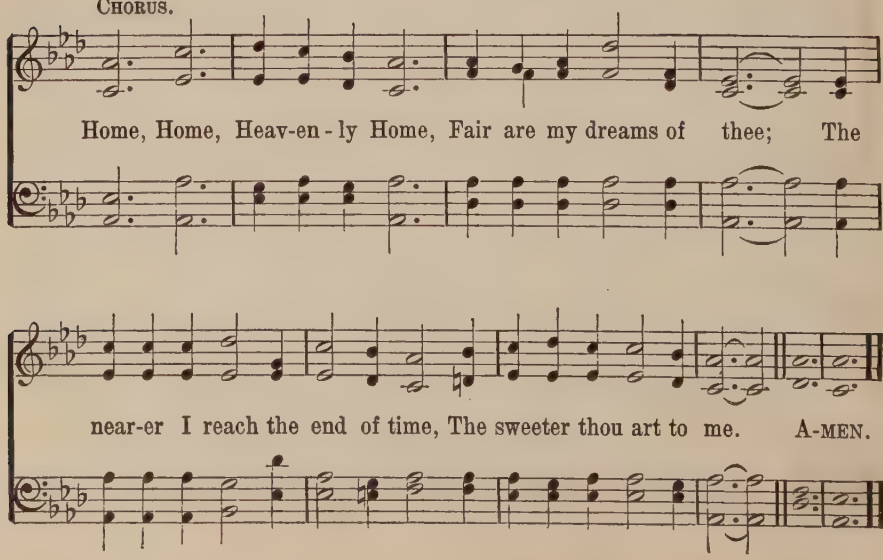
Jesse P. Tompkins. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

Duet.


1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweet-er is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad-ing of the leaf, The brighter the col-ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez-es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morn-ing Land, The fair-er the gold-en light;


I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crys-tal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shadows fall, For the light of the morning glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the wa-ters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal light.

CHORUS.



277 Who Could It Be?

Fred P. Morris.

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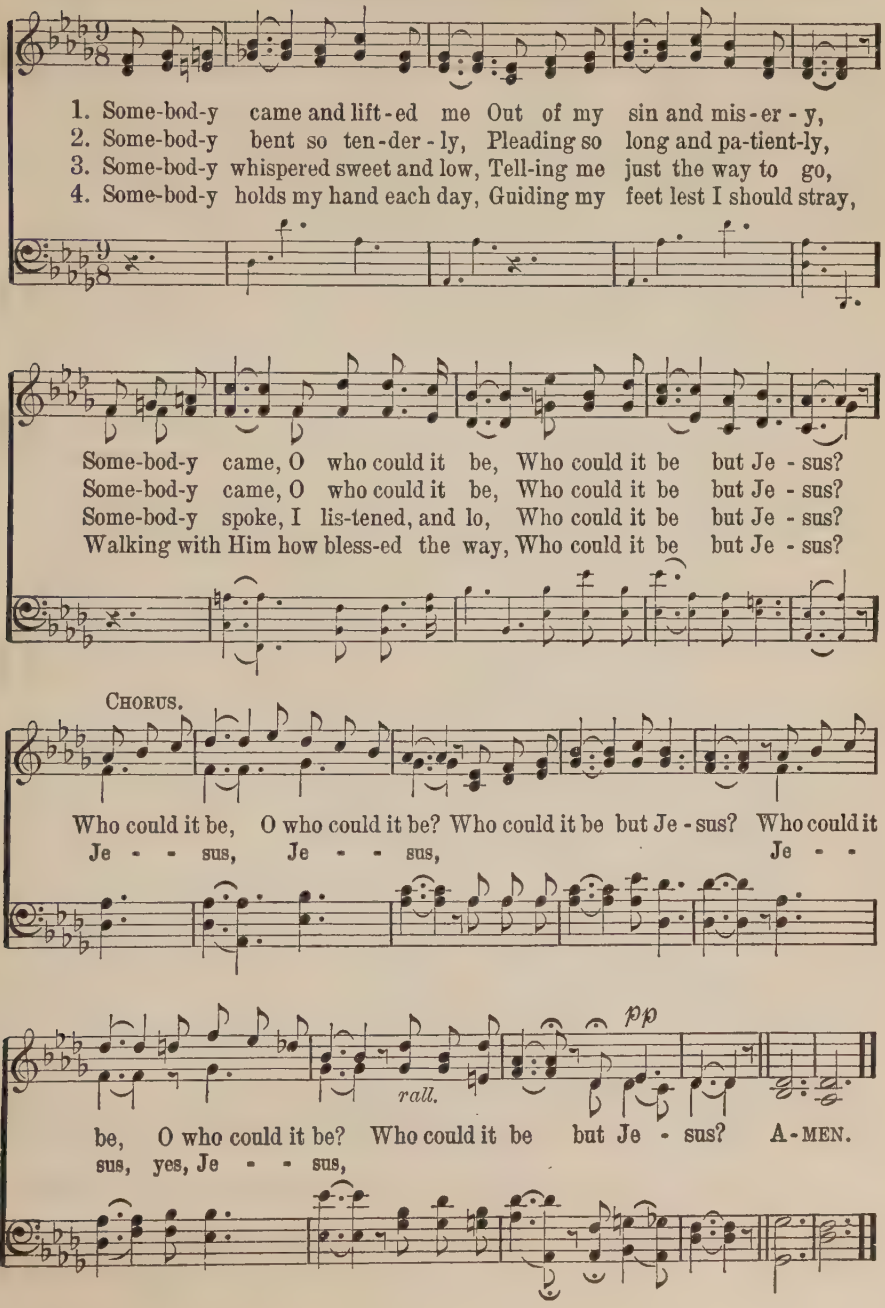
1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er-y,
2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der-ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient-ly,
3. Some-bod-y whispered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to go,
4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guiding my feet lest I should stray,
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Walking with Him how bless-ed the way, Who could it be but Je-sus?
CHORUS.
Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je-sus? Who could it
Je - - sus, Je - - sus, Je - -
rall.
pp
be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je-sus? A-MEN.
sus, yes, Je - - sus,

278 He Loves Even Me.

S. L.

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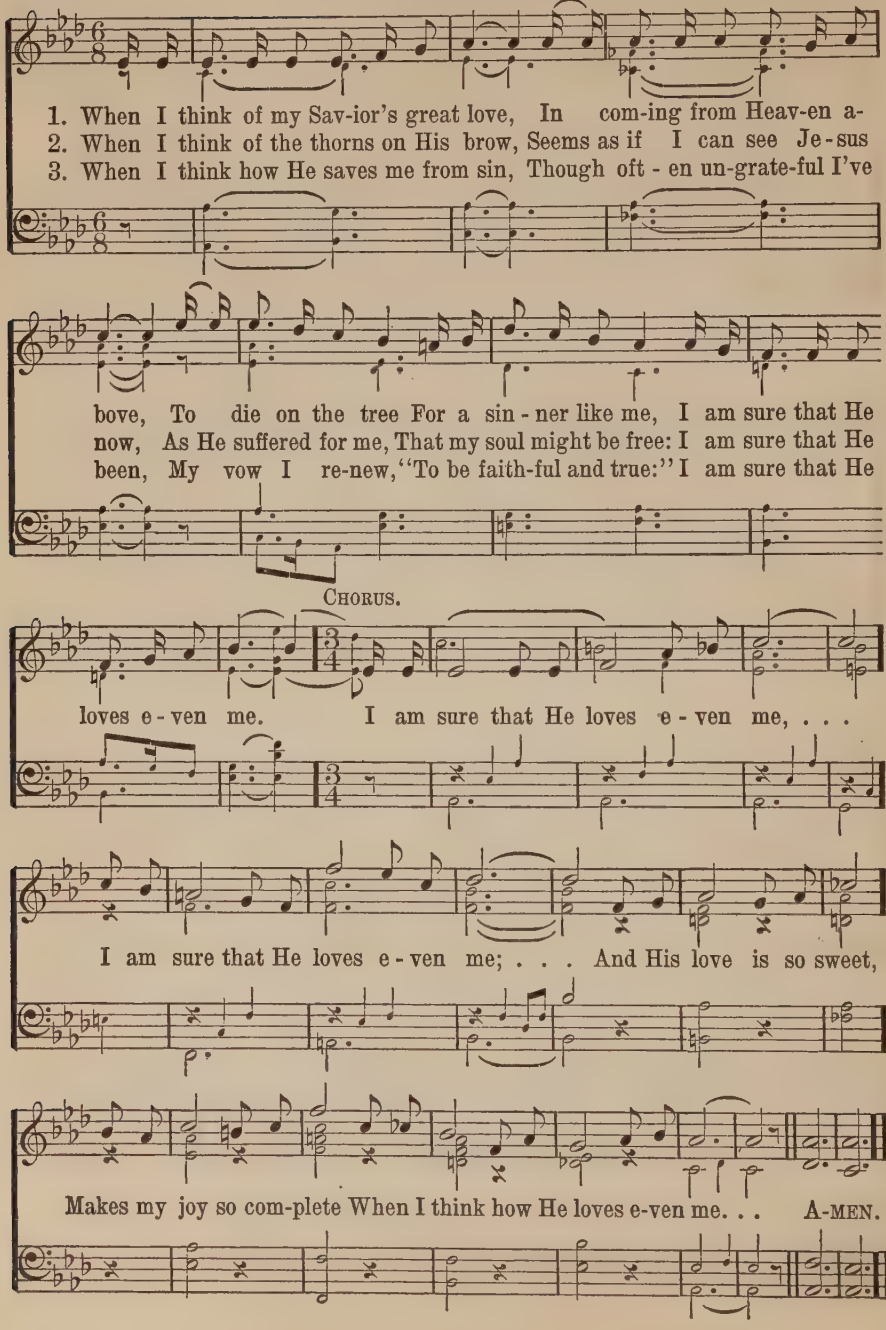
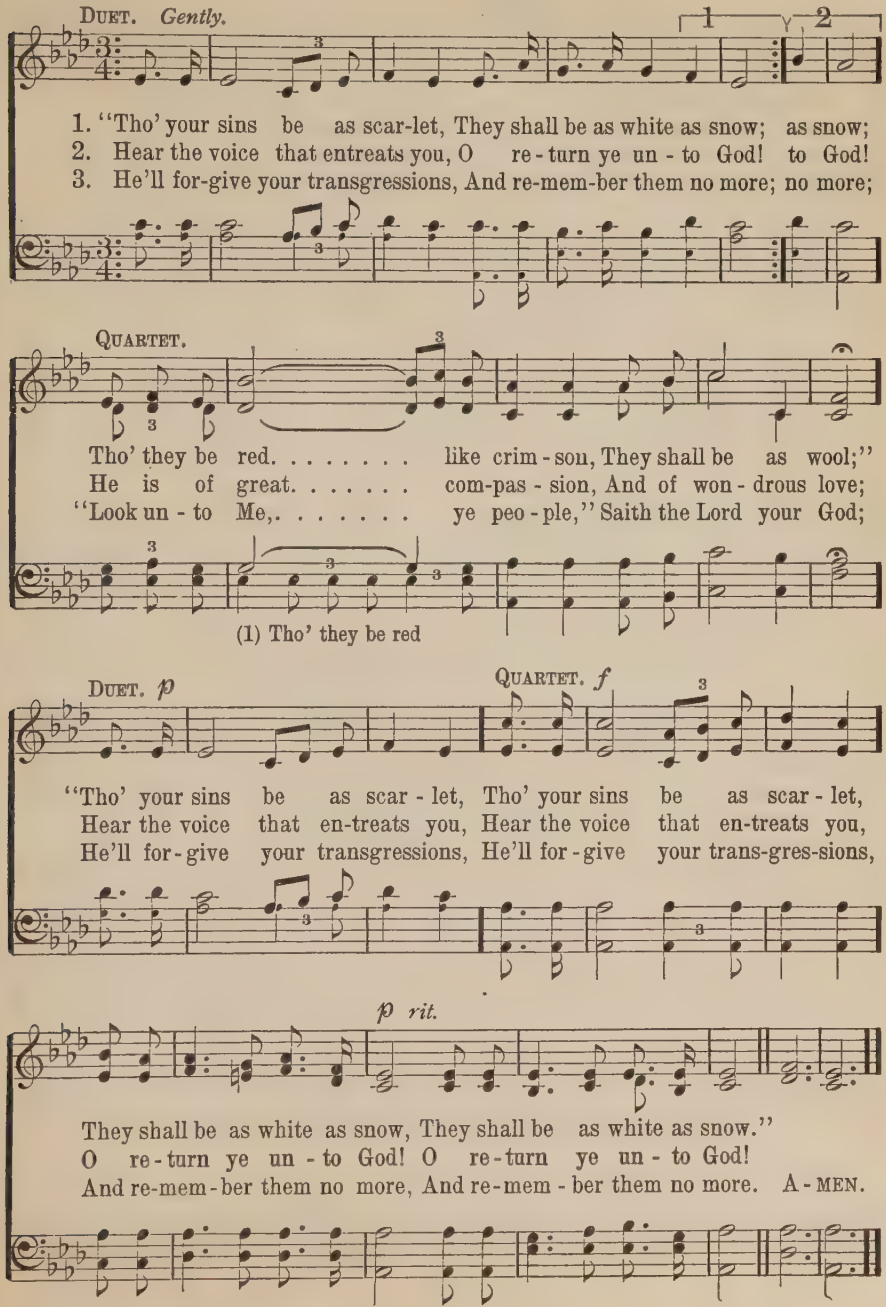
WORDS AND MUSIC.

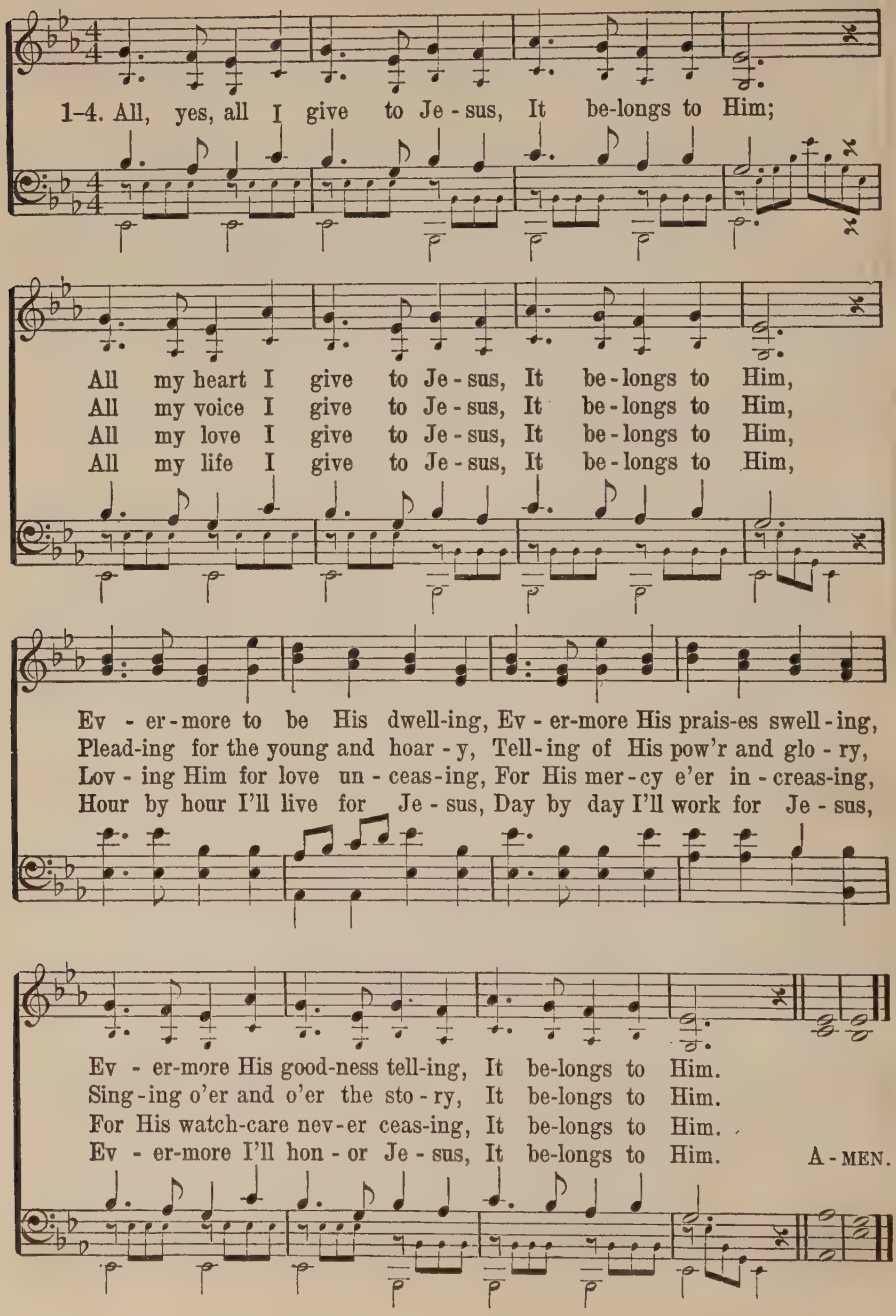
Scott Lawrence.


1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've
bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suffered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true:" I am sure that He
CHORUS.
loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .
I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . And His love is so sweet,
Makes my joy so com-plete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . A-MEN.

279 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. F. T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.

DUET. Gently.
1
2
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red. . . . . like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great. . . . . com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un-to Me,. . . . . ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;
(1) Tho' they be red
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,
p rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more. A-MEN.

280 All For Jesus.

J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1-4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him,
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him,
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him,
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him,
Ev - er - more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His prais-es swell - ing,
Plead-ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas-ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,
Ev - er-more His good-ness tell-ing, It be-longs to Him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev-er ceas-ing, It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be-longs to Him. A - MEN.

281 I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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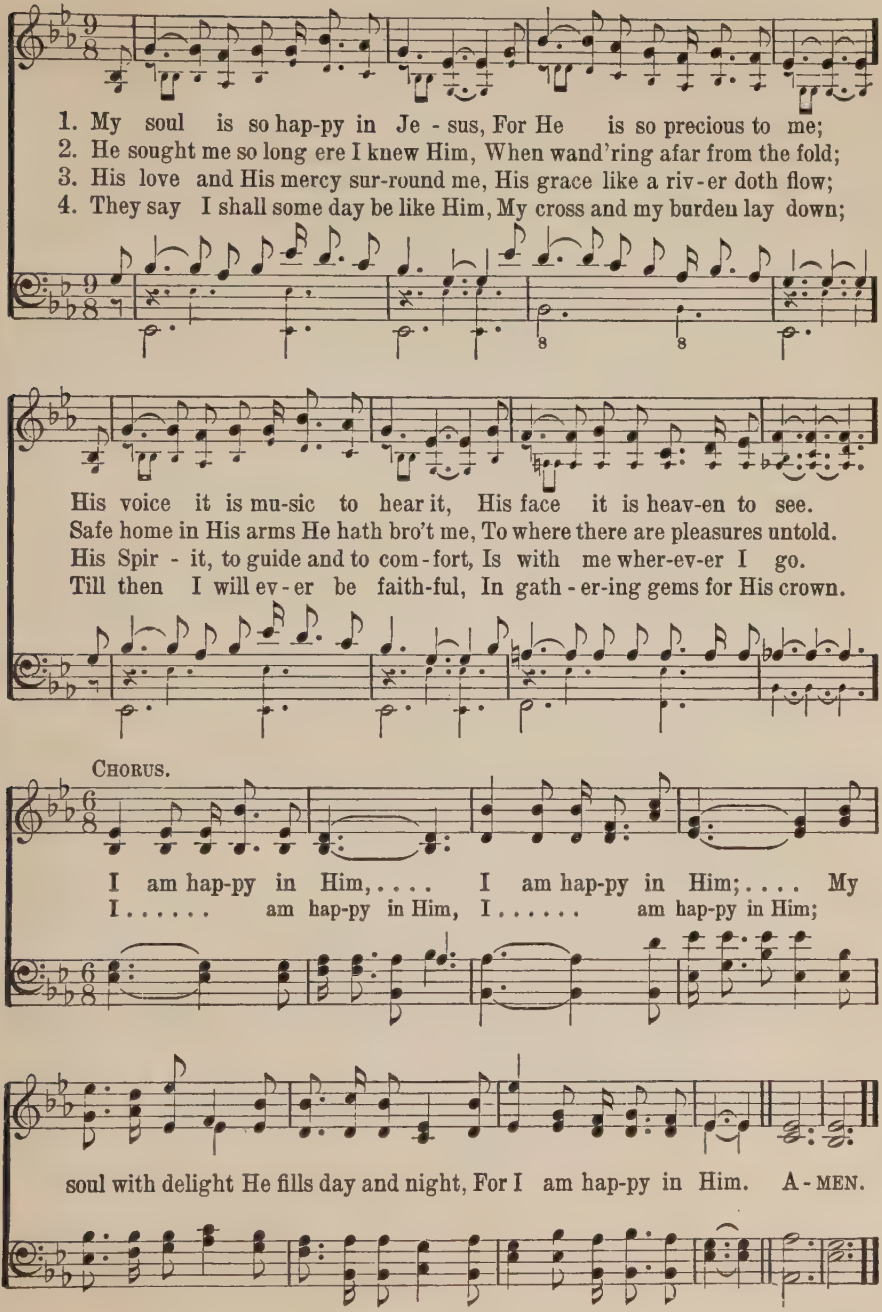
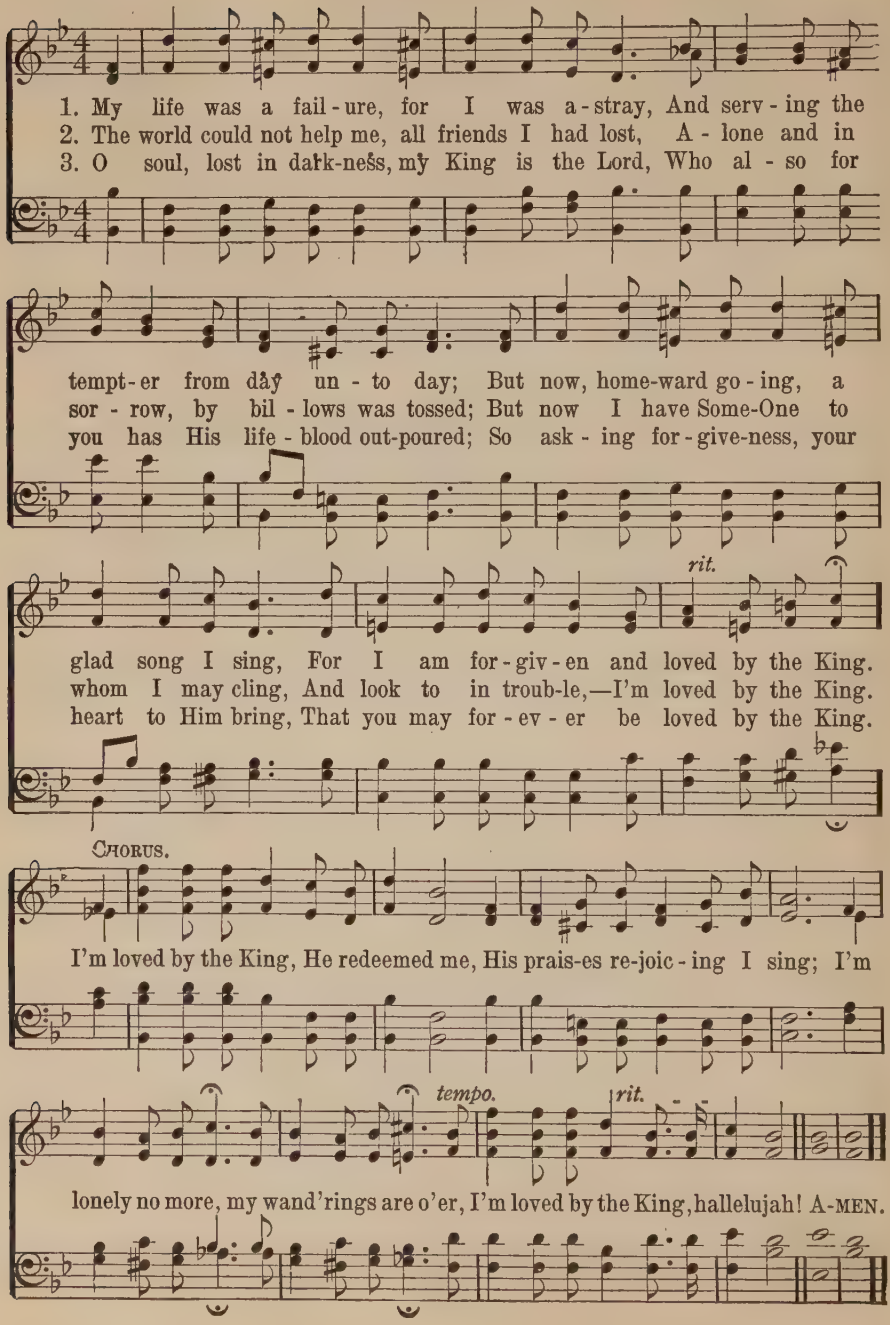
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mercy sur-round me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;
His voice it is mu-sic to hear it, His face it is heav-en to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to com-fort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath-er-ing gems for His crown.
CHORUS.
I am hap-py in Him, ... I am hap-py in Him; . . . . My
I . . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . . am hap-py in Him;
soul with delight He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him. A-MEN.

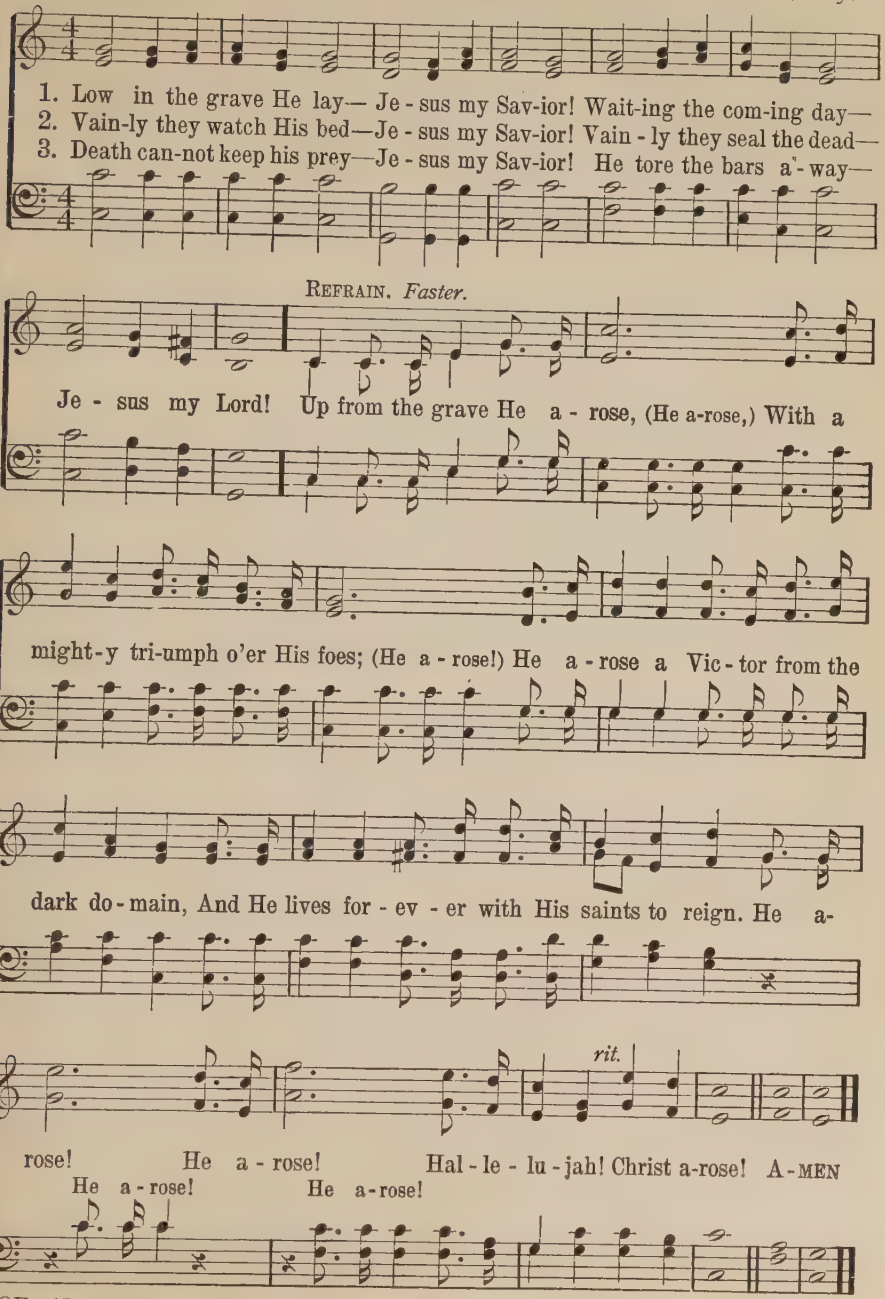
282 Loved By the King.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. James V. Reid.

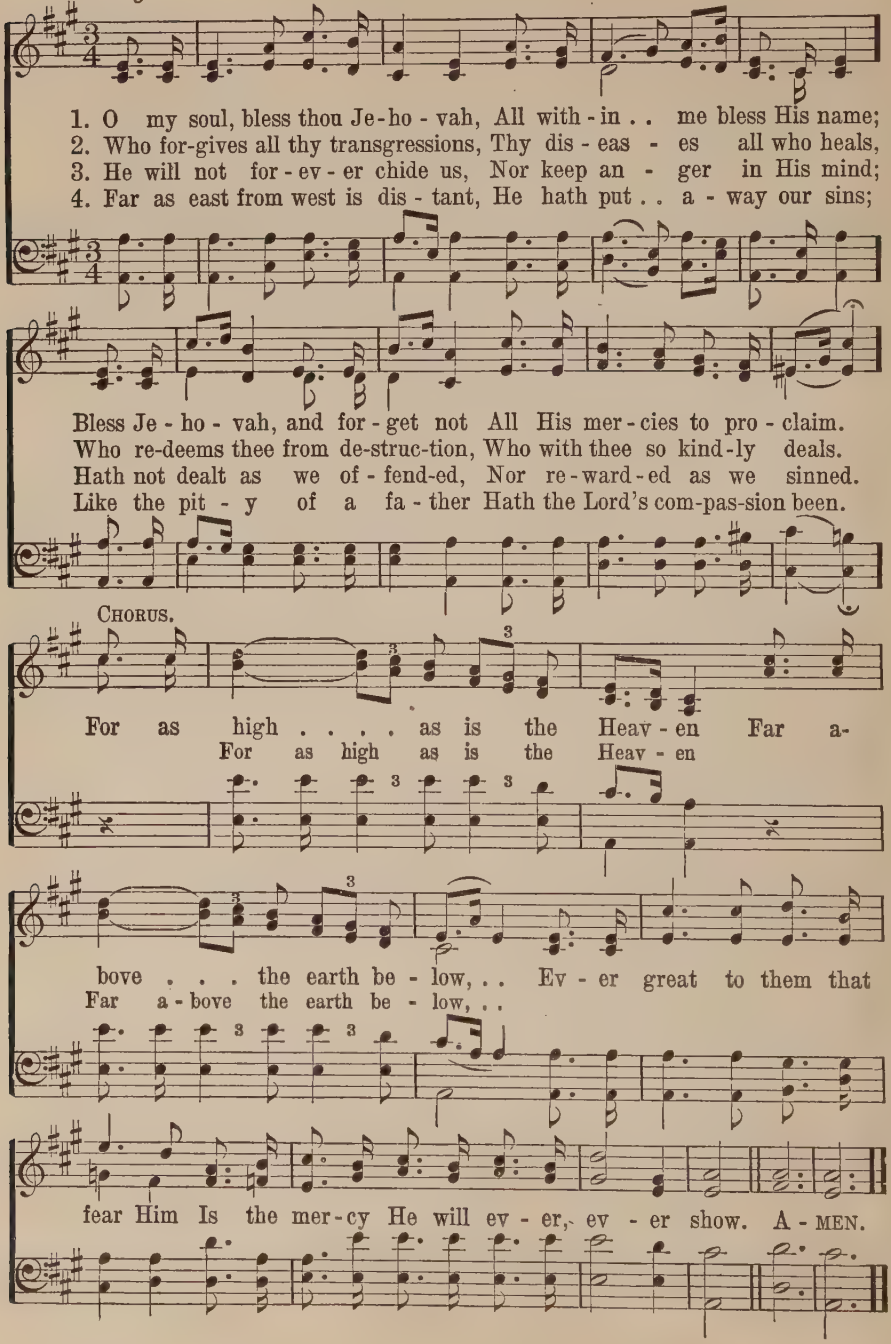

1. My life was a fail-ure, for I was a-stray, And serv-ing the
2. The world could not help me, all friends I had lost, A-lone and in
3. O soul, lost in dark-ness, my King is the Lord, Who al-so for
tempt-er from day un-to day; But now, home-ward go-ing, a
sor-row, by bil-lows was tossed; But now I have Some-One to
you has His life-blood out-poured; So ask-ing for-give-ness, your
rit.
glad song I sing, For I am for-giv-en and loved by the King.
whom I may cling, And look to in troub-le,—I'm loved by the King.
heart to Him bring, That you may for-ev-er be loved by the King.
CHORUS.
I'm loved by the King, He redeemed me, His prais-es re-joic-ing I sing; I'm
tempo.
rit.
lonely no more, my wand'rings are o'er, I'm loved by the King, hallelujah! A-MEN.

283 Christ Arose.

Robert Lowry. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.


1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav-ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep his prey—Je - sus my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a - way—
REFRAIN. Faster.
Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a
might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a - rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose! A - MEN
He a - rose! He a - rose!

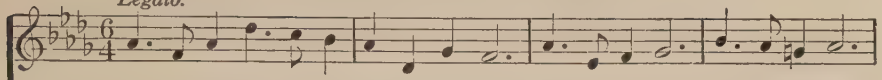
284 O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

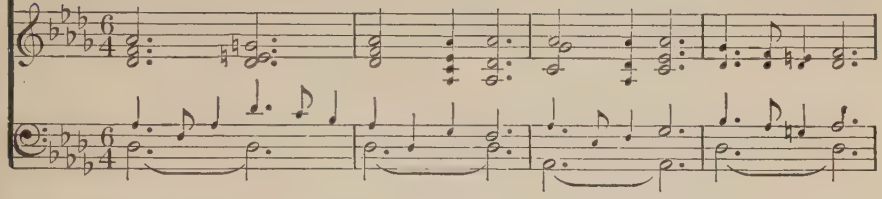
Psalm 103. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. O my soul, bless thou Je-ho-vah, All with-in . . me bless His name;
2. Who for-gives all thy transgressions, Thy dis-eas-es all who heals,
3. He will not for-ev-er chide us, Nor keep an-ger in His mind;
4. Far as east from west is dis-tant, He hath put . . a-way our sins;
Bless Je-ho-vah, and for-get not All His mer-cies to pro-claim.
Who re-deems thee from de-struc-tion, Who with thee so kind-ly deals.
Hath not dealt as we of-fend-ed, Nor re-ward-ed as we sinned.
Like the pit-y of a fa-ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.
CHORUS.
For as high . . . . as is the Heav-en Far a-
For as high as is the Heav-en
bove . . . the earth be-low, . . Ev-er great to them that
Far a-bove the earth be-low, . .
fear Him Is the mer-cy He will ev-er, ev-er show. A-MEN.

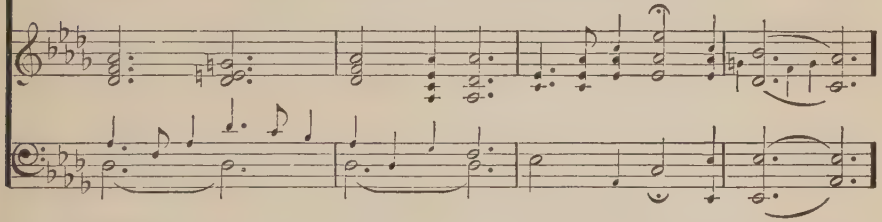
285 Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. B. D. Ackley.

Legato.

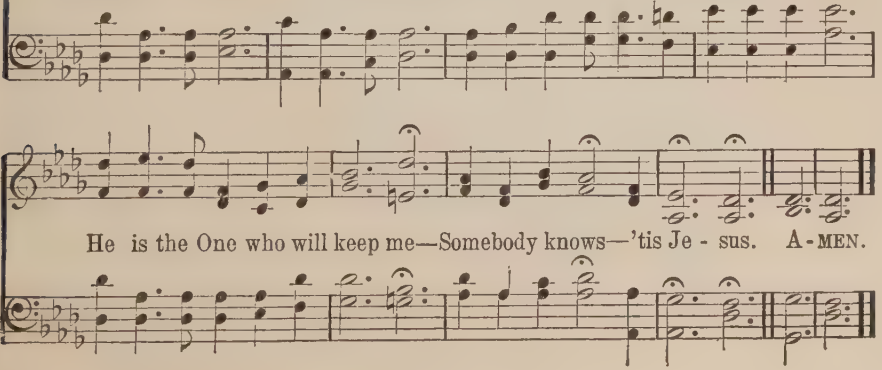


1. Failing in strength when oppress by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

Wait-ing for some-one to ban-ish my woes, Somebody knows,—'tis Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows,—'tis Je - sus.
Long-ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows,—'tis Je - sus.



REFRAIN.

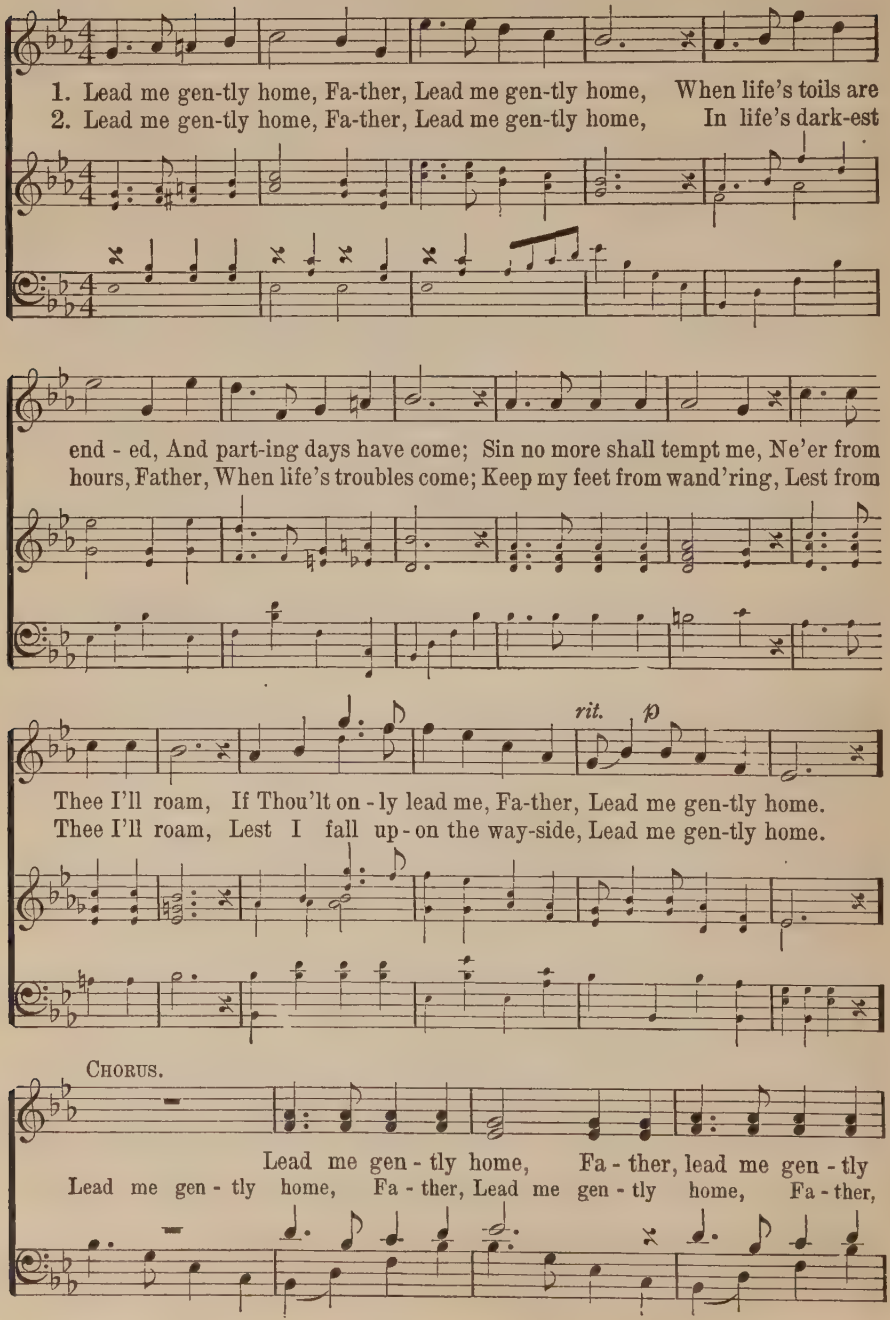
Some-bod-y knows, Some-bod-y knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;



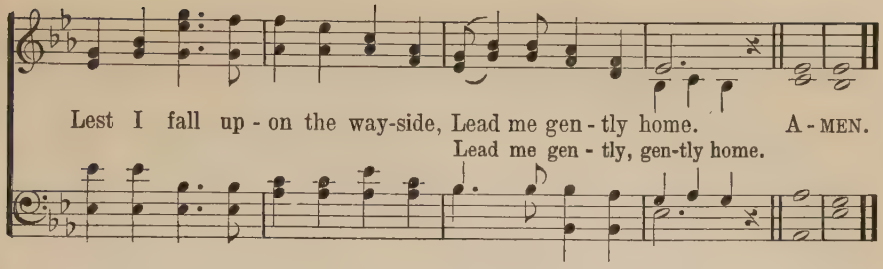
He is the One who will keep me—Somebody knows—'tis Je - sus. A-MEN.

286 Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF HOPE PUBLISHING CO. W. L. Thompson.


1. Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est
end - ed, And part-ing days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come; Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from
rit.
p
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I'll roam, Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
Chorus.
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, lead me gen - tly
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

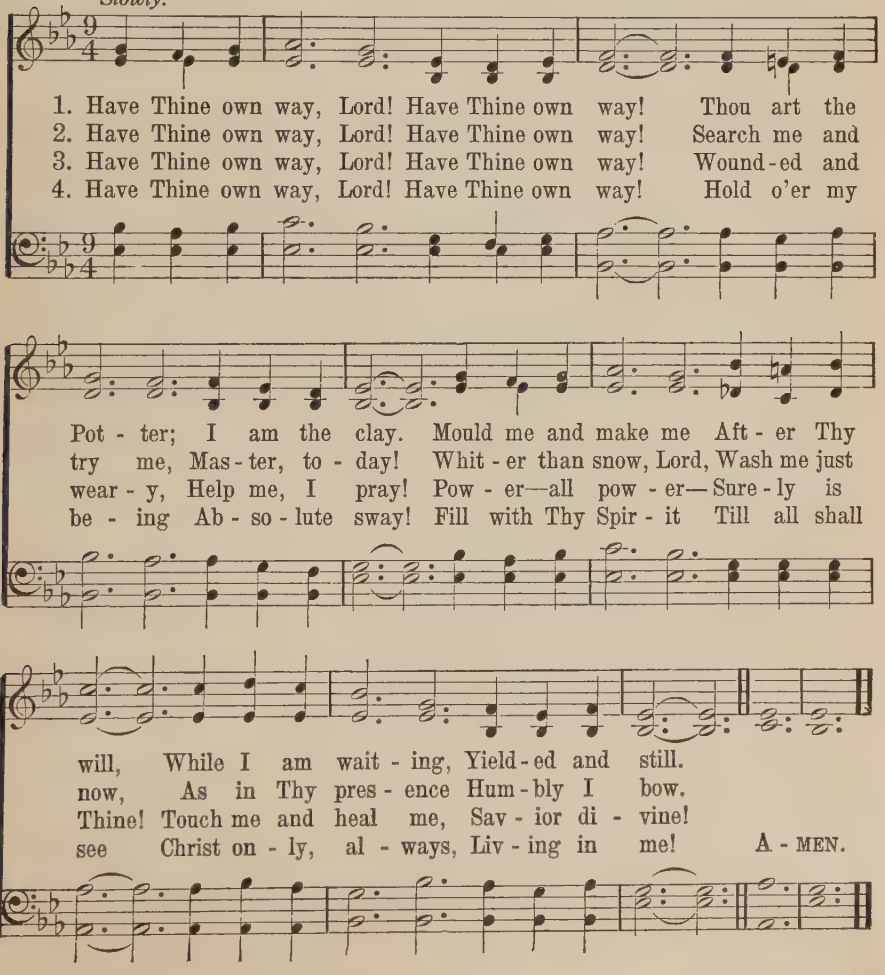


287 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound - ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wear - y, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er— Sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall
will, While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me! A - MEN.

288 When I Shall Fall Asleep.

Moses Gage Shirley.

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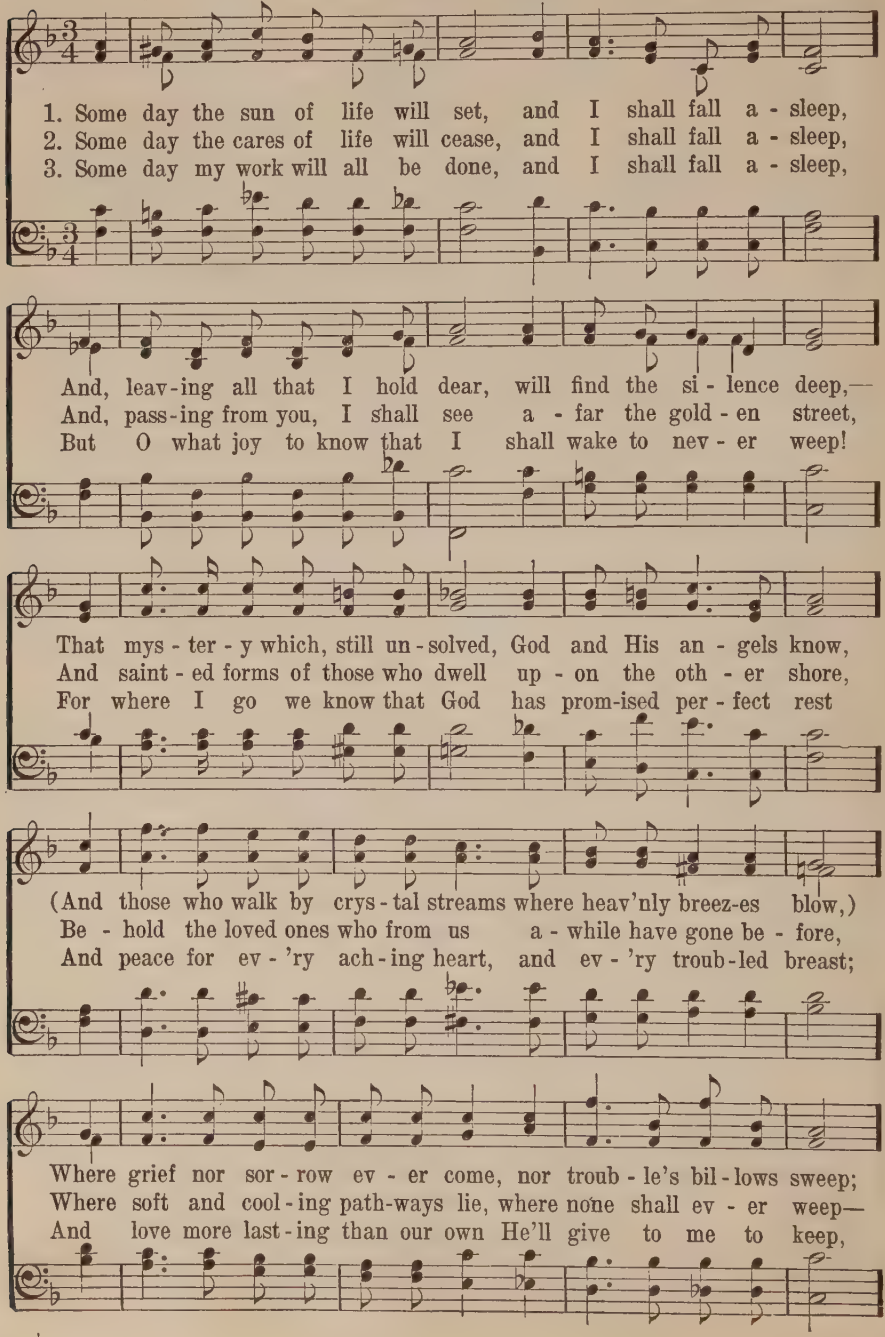
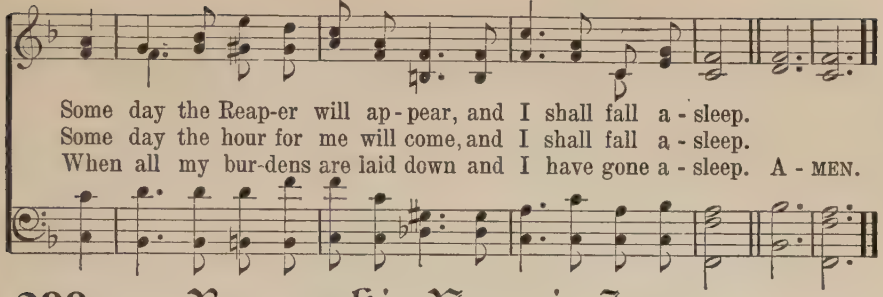
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Some day the sun of life will set, and I shall fall a - sleep,
2. Some day the cares of life will cease, and I shall fall a - sleep,
3. Some day my work will all be done, and I shall fall a - sleep,
And, leav-ing all that I hold dear, will find the si - lence deep,—
And, pass-ing from you, I shall see a - far the gold - en street,
But O what joy to know that I shall wake to nev - er weep!
That mys - ter - y which, still un - solved, God and His an - gels know,
And saint - ed forms of those who dwell up - on the oth - er shore,
For where I go we know that God has prom-ised per - fect rest
(And those who walk by crys - tal streams where heav'nly breez-es blow,)
Be - hold the loved ones who from us a - while have gone be - fore,
And peace for ev - 'ry ach - ing heart, and ev - 'ry troub-led breast;
Where grief nor sor - row ev - er come, nor troub - le's bil - lows sweep;
Where soft and cool - ing path-ways lie, where none shall ev - er weep—
And love more last - ing than our own He'll give to me to keep,

When I Shall Fall Asleep.


Some day the Reap-er will ap-pear, and I shall fall a-sleep.
Some day the hour for me will come, and I shall fall a-sleep.
When all my bur-dens are laid down and I have gone a-sleep. A-MEN.

289 Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

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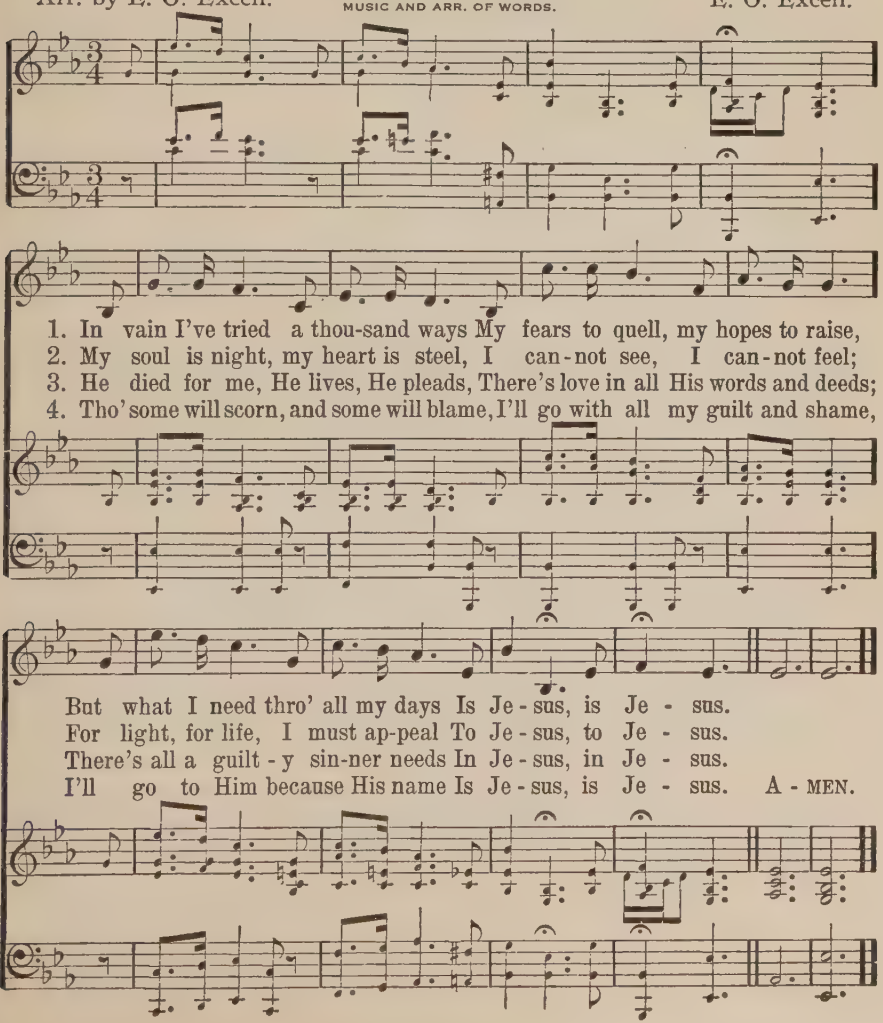
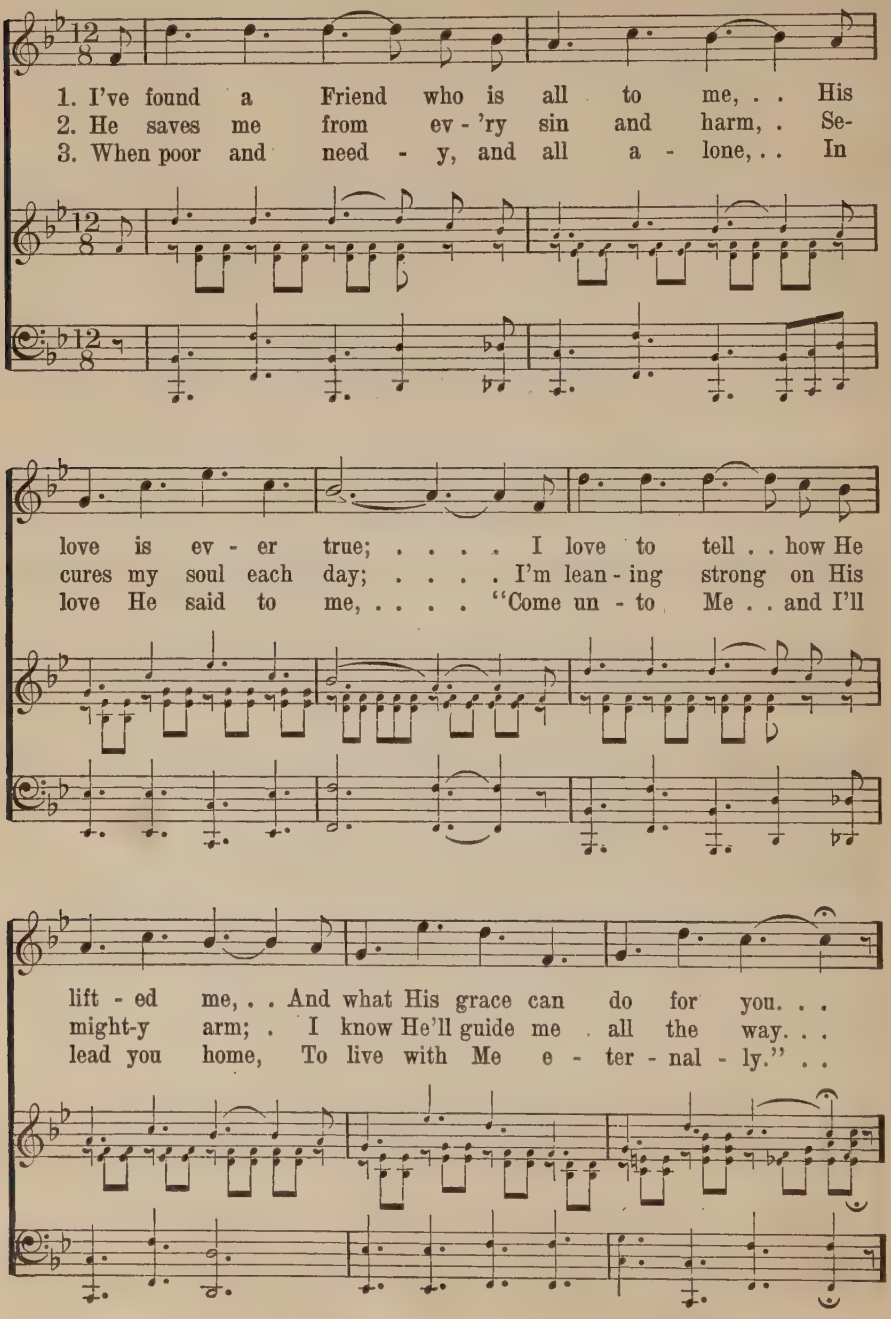
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

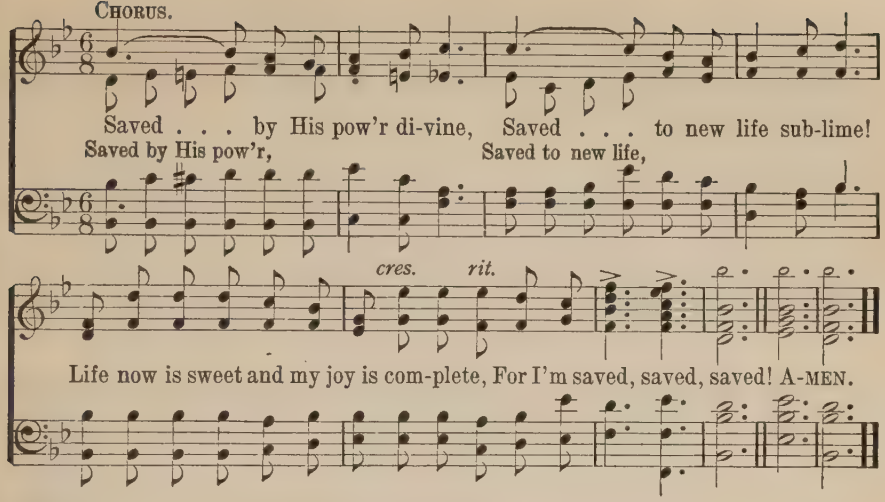
E. O. Excell.


1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can-not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,
But what I need thro' all my days Is Je-sus, is Je-sus.
For light, for life, I must ap-peal To Je-sus, to Je-sus.
There's all a guilt-y sin-ner needs In Je-sus, in Je-sus.
I'll go to Him because His name Is Je-sus, is Je-sus. A-MEN.

290 Saved! Saved!

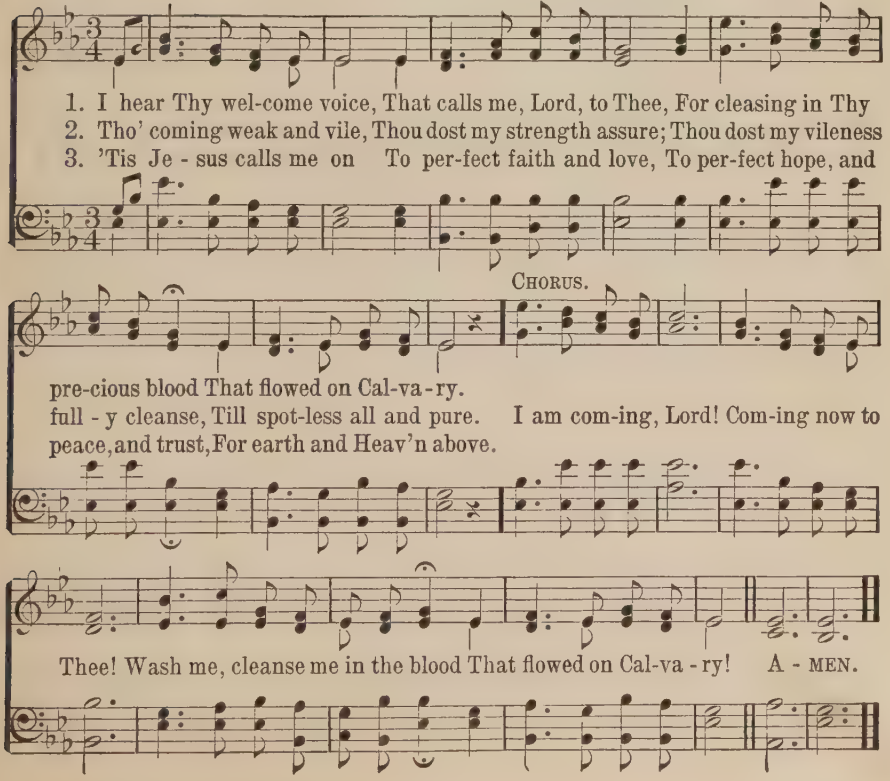
J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me, . . His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, . Se-
3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone, . . In
love is ev - er true; . . . . I love to tell . . how He
cures my soul each day; . . . . I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me, ... "Come un - to Me . . and I'll
lift - ed me, . . And what His grace can do for you. . .
might-y arm; . I know He'll guide me all the way. . .
lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly." . .

Saved! Saved!


Chorus.
Saved . . . by His pow'r di-vine, Saved . . . to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,
cres.
rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved! A-men.

291 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleasing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
Chorus.
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
full - y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to
peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n above.
Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry! A - men.

292 His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

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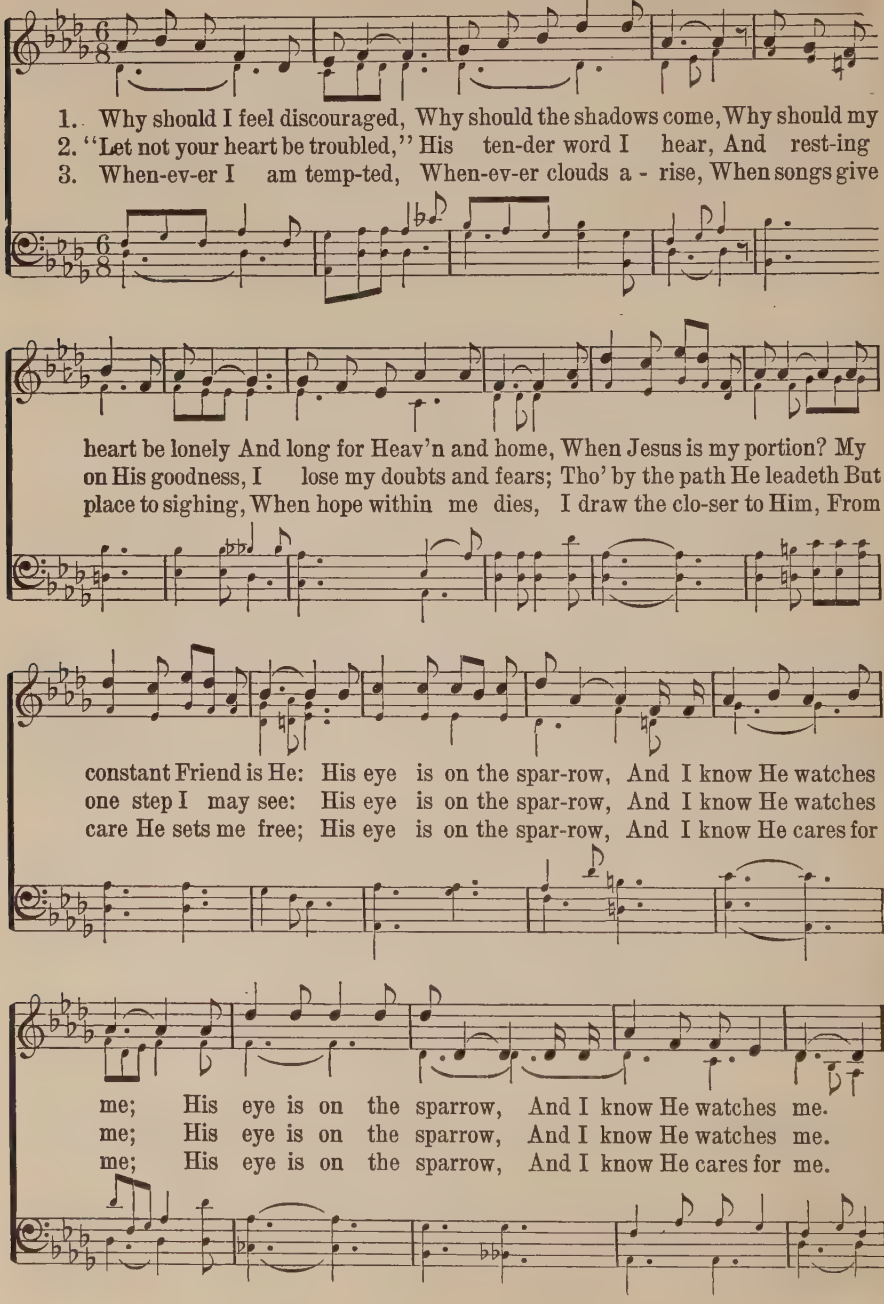
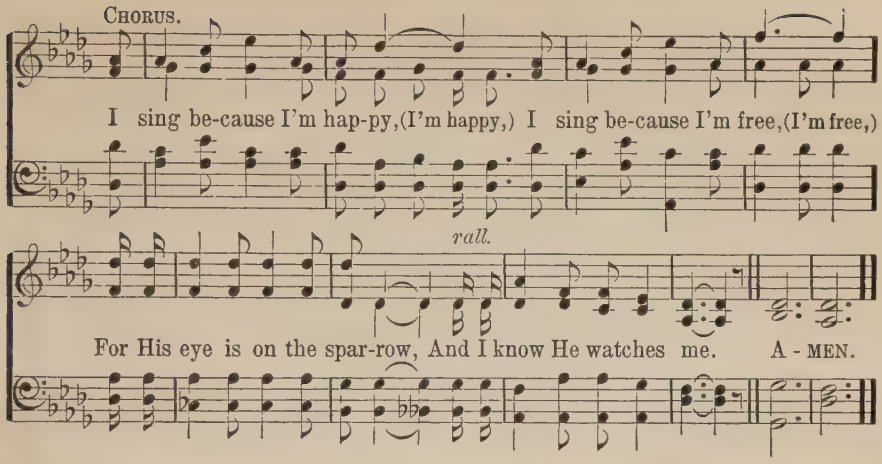

1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my heart be lonely And long for Heav'n and home, When Jesus is my portion? My
2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His ten-der word I hear, And rest-ing on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears; Tho' by the path He leadeth But
3. When-ev-er I am temp-ted, When-ev-er clouds a - rise, When songs give place to sighing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clo-ser to Him, From
constant Friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me;
one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me;
care He sets me free; His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me.
His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.

His Eye Is On the Sparrow.


CHORUS.
I sing be-cause I'm hap-py,(I'm happy,) I sing be-cause I'm free,(I'm free,)
rall.
For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me. A - MEN.

293 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson.

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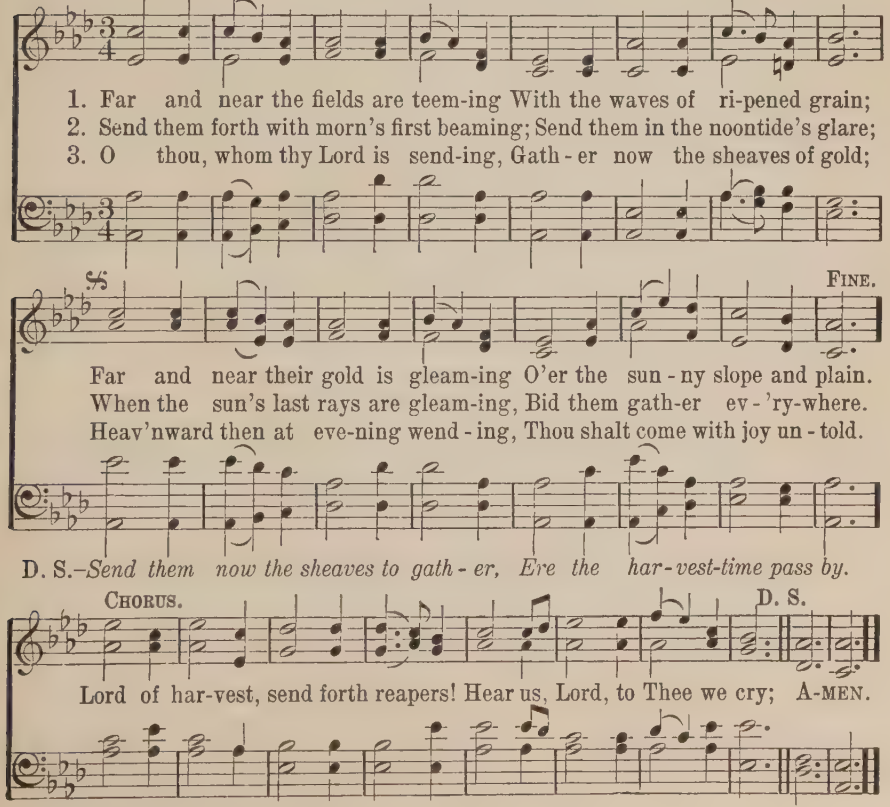
J. B. O. Clemm.


1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of ri-pened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;
FINE.
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend - ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.
D. S.–Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest-time pass by.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Lord of har-vest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; A-MEN.

294 To the Harvest-Field.

C. H. G.

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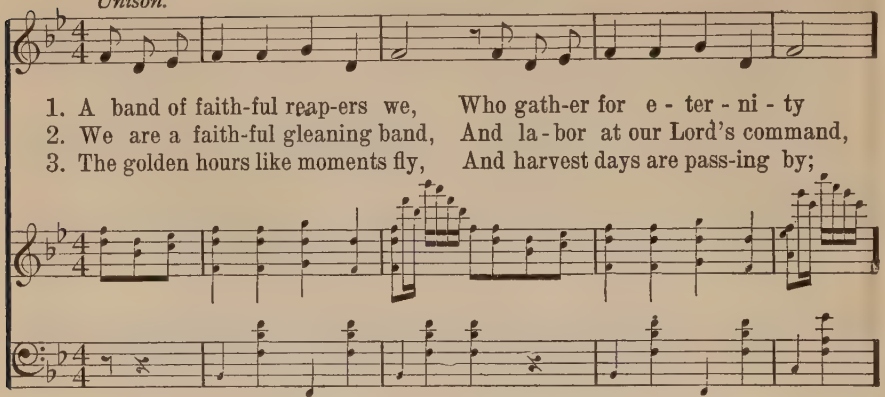
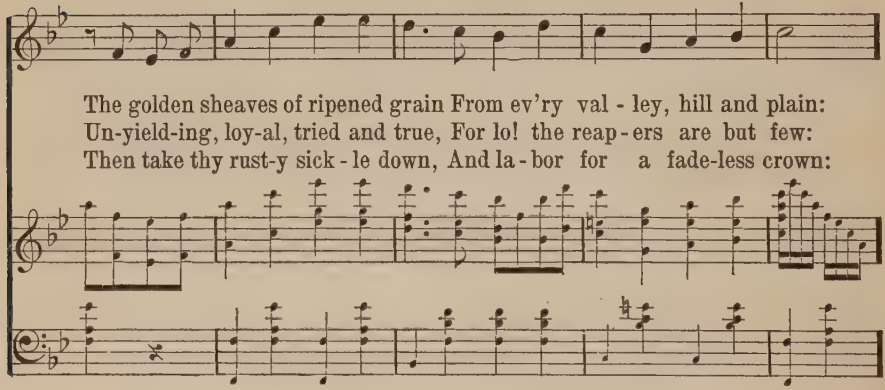
Chas. H. Gabriel.

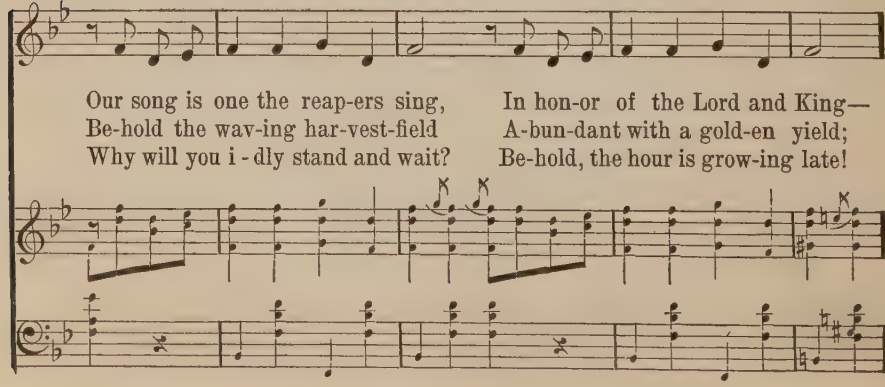
Unison.



1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gath-er for e - ter - ni - ty
2. We are a faith-ful gleaning band, And la-bor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are pass-ing by;

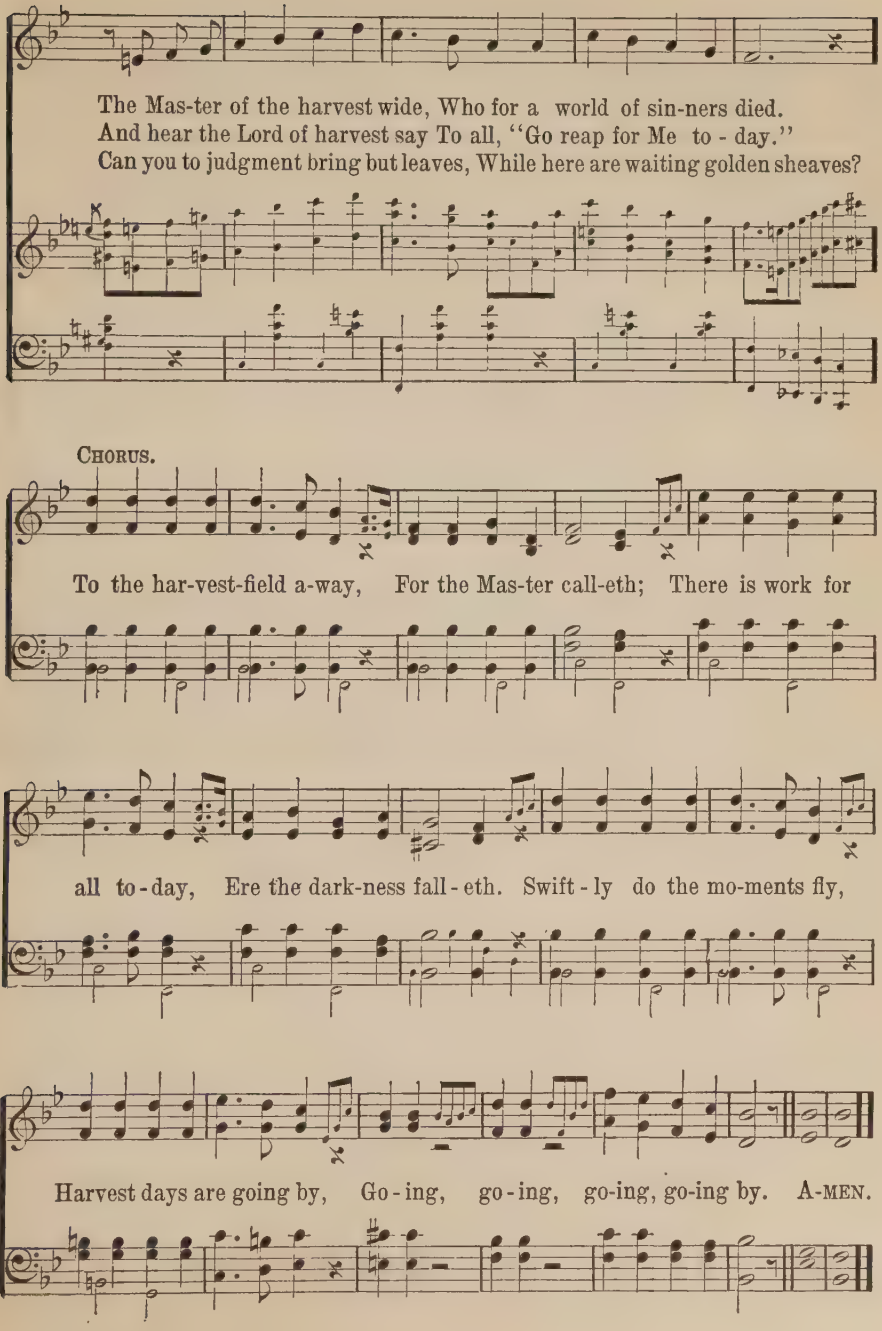


The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev'ry val - ley, hill and plain:
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reap-ers are but few:
Then take thy rust-y sick-le down, And la-bor for a fade-less crown:



Our song is one the reap-ers sing, In hon-or of the Lord and King—
Be-hold the wav-ing har-vest-field A-bun-dant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i-dly stand and wait? Be-hold, the hour is grow-ing late!

To the Harvest-Field.


The Mas-ter of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for Me to - day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves?
CHORUS.
To the har-vest-field a-way, For the Mas-ter call-eth; There is work for
all to-day, Ere the dark-ness fall-eth. Swift-ly do the mo-ments fly,
Harvest days are going by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by. A-MEN.

295 Lo! Jesus Comes.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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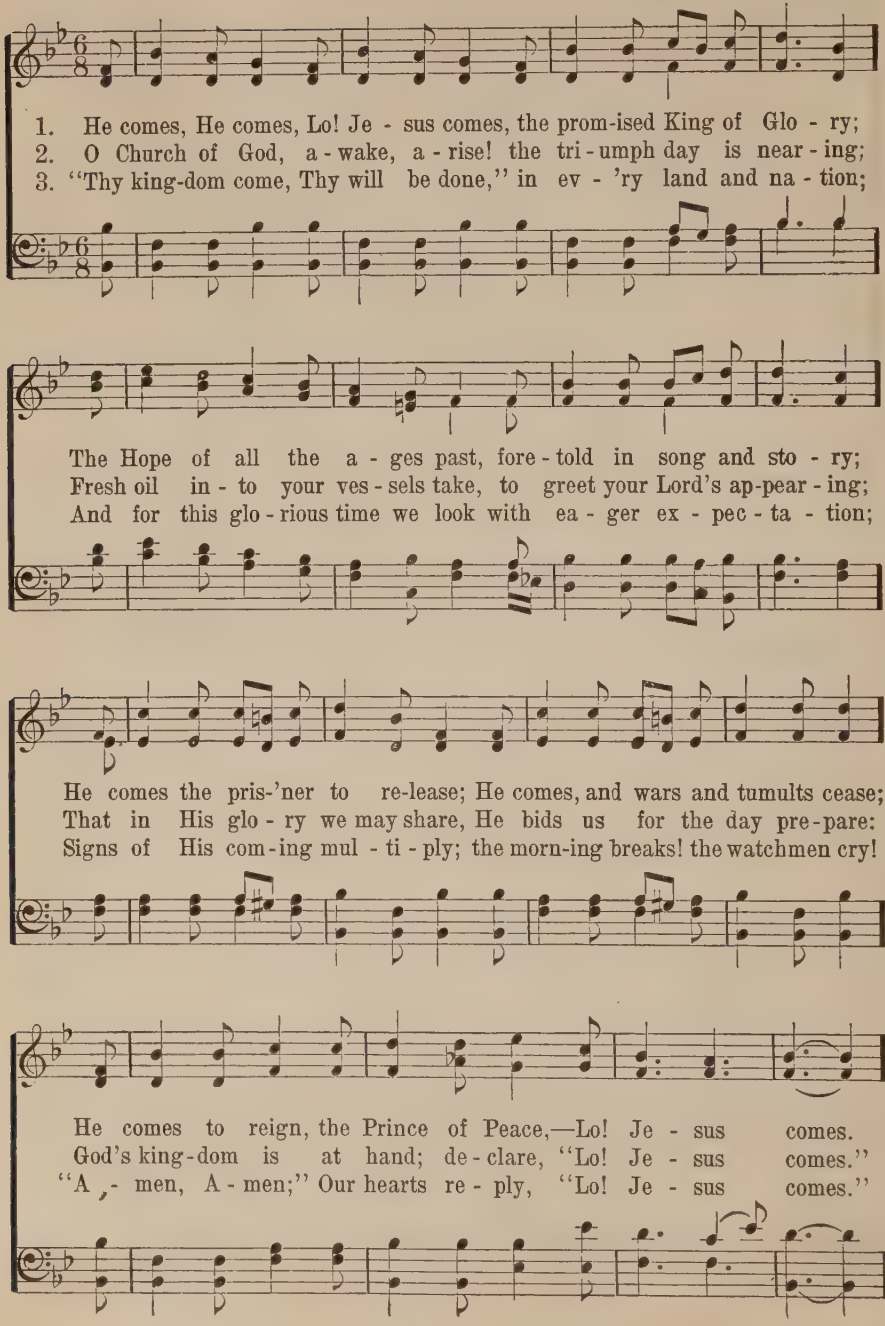
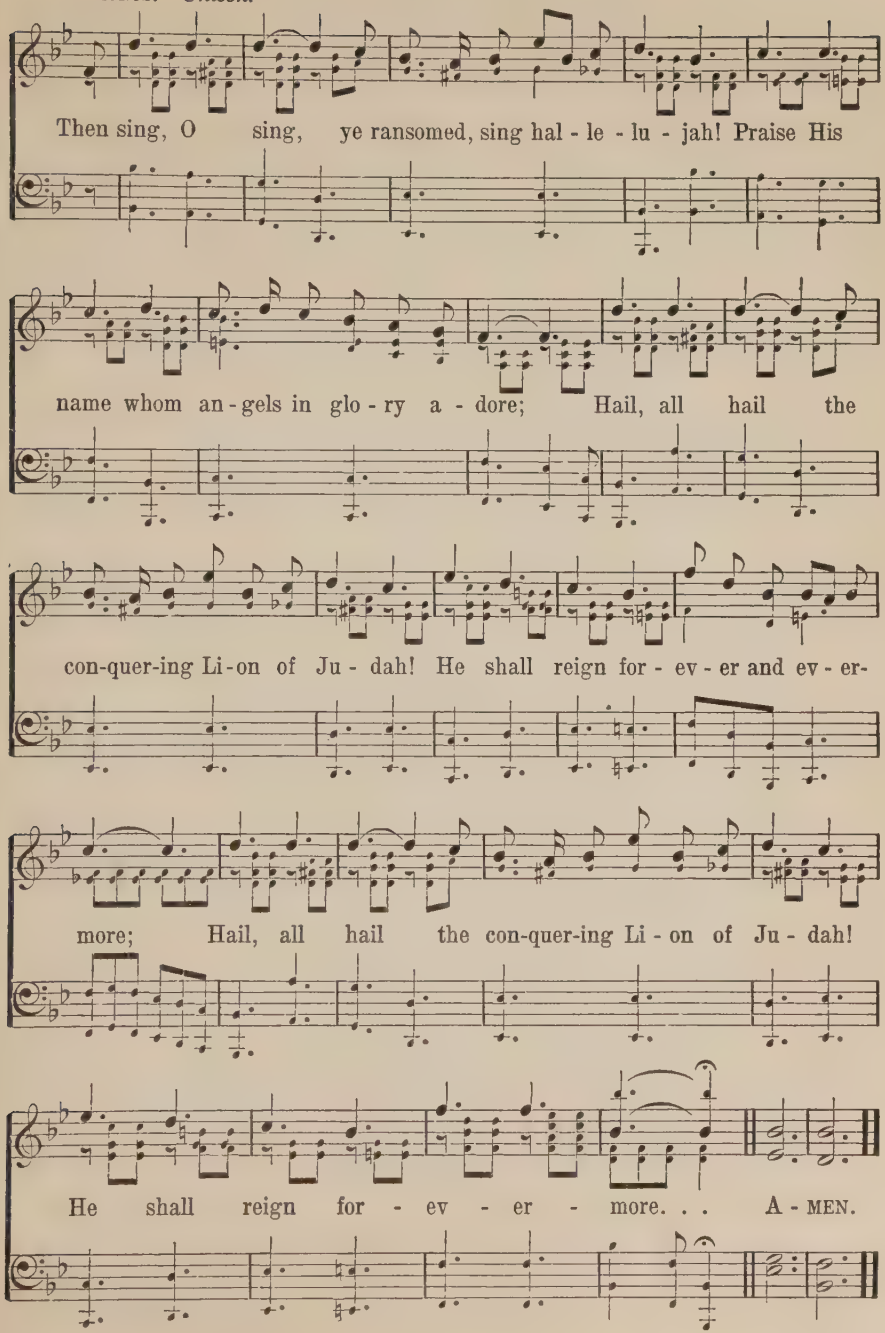
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. He comes, He comes, Lo! Je - sus comes, the prom-ised King of Glo - ry;
2. O Church of God, a - wake, a - rise! the tri - umph day is near - ing;
3. "Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done," in ev - 'ry land and na - tion;
The Hope of all the a - ges past, fore - told in song and sto - ry;
Fresh oil in - to your ves - sels take, to greet your Lord's ap-pear - ing;
And for this glo - rious time we look with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion;
He comes the pris-'ner to re-lease; He comes, and wars and tumults cease;
That in His glo - ry we may share, He bids us for the day pre - pare:
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply; the morn-ing breaks! the watchmen cry!
He comes to reign, the Prince of Peace,—Lo! Je - sus comes.
God's king-dom is at hand; de - clare, "Lo! Je - sus comes."
"A - men, A - men;" Our hearts re - ply, "Lo! Je - sus comes."

Lo! Jesus Comes.

CHORUS. *Unison.*


Then sing, O sing, ye ransomed, sing hal - le - lu - jah! Praise His
name whom an - gels in glo - ry a - dore; Hail, all hail the
con-quer-ing Li - on of Ju - dah! He shall reign for - ev - er and ev - er-
more; Hail, all hail the con-quer-ing Li - on of Ju - dah!
He shall reign for - ev - er - more. . . A - MEN.

296 All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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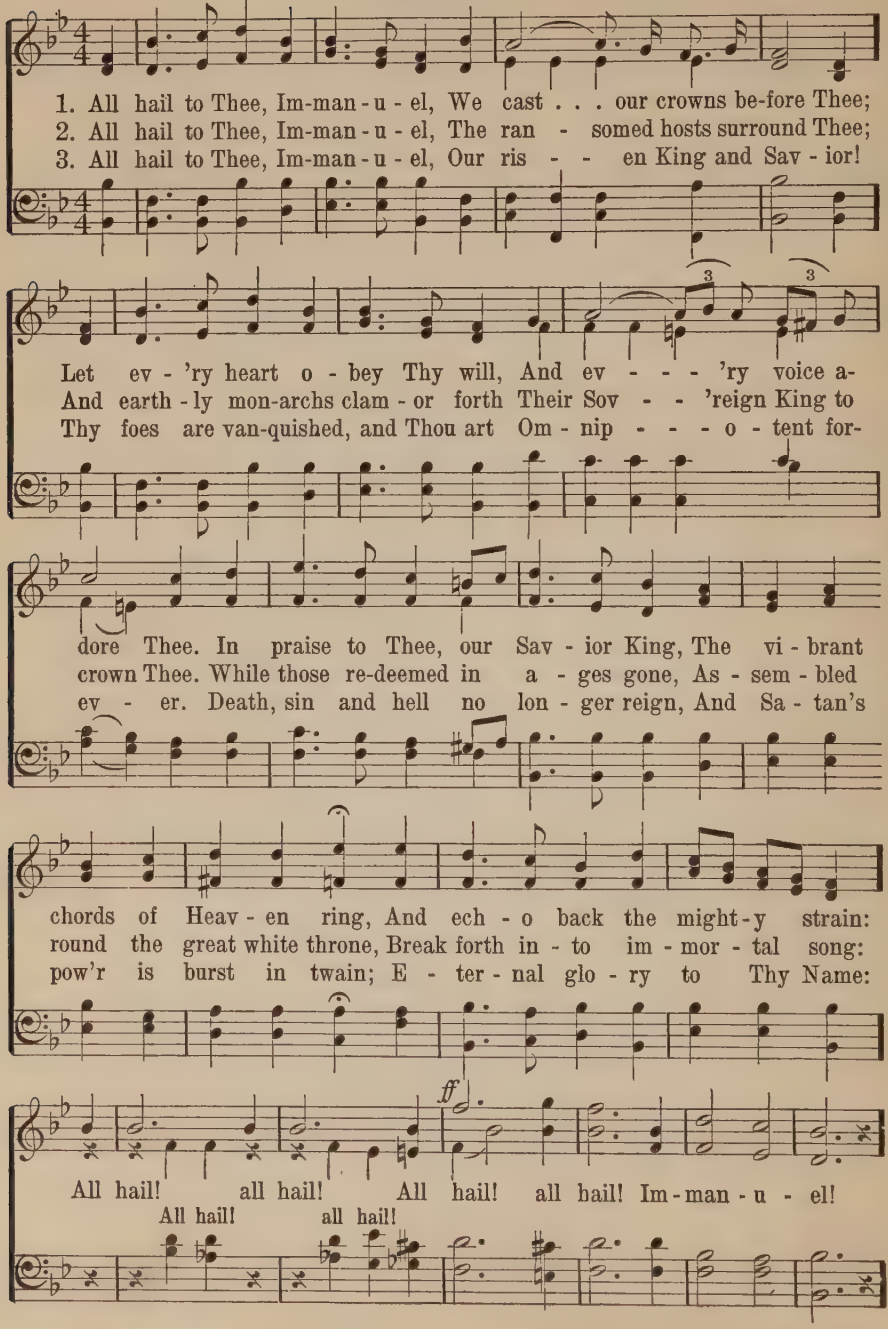
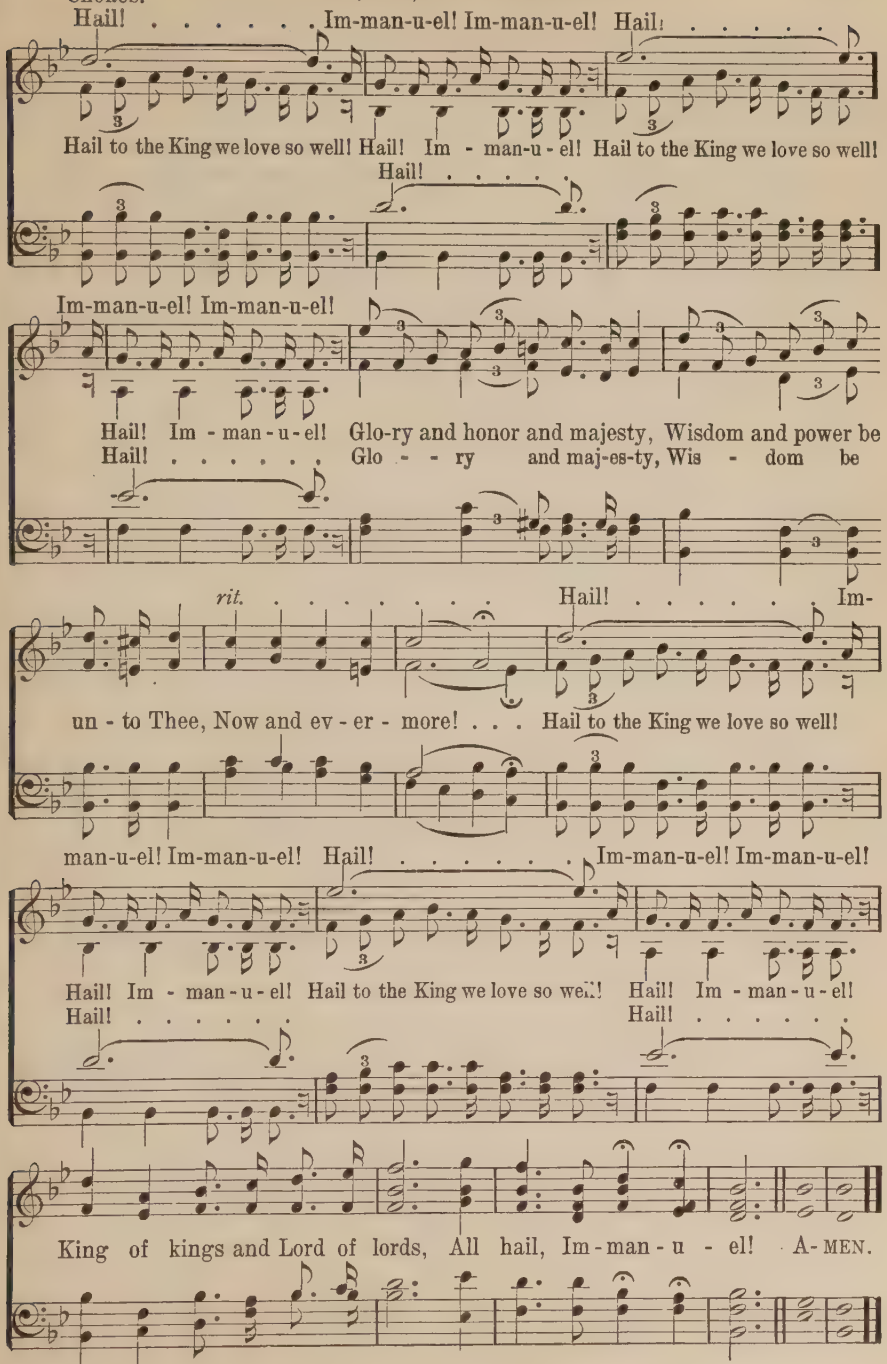
WORDS AND MUSIC.

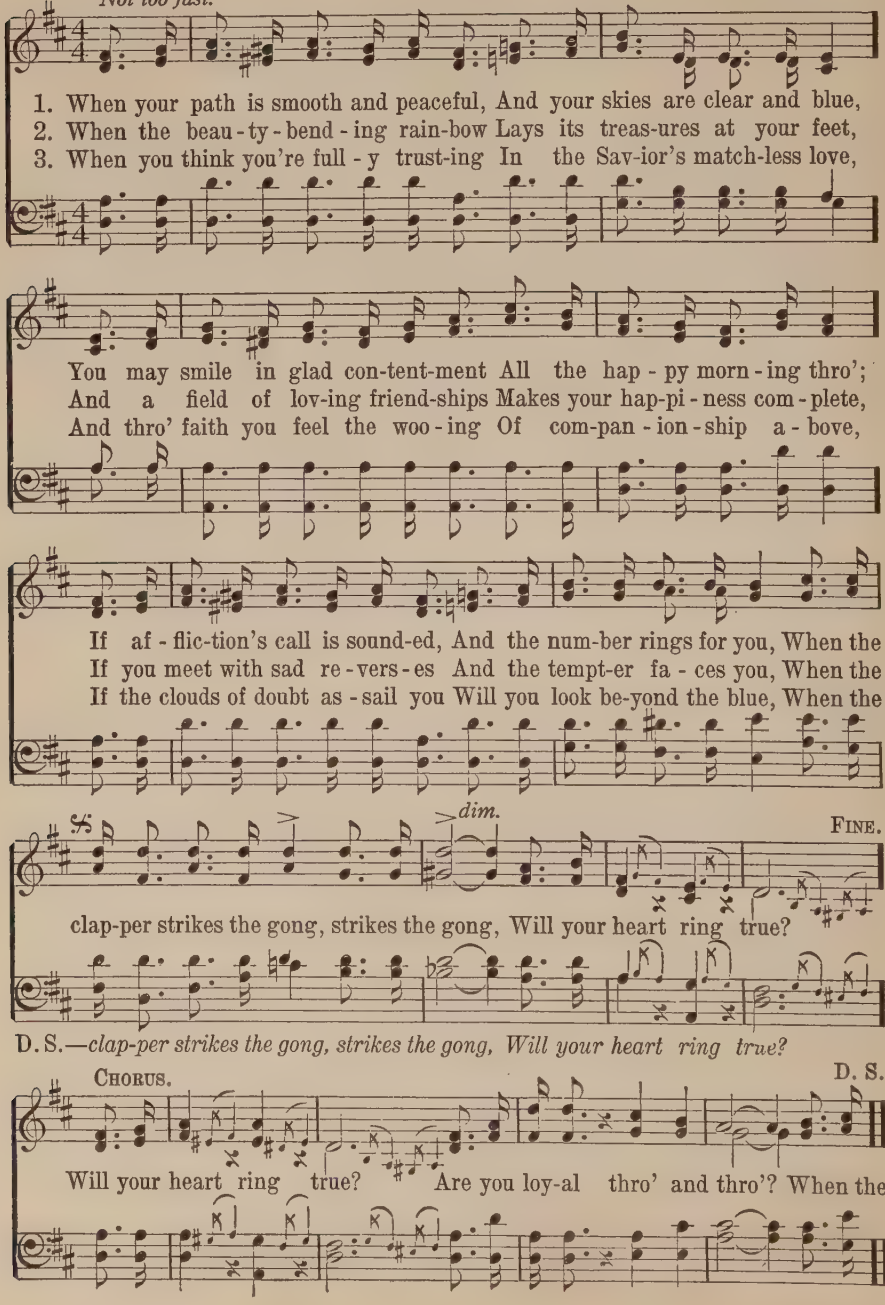
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav-ior!
Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev - - - 'ry voice a-
And earth-ly mon-archs clam-or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om-nip - - - o-tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior King, The vi-brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a-ges gone, As-sem-bled
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Sa-tan's
chords of Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song:
pow'r is burst in twain; E-ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name:
ff
All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u-el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

Chorus.
Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . .
Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!
Hail! . . . . .
Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be
rit.
Hail! . . . . . Im-
un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!
man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man - u - el!
Hail! . . . . . Hail! . . . . . .
King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im - man - u - el! A-men.

297 Will Your Heart Ring True?

Almeda Hall Tarrant. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

Not too fast.


1. When your path is smooth and peaceful, And your skies are clear and blue,
2. When the beau-ty-bend-ing rain-bow Lays its treas-ures at your feet,
3. When you think you're full-y trust-ing In the Sav-ior's match-less love,
You may smile in glad con-tent-ment All the hap-py morn-ing thro';
And a field of lov-ing friend-ships Makes your hap-pi-ness com-plete,
And thro' faith you feel the woo-ing Of com-pan-ion-ship a-bove,
If af-flic-tion's call is sound-ed, And the num-ber rings for you, When the
If you meet with sad re-vers-es And the tempt-er fa-ces you, When the
If the clouds of doubt as-sail you Will you look be-yond the blue, When the
dim.
FINE.
clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?
D. S.—clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?
CHORUS.
D. S.
Will your heart ring true? Are you loy-al thro' and thro'? When the

298 Beautiful Flag.

E. O. E. Arr.

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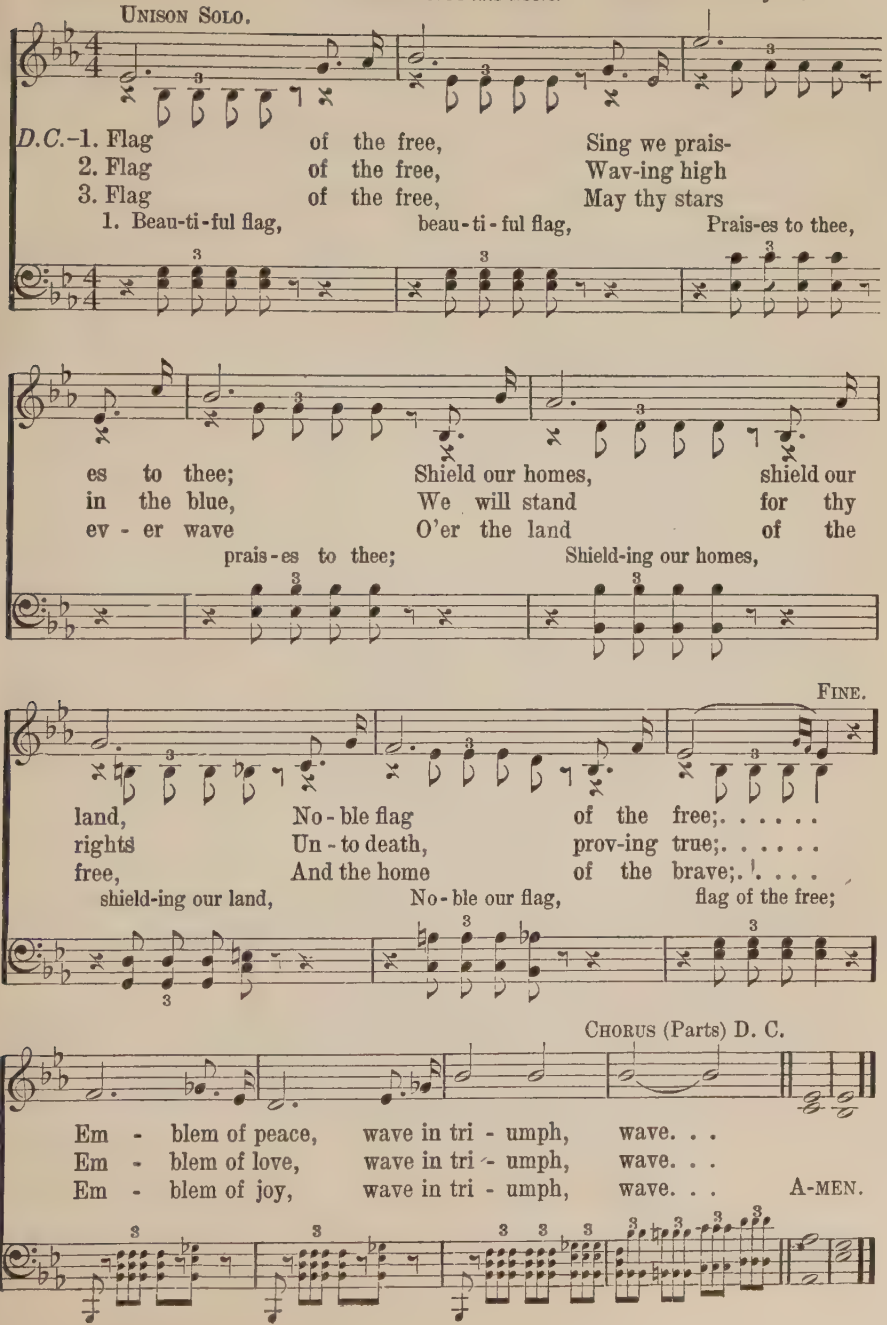
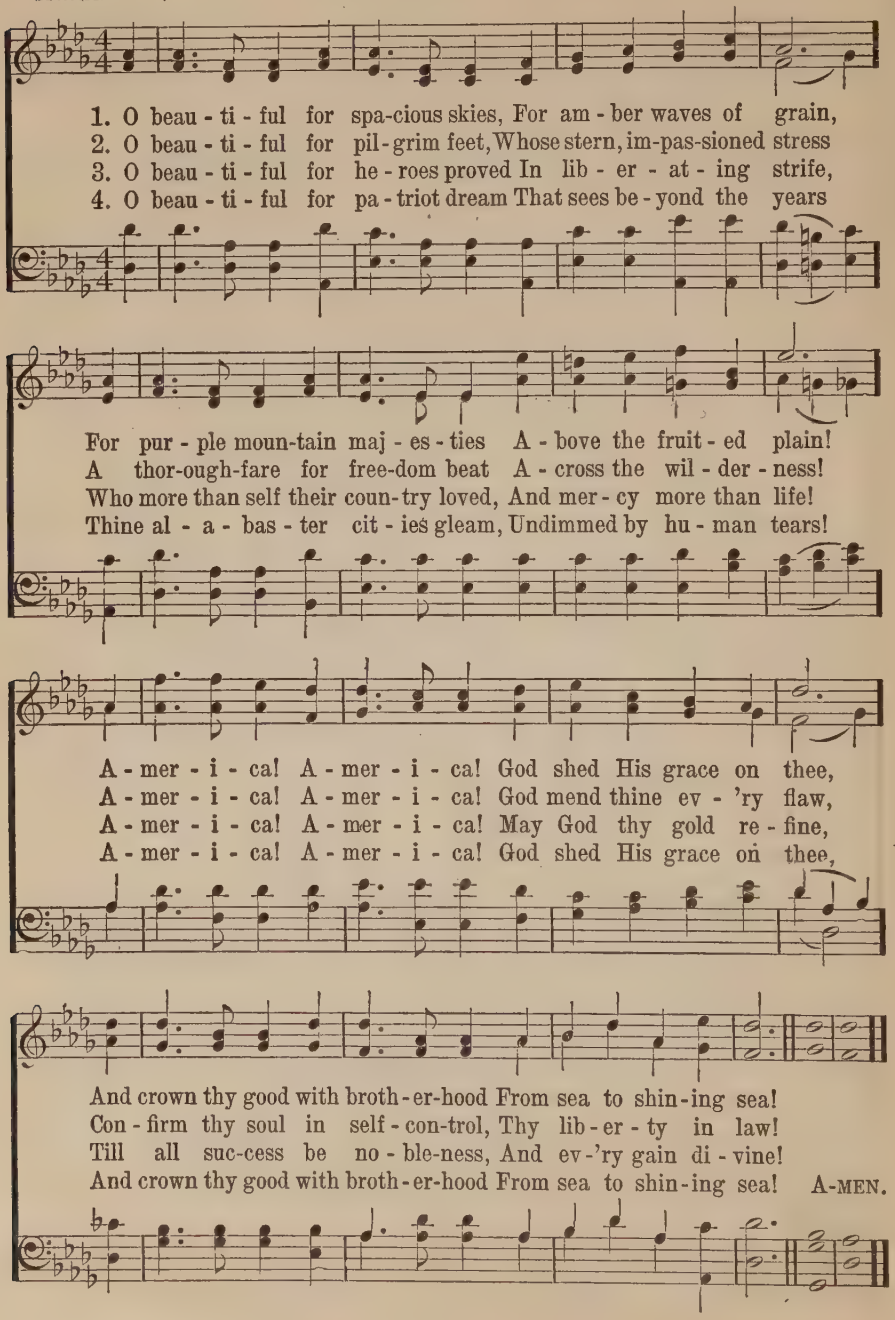
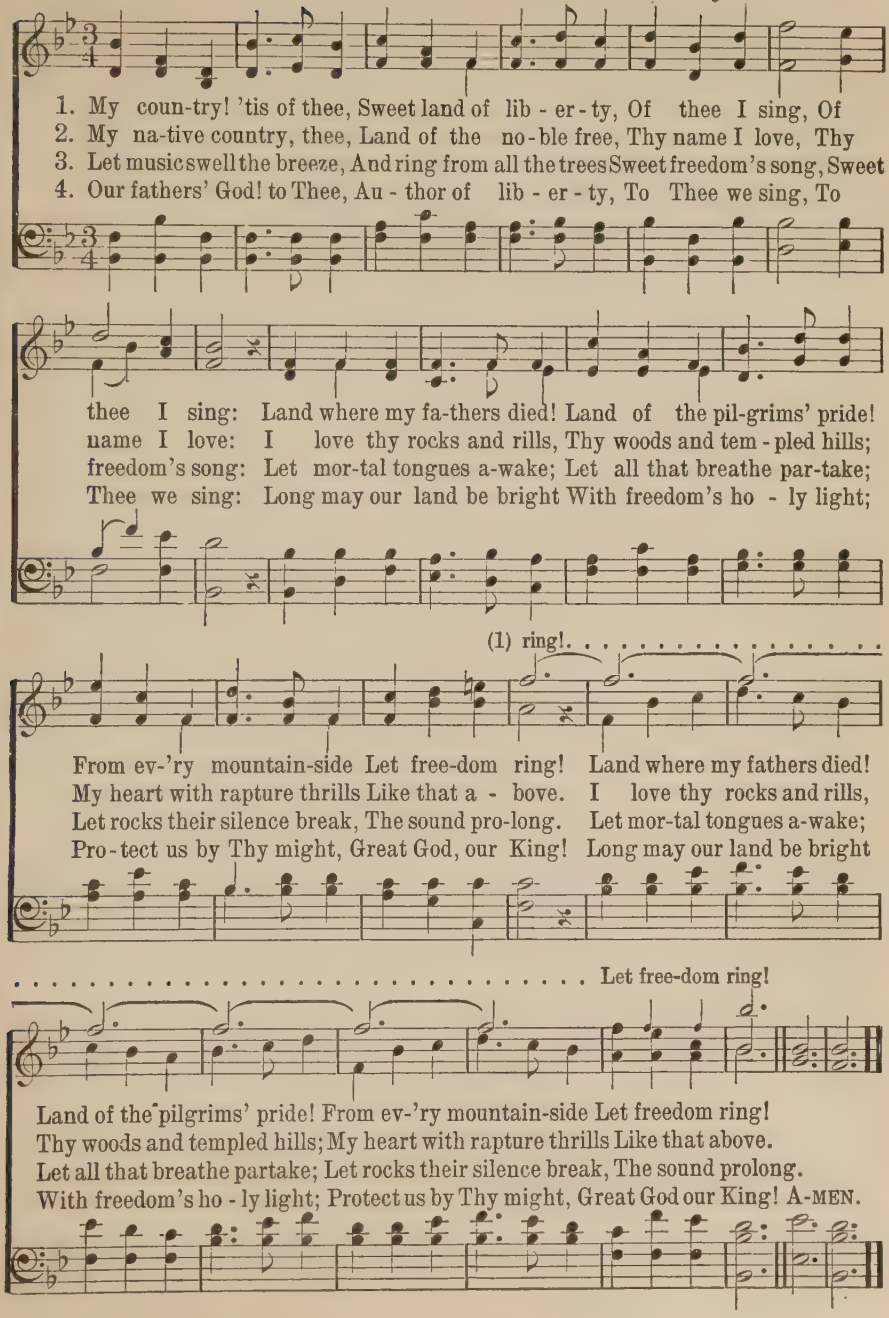
ARR. OF WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rossini. Arr. by E. O. E.

UNISON SOLO.
D.C.–1. Flag of the free, Sing we prais-
2. Flag of the free, Wav-ing high
3. Flag of the free, May thy stars
1. Beau-ti-ful flag, beau-ti-ful flag, Prais-es to thee,
es to thee; Shield our homes, shield our
in the blue, We will stand for thy
ev - er wave O'er the land of the
prais-es to thee; Shield-ing our homes,
FINE.
land, No-ble flag of the free;
rights Un-to death, prov-ing true;
free, And the home of the brave;
shield-ing our land, No-ble our flag, flag of the free;
CHORUS (Parts) D. C.
Em - blem of peace, wave in tri-umph, wave.
Em - blem of love, wave in tri-umph, wave.
Em - blem of joy, wave in tri-umph, wave.
A-MEN.

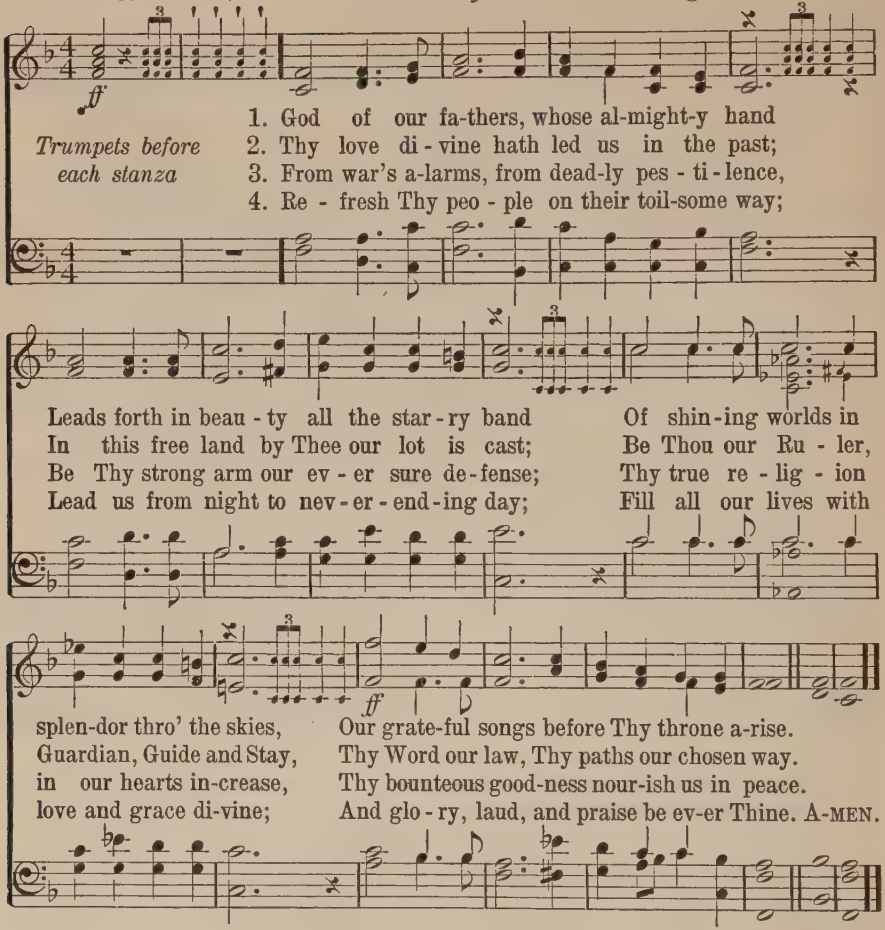
299 America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
A-MEN.

300 My Country.

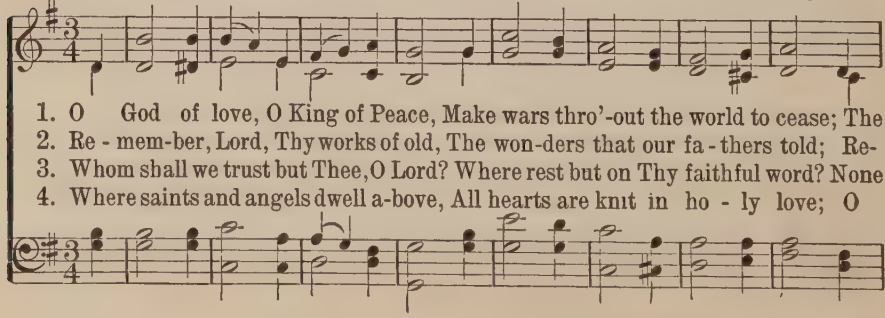
S. F. Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. B. Herbert.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing, Of
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love, Thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Sweet
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing, To
thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the pil-grims' pride!
name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
freedom's song: Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe par-take;
Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light;
(1) ring!
From ev-'ry mountain-side Let free-dom ring! Land where my fathers died!
My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove. I love thy rocks and rills,
Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long. Let mor-tal tongues a-wake;
Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! Long may our land be bright
Let free-dom ring!
Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-'ry mountain-side Let freedom ring!
Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God our King! A-MEN.

301 God of Our Fathers.

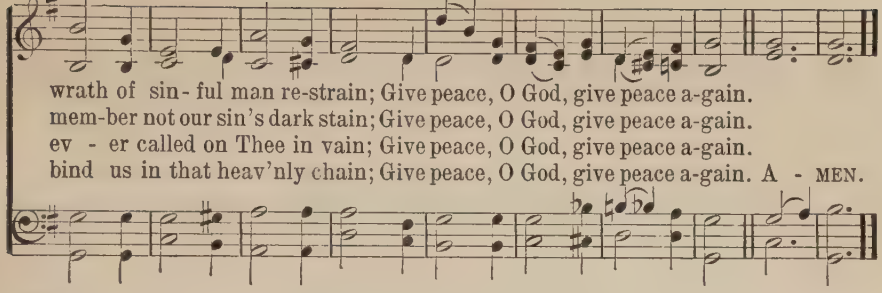
Daniel C. Roberts. *National Hymn.* George W. Warren.

ff
Trumpets before each stanza
1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
4. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some way;
Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fense;
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day;
Of shin-ing worlds in
Be Thou our Ru-ler,
Thy true re-lig-ion
Fill all our lives with
splen-dor thro' the skies,
Guardian, Guide and Stay,
in our hearts in-crease,
love and grace di-vine;
ff
Our grate-ful songs before Thy throne a-rise.
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
Thy bounteous good-ness nour-ish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud, and praise be ev-er Thine. A-MEN.

302 O God of Love.

Henry W. Baker. *Brookfield. L. M.* Thomas B. Southgate.

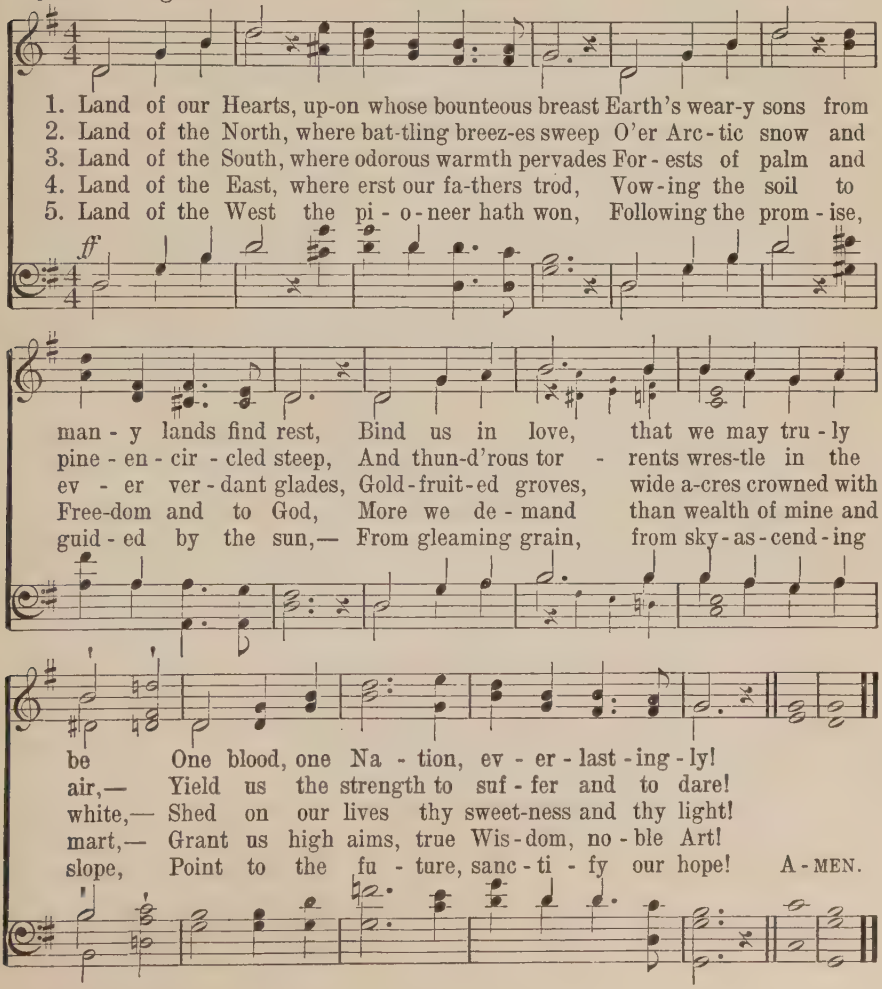

1. O God of love, O King of Peace, Make wars thro'-out the world to cease; The
2. Re-mem-ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa-thers told; Re-
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faithful word? None
4. Where saints and angels dwell a-bove, All hearts are knit in ho-ly love; O

O God of Love.


wrath of sin-ful man re-strain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
mem-ber not our sin's dark stain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
ev - er called on Thee in vain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
bind us in that heav'nly chain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain. A - MEN.

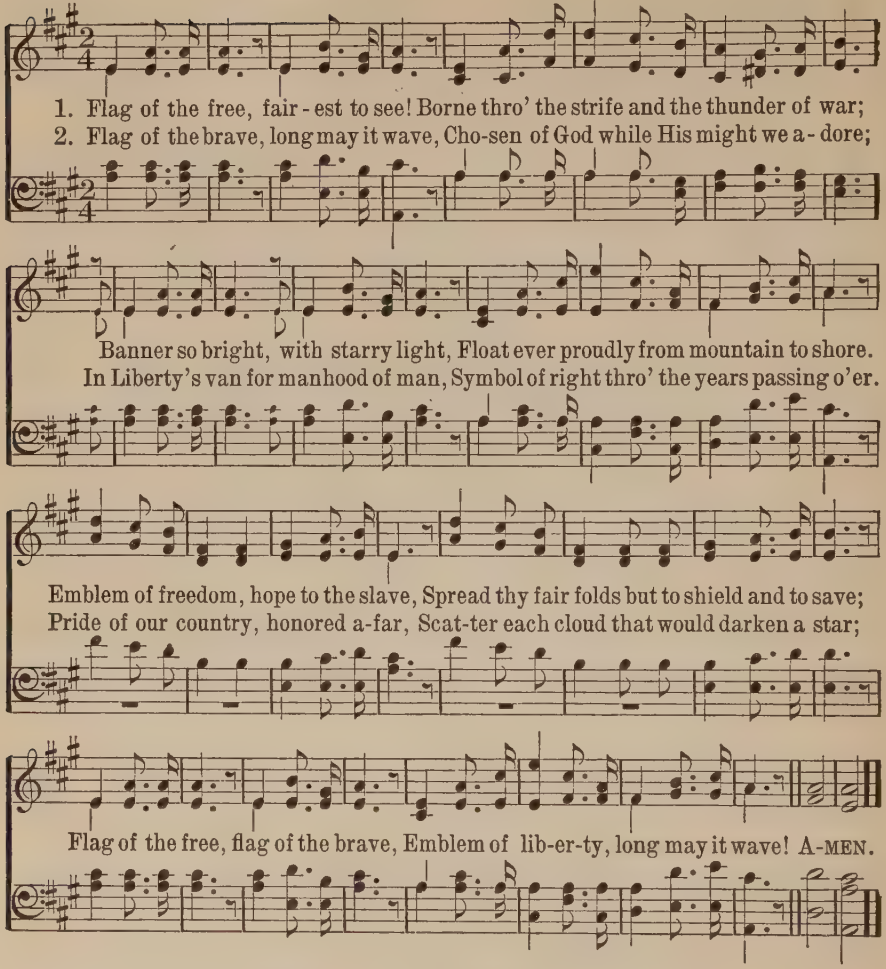
303 Land of Our Hearts.

John H. Ingham. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. W. Warren.


1. Land of our Hearts, up-on whose bounteous breast Earth's wear-y sons from
2. Land of the North, where bat-tling breez-es sweep O'er Arc-tic snow and
3. Land of the South, where odorous warmth pervades For-ests of palm and
4. Land of the East, where erst our fa-thers trod, Vow-ing the soil to
5. Land of the West the pi-o-neer hath won, Following the prom-ise,
ff
man-y lands find rest, Bind us in love, that we may tru-ly
pine-en-cir-cled steep, And thun-d'rous tor - rents wres-tle in the
ev - er ver-dant glades, Gold-fruit-ed groves, wide a-cres crowned with
Free-dom and to God, More we de-mand than wealth of mine and
guid-ed by the sun,— From gleaming grain, from sky-as-cend-ing
be One blood, one Na - tion, ev - er - last-ing-ly!
air,— Yield us the strength to suf-fer and to dare!
white,— Shed on our lives thy sweet-ness and thy light!
mart,— Grant us high aims, true Wis-dom, no-ble Art!
slope, Point to the fu - ture, sanc-ti-fy our hope! A-MEN.

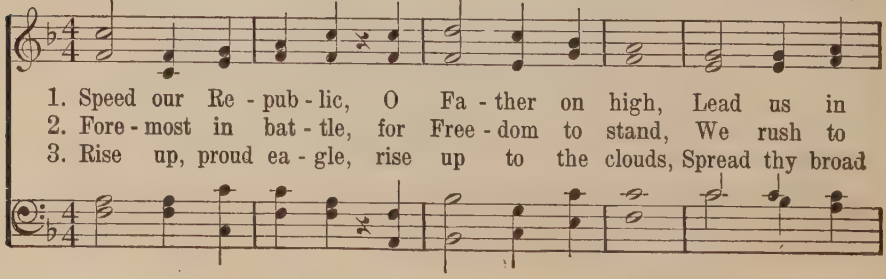
304 The Flag of the Free.

March from "Lohengrin."

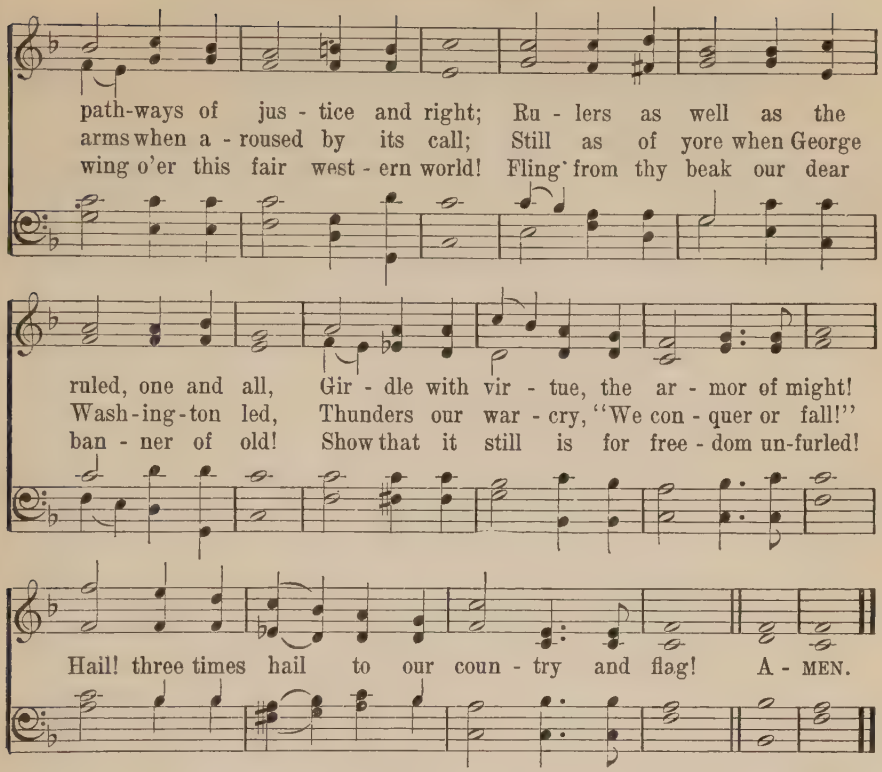

1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war;
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Cho-sen of God while His might we a - dore;
Banner so bright, with starry light, Float ever proudly from mountain to shore.
In Liberty's van for manhood of man, Symbol of right thro' the years passing o'er.
Emblem of freedom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save;
Pride of our country, honored a-far, Scat-ter each cloud that would darken a star;
Flag of the free, flag of the brave, Emblem of lib-er-ty, long may it wave! A-MEN.

305 Speed Our Republic.

M. Keller.

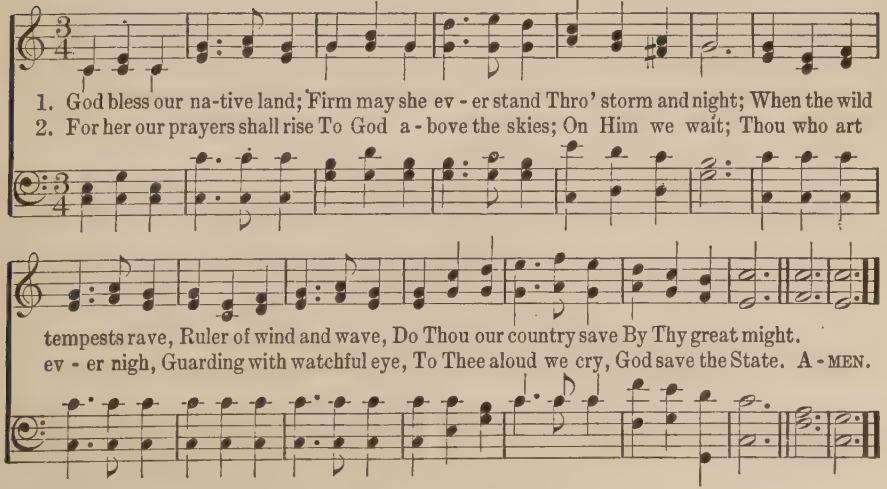

1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high, Lead us in
2. Fore - most in bat - tle, for Free - dom to stand, We rush to
3. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad

Speed Our Republic.

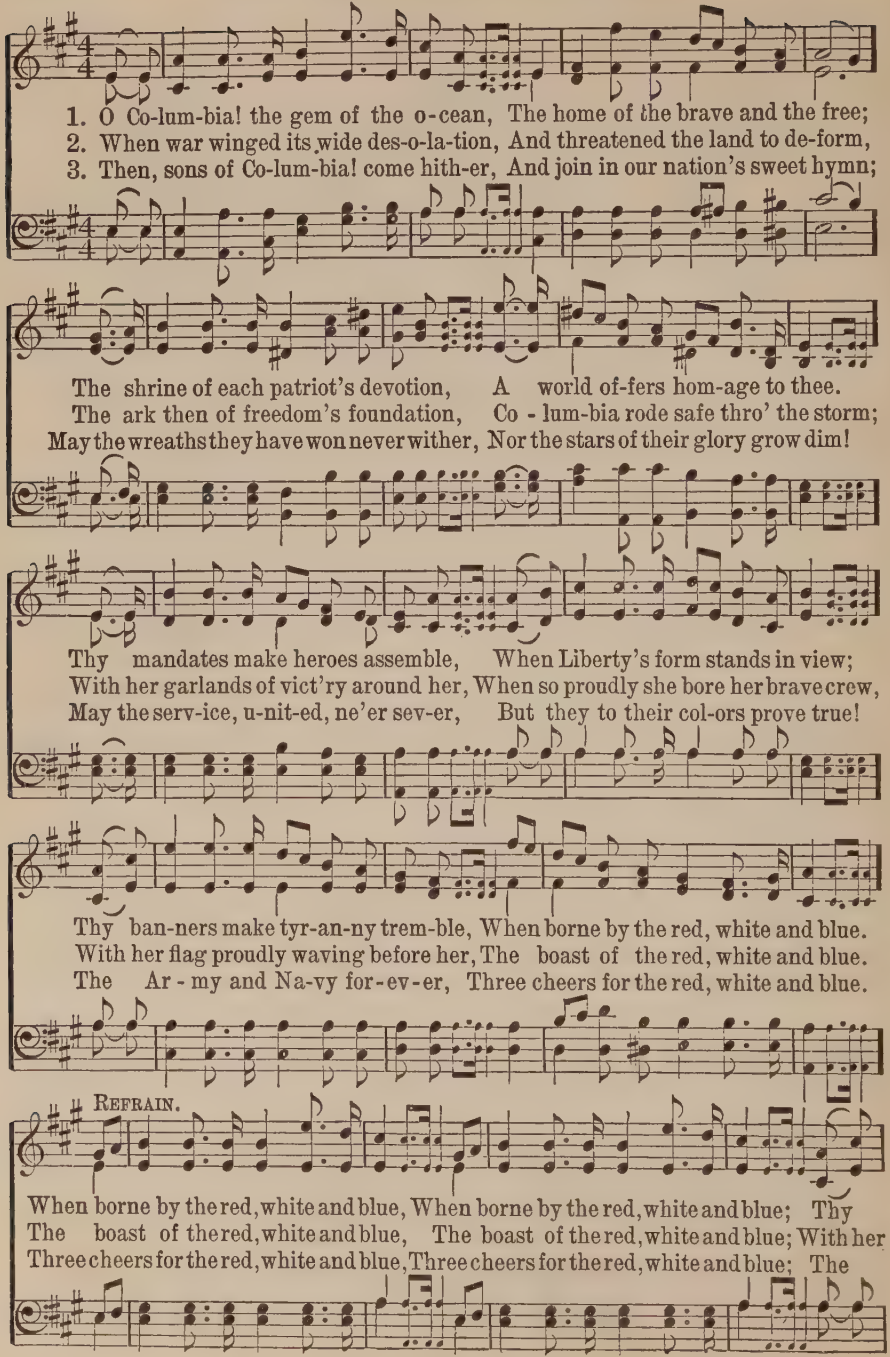

path-ways of jus - tice and right; Ru - lers as well as the
arms when a - roused by its call; Still as of yore when George
wing o'er this fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear
ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir - tue, the ar - mor of might!
Wash-ing-ton led, Thunders our war - cry, "We con - quer or fall!"
ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for free - dom un-furled!
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! A - MEN.

306 God Bless Our Native Land.

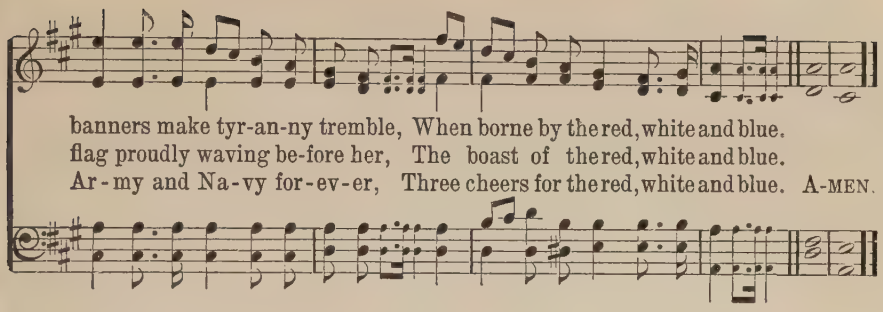
C. T. Brooks. *Dort.* Lowell Mason.


1. God bless our na-tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand Thro' storm and night; When the wild
2. For her our prayers shall rise To God a - bove the skies; On Him we wait; Thou who art
tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave, Do Thou our country save By Thy great might.
ev - er nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee aloud we cry, God save the State. A - MEN.

307 The Red, White and Blue.

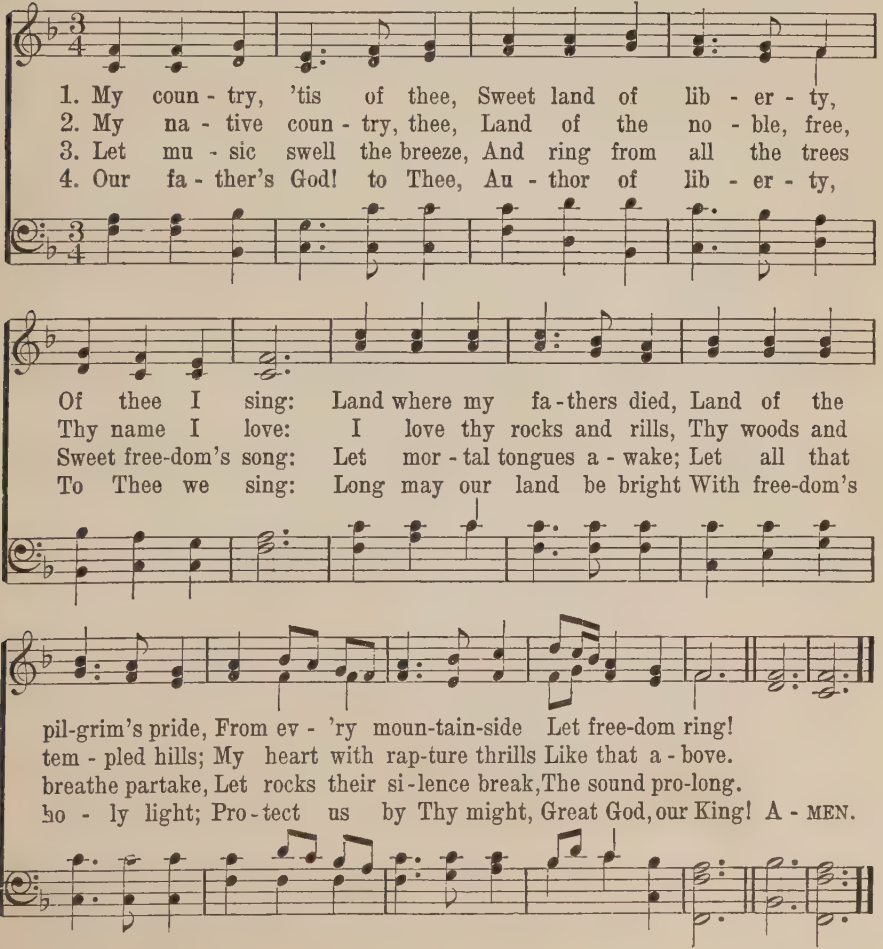

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia! come hith-er, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Liberty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!
Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar - my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
Refrain.
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The

The Red, White and Blue.


banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proudly waving be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue. A-MEN.

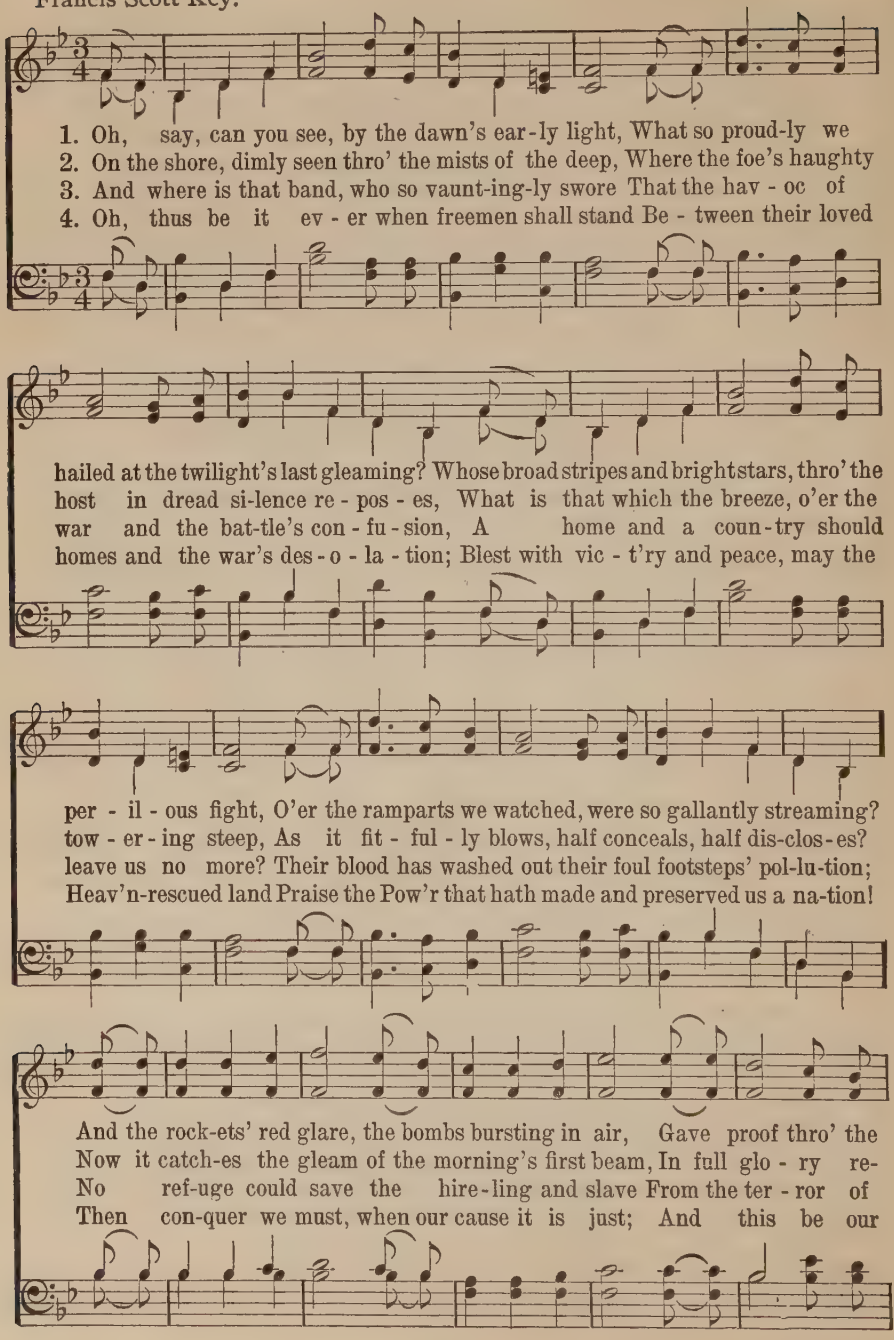
308 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. *America.* English.

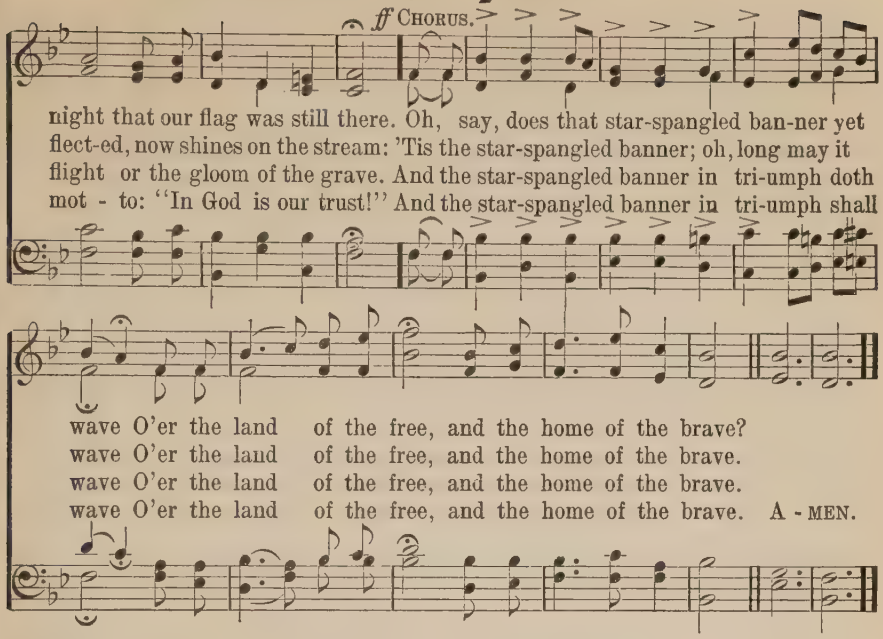

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble, free,
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A-MEN.

309 The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

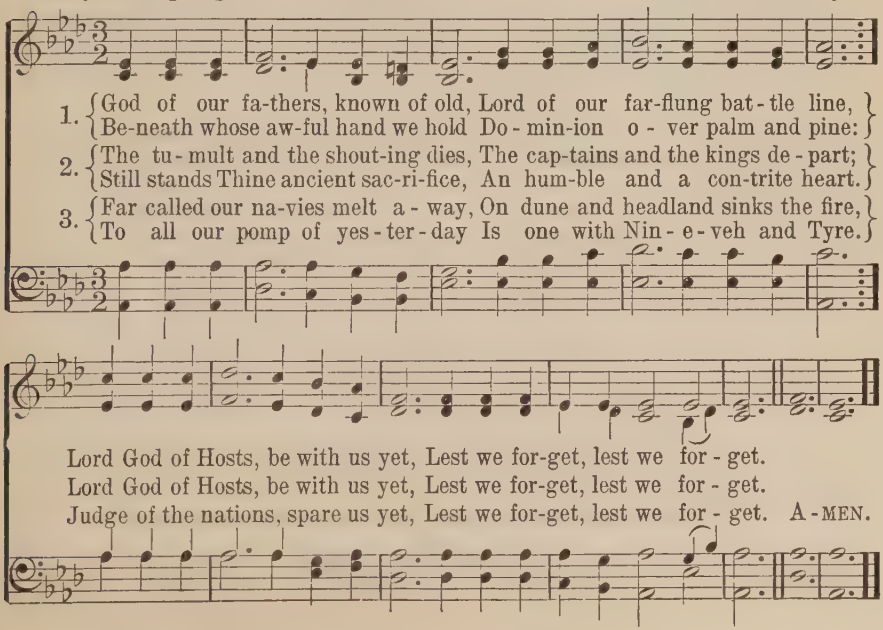

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun-try should
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our

The Star-Spangled Banner.

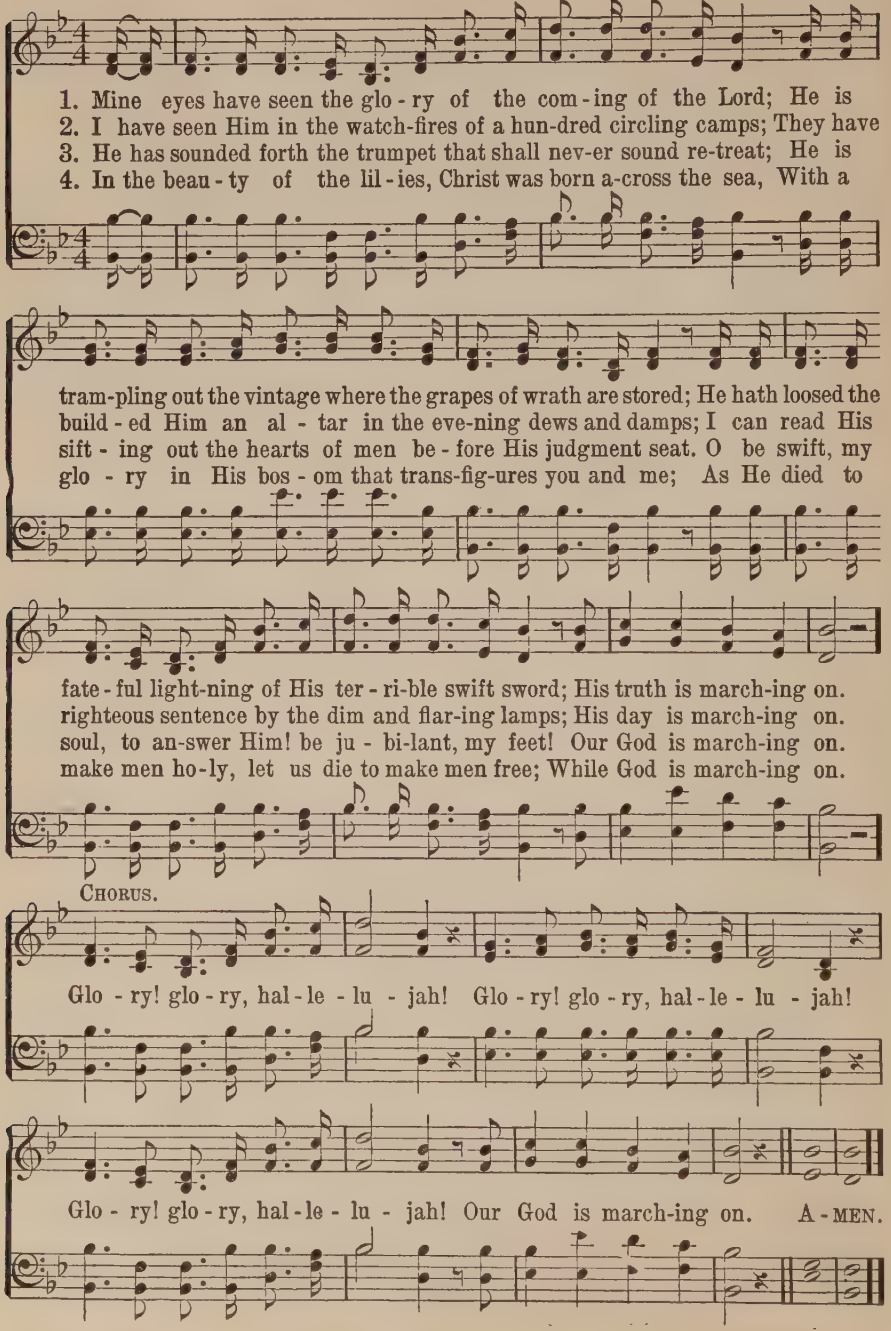

ff CHORUS.
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.

310 God of Our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling. *Selena. L. M. 6l.* Isaac B. Woodbury.


1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o - ver palm and pine:
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part;
Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart.
3. Far called our na-vies melt a - way, On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get. A-MEN.

311 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. *Glory, Hallelujah.* Plantation Melody.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
Chorus.
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on. A - men.

Responsive Readings

312 A Call to Worship

Ps. 100; Ps. 122

Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all ye lands.

Serve Jehovah with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that Jehovah, he is God; it is he that hath made us, and we are his; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: give thanks unto him, and bless his name.

For Jehovah is good; his lovingkindness endureth for ever, and his faithfulness unto all generations.

I was glad when they said unto me, let us go unto the house of Jehovah.

Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem,

Jerusalem, that art builded as a city that is compact together;

Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of Jehovah, for an ordinance for Israel, to give thanks unto the name of Jehovah.

For there are set thrones for judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: They shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

For the sake of the house of Jehovah our God I will seek thy good.

313 The Word Made Flesh

John 1:1-18

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made through him; and without him was not anything made that hath been made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness apprehended it not.

There came a man, sent from God, whose name was John.

The same came for witness, that he might bear witness of the light, that all might believe through him.

He was not the light, but came that he might bear witness of the light.

There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man, coming into the world.

He was in the world, and the world was made through him, and the world knew him not.

He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not.

But as many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name:

Who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth.

John beareth witness of him, and crieth, saying, This was he of whom I said, He that cometh after me is become before me: for he was before me.

For of his fullness we all received, and grace for grace.

For the law was given through Moses; grace and truth came through Jesus Christ.

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

314 The Angel's Appearance to Mary

Luke 1:26-38

Now in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin betrothed to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And he came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee.

But she was greatly troubled at the saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this might be.

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favor with God.

And behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David:

And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

And Mary said unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?

And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee: wherefore also the holy thing which is begotten shall be called the Son of God.

And behold, Elisabeth thy kinswoman, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that was called barren.

For no word from God shall be void of power.

And Mary said, Behold, the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.

315 The Birth of Jesus

Luke 2:7-17

And she brought forth her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock.

And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people:

For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger.

And when they saw it, they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to them about this child.

316 The Visit of the Magi

Matt. 2:1-12.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, Wise-men from the east came to Jerusalem, saying,

Where is he that is born King of the Jews for we saw his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

And when Herod the king heard it, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And gathering together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written through the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, land of Judah, art in no wise least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come forth a governor, who shall be shepherd of my people Israel.

Then Herod privily called the Wisemen, and learned of them exactly what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search out exactly concerning the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word, that I also may come and worship him.

And they, having heard the king, went their way; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

And when they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother; and they fell down and worshipped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

317 The Baptism of Jesus

Matt. 3:1-17

And in those days cometh John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa, saying,

Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

For this is he that was spoken of through Isaiah the prophet, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make ye ready the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

Now John himself had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his food was locusts and wild honey.

Then went out unto him Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about the Jordan;

And they were baptized of him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins.

But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees coming to his baptism, he said unto them, Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

Bring forth therefore fruit worthy of repentance:

And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

And even now the axe lieth at the root of the trees: every tree therefore that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

I indeed baptize you in water unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit and in fire:

Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly cleanse his threshing-floor; and he will gather his wheat into the garner, but the chaff he will burn up with unquenchable fire.

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

But John would have hindered him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

But Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he sufferth him.

And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway from the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him;

And lo, a voice out of the heavens, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

318 The Temptation of Jesus

Matt. 4:1-11

Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he afterward hungered.

And the tempter came and said unto him, If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones become bread.

But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Then the devil taketh him into the holy city; and he set him on the pinnacle of the temple,

And saith unto him, If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and, on their hands they shall bear thee up, lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Jesus said unto him, Again it is written, Thou shalt not make trial of the Lord thy God.

Again, the devil taketh him unto an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

And he said unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

Then the devil leaveth him; and behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

319 The Beatitudes

Matt. 5:1-16

And seeing the multitudes he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house.

Even so let your light shine before men; that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

320 Prayer

Matt. 5:5-15; 26:36-46; James 5:13-18

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house.

Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto his disciples, Sit ye here, while I go yonder and pray.

And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and sore troubled.

Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: abide ye here, and watch with me.

And he went forward a little, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.

And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour?

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

Again a second time he went away, and prayed, saying, my Father, if this cannot pass away, except I drink it, thy will be done.

And he came again and found them sleeping, for their eyes were heavy.

And he left them again, and went away, and prayed a third time, saying again the same words.

Then cometh he to the disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

Arise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that betrayeth me.

Is any among you suffering? let him pray. Is any cheerful? let him sing praise.

Is any among you sick? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord:

And the prayer of faith shall save him that is sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, it shall be forgiven him.

Confess therefore your sins one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working.

Elijah was a man of like passions with us, and he prayed fervently that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for three years and six months.

And he prayed again; and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.

321 The Lord's Supper

Luke 22:14-20; John 6:53-58; 1 Cor. 11:23-34; Acts 20:7

And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the apostles with him.

And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer:

For I say unto you, I shall not eat it, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.

And he received a cup, and when he had given thanks, he said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves:

For I say unto you, I shall not drink from henceforth of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.

And he took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave to them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

And the cup in like manner after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood, even that which is poured out for you.

Jesus therefore said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have not life in yourselves.

He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in me, and I in him.

As the living Father sent me, and I live because of the Father; so he that eateth me, he also shall live because of me.

This is the bread which came down out of heaven: not as the fathers ate, and died; he that eateth this bread shall live for ever.

For I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus in the night in which he was betrayed took bread;

And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, This is my body, which is for you: this do in remembrance of me.

In like manner also the cup, after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood: this do, as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come.

Wherefore whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord in an unworthy manner, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord.

But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread, and drink of the cup.

For he that eateth and drinketh, eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself, if he discern not the body.

For this cause many among you are weak and sickly, and not a few sleep.

But if we discerned ourselves, we should not be judged.

But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we may not be condemned with the world.

Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, wait one for another.

If any man is hungry, let him eat at home; that your coming together be not unto judgment. And the rest will I set in order whensoever I come.

And upon the first day of the week, when we were gathered together to break bread, Paul discoursed with them, intending to depart on the morrow; and prolonged his speech until midnight.

322 Jesus in Sorrow

Mark 14:32-42

And they come into a place which was named Gethsemane: and he saith unto his disciples, Sit ye here, while I pray.

And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be greatly amazed, and sore troubled.

And he saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death: abide ye here, and watch.

And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass away from him.

And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; remove this cup from me; howbeit not what I will, but what thou wilt.

And he cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? couldest thou not watch one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

And again he went away, and prayed, saying the same words.

And again he came; and found them sleeping, for their eyes were very heavy; and they knew not what to answer him.

And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: it is enough; the hour is come; behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

Arise, let us be going: behold, he that betrayeth me is at hand.

323 The Suffering Savior

Isa. 53

Who hath believed our message? and to whom hath the arm of Jehovah been revealed?

For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face he was despised; and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgression of my people to whom the stroke was due?

And they made his grave with the wicked, and with a rich man in his death; although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased Jehovah to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of Jehovah shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by the knowledge of himself shall my righteous servant justify many; and he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong: because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors: yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

324 Jesus Crucified

Luke 23:33-47

And when they came unto the place which is called The Skull, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left.

And Jesus said, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And parting his garments among them, they cast lots.

And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also scoffed at him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if this is the Christ of God, his chosen.

And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, offering him vinegar,

And saying, If thou art the king of the Jews, save thyself.

And there was also a superscription over him, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

And one of the malefactors that were hanged railed on him, saying, Art not thou the Christ? save thyself and us.

But the other answered, and rebuking him said, Dost thou not even fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

And he said, Jesus, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom.

And he said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

And it was now about the sixth hour, and a darkness came over the whole land until the ninth hour,

The sun's light failing: and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

And Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said this, he gave up the ghost.

And when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man.

325 Jesus Risen

John 20:1-18

Now on the first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, while it was yet dark, unto the tomb, and seeth the stone taken away from the tomb.

She runneth therefore, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him.

Peter therefore went forth, and the other disciple, and they went toward the tomb.

And they ran both together: and the other disciple outran Peter, and came first to the tomb;

And stooping and looking in, he seeth the linen cloths lying; yet entered he not in.

Simon Peter therefore also cometh, following him, and entered into the tomb; and he beholdeth the linen cloths lying,

And the napkin, that was upon his head, not lying with the linen cloths, but rolled up in a place by itself.

Then entered in therefore the other disciple also, who came first to the tomb, and he saw and believed.

For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.

So the disciples went away again unto their own home.

But Mary was standing without at the tomb weeping: so, as she wept, she stooped and looked into the tomb;

And she beholdeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

When she had thus said, she turned herself back and beholdeth Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turneth herself, and saith unto him in Hebrew, Rabboni; which is to say, Teacher.

Jesus saith to her, Touch me not; for I am not ascended unto the Father: but go unto my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God.

Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord; and that he had said these things unto her.

326 The Ascension

Luke 24:50-53; Acts 1:1-6

And he led them out until they were over against Bethany: and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he parted from them, and was carried up into heaven.

And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy:

And were continually in the temple, blessing God.

The former treatise I made, O Theophilus, concerning all that Jesus began both to do and to teach,

Until the day in which he was received up, after that he had given commandment through the Holy Spirit unto the apostles whom he had chosen:

To whom he also showed himself alive after his passion by many proofs, appearing unto them by the space of forty days, and speaking the things concerning the kingdom of God:

And, being assembled together with them, he charged them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father, which, said he, ye heard from me:

For John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized in the Holy Spirit not many days hence.

They therefore, when they were come together, asked him, saying, Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?

327 The Holy Spirit

Luke 24:49; Acts 1:4, 5, 8; 2:1-4

And behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city, until ye be clothed with power from on high.

And being assembled together with them, he charged them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father, which, said he, ye heard from me.

For John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized in the Holy Spirit not many days hence.

But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

And when the day of Pentecost was now come, they were all together in one place.

And suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them tongues parting asunder, like as of fire; and it sat upon each one of them.

And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

328 The Church

Matt. 16:15-18; Acts 2:47; Eph. 2:19-21; 5: 25-27; 3:21

He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am?

And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jonah: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven.

And I also say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it.

Praising God, and having favor with all people. And the Lord added to them day by day those that were saved.

And what the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to that working of the strength of his might

Which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and made him to sit at his right hand in the heavenly places,

Far above all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come.

Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself up for it;

That he might sanctify it, having cleansed it by the washing of water with the word,

That he might present the church to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.

Unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever. Amen.

329 The Church United

John 17:21, 22; 10:16; Acts 2:42; 1 Cor. 1: 10-13; 12:12-14; Eph. 4:1-6

That they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us: that the world may believe that thou didst send me.

And the glory which thou hast given me I have given unto them; that they may be one, even as we are one.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.

And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and the prayers.

Now I beseech you, brethren, through the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfected together in the same mind and in the same judgment.

For it hath been signified unto me concerning you, my brethren, by them that are of the household of Chloe, that there are contentions among you.

Now this I mean, that each one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ.

Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized into the name of Paul?

For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ.

For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free; and were all made to drink of one Spirit

For the body is not one member, but many.

I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called,

With all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love;

Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

There is one body, and one Spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling;

One Lord, one faith, one baptism,

One God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all.

330 Faith

Jude 3; John 3:16-18; Ps. 133:1; Mark 16: 15, 16; Rom. 10:13-15; Acts 16:30-34; Heb. 11:1-6

Beloved, while I was giving all diligence to write unto you of our common salvation, I was constrained to write unto you exhorting you to contend earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

For God sent not the Son into the world to judge the world; but that the world should be saved through him.

He that believeth on him is not judged: he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned.

For, whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

And how shall they preach, except they be sent? even as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things!

And brought them out and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?

And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house.

And they spake the word of the Lord unto him, with all that were in his house.

And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, immediately.

And he brought them up into his house, and set food before them, and rejoiced greatly, with all his house, having believed in God.

Now faith is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen.

For therein the elders had witness borne to them.

By faith we understand that the worlds have been framed by the word of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which appear.

By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, through which he had witness borne to him that he was righteous, God bearing witness in respect of his gifts: and through it he being dead yet speaketh.

By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and he was not found, because God translated him: for he hath had witness borne to him that before his translation he had been well-pleasing unto God:

And without faith it is impossible to be well-pleasing unto him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek after him.

331 Confession

Matt. 10:32, 33; 1 John 4:15; Rom. 10:8-10; 14:11, 12; Phil. 2:9-11

Every one therefore who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father who is in heaven.

But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father who is in heaven.

Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God abideth in him, and he in God.

But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach:

Because if thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved:

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, to me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess to God.

So then each one of us shall give account of himself to God.

Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name;

That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth,

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

332 Baptism

Matt. 28:18-20; Acts 2:37-39; 8:36-39; Romans 6:3-5; Col. 2:12; 3:1; 1 Peter 3:20, 21; Eph. 4:4-6

And Jesus came to them and spake unto them, saying, All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth.

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Brethren, what shall we do?

And Peter said unto them, Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.

For to you is the promise, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto him.

And as they went on the way, they came unto a certain water; and the eunuch saith, Behold, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?

And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they both went down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.

And when they came up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip; and the eunuch saw him no more, for he went on his way rejoicing.

Or are ye ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death?

We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life.

For if we have become united with him in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.

Having been buried with him in baptism, wherein ye were also raised with him through faith in the working of God, who raised him from the dead.

If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God.

That aforetime were disobedient, when the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved through water;

Which also after a true likeness doth now save you, even baptism, not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the interrogation of a good conscience toward God, through the resurrection of Jesus.

But when the fullness of time came, God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law,

That he might redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.

And because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father.

333 Conversion of the Eunuch

Acts 8:26-39

But an angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza: the same is desert.

And he arose and went: and behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, who was over all her treasure, who had come to Jerusalem to worship;

And he was returning and sitting in his chariot, and was reading the prophet Isaiah.

And the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.

And Philip ran to him, and heard him reading Isaiah the prophet, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest?

And he said, How can I, except some one shall guide me? And he besought Philip to come up and sit with him.

Now the passage of the scripture which he was reading was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and as a lamb before his shearer is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth:

In his humiliation his judgment was taken away: his generation who shall declare? for his life is taken from the earth.

And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other?

And Philip opened his mouth, and beginning from this scripture, preached unto him Jesus.

And as they went on the way, they came unto a certain water; and the eunuch saith, Behold, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?

And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they both went down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.

And when they came up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip; and the eunuch saw him no more, for he went on his way rejoicing.

334 Love

1 Cor. 13

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part;

But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

335 The Two Ways of Life Contrasted

Ps. 1; Gal. 5:16-25

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers;

But his delight is in the law of Jehovah; and on his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For Jehovah knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the wicked shall perish.

But I say, Walk by the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other; that ye may not do the things that ye would.

But if ye are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law.

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness,

Idolatry, sorcery, enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, factions, divisions, parties,

Envyings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of which I forewarn you, even as I did forewarn you, that they who practise such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness,

Meekness, self-control; against such there is no law.

And they that are of Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with the passions and the lusts thereof.

If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk.

Selected Psalms

336 Psalm 1

Blessed is the man that walketh not
in the counsel of the wicked, nor
standeth in the way of sinners, nor
sitteth in the seat of scoffers:

**But his delight is in the law of Je-
hovah; and on his law doth he medi-
tate day and night.**

And he shall be like a tree planted by
the streams of water, that bringeth
forth its fruit in its season, whose
leaf also doth not wither; and what-
soever he doth shall prosper.

**The wicked are not so, but are like
the chaff which the wind driveth
away.**

Therefore the wicked shall not stand
in the judgment, nor sinners in the
congregation of the righteous.

**For Jehovah knoweth the way of the
righteous; but the way of the wicked
shall perish.**

337 Psalm 8

O Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is
thy name in all the earth, who hast
set thy glory upon the heavens!

**Out of the mouth of babes and suck-
lings hast thou established strength,
because of thine adversaries, that
thou mightest still the enemy and
the avenger.**

When I consider thy heavens, the work
of thy fingers, the moon and the
stars, which thou hast ordained;

**What is man, that thou art mindful
of him? and the son of man, that
thou visitest him?**

For thou hast made him but little
lower than God, and crownest him
with glory and honor.

**Thou makest him to have dominion
over the works of thy hands; thou
hast put all things under his feet:**

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts
of the field,

**The birds of the heavens, and the fish
of the sea, whatsoever passeth
through the paths of the seas.**

O Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is
thy name in all the earth!

338 Psalm 19

The heavens declare the glory of God;
and the firmament showeth his hand-
iwork.

**Day unto day uttereth speech, and
night unto night showeth knowledge.**

There is no speech nor language; their
voice is not heard.

**Their line is gone out through all the
earth, and their words to the end of
the world. In them hath he set a
tabernacle for the sun,**

Which is as a bridegroom coming out
of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a
strong man to run his course.

**His going forth is from the end of the
heavens, and his circuit unto the
ends of it; and there is nothing hid
from the heat thereof.**

The law of Jehovah is perfect, restor-
ing the soul; the testimony of Jeho-
vah is sure, making wise the simple.

**The precepts of Jehovah are right, re-
joicing the heart: The command-
ment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening
the eyes.**

The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring
for ever: The ordinances of Jeho-
vah are true, and righteous alto-
gether.

**More to be desired are they than gold,
yea than much fine gold; sweeter also
than honey and the droppings of the
honeycomb.**

Moreover by them is thy servant
wanted: In keeping them there is
great reward.

**Who can discern his errors? Clear
thou me from hidden faults.**

Keep back thy servant also from pre-
sumptuous sins; let them not have
dominion over me: Then shall I be
upright, and I shall be clear from
great transgression.

**Let the words of my mouth and the
meditation of my heart be acceptable
in thy sight, O Jehovah, my rock,
and my redeemer.**

339 Psalm 23

Jehovah is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever.

340 Psalm 24

The earth is Jehovah's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah? And who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood, and hath not sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek after him, that seek thy face, even Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory will come in.

Who is the King of Glory? Jehovah strong and mighty, Jehovah mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory will come in.

Who is the King of glory? Jehovah of hosts, He is the king of glory.

341 Psalm 27

Jehovah is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? Jehovah is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh, even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, even then I will be confident.

One thing have I asked of Jehovah, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of Jehovah all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of Jehovah, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the day of trouble he will keep me secretly in his pavilion: in the covert of his tabernacle will he hide me; he will lift me up upon a rock.

And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; and I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea I will sing praises unto Jehovah.

Hear, O Jehovah, when I cry with my voice; have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Jehovah, will I seek.

Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; cast me not off, neither forsake me, O god of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then Jehovah will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Jehovah; and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries; for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of Jehovah in the land of the living.

Wait for Jehovah: be strong, and let thy heart take courage; yea, wait thou for Jehovah.

342 Psalm 40

I waited patiently for Jehovah; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay; and he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in Jehovah.

Blessed is the man that maketh Jehovah his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O Jehovah my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to usward: they cannot be set in order unto thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in: Mine ears hast thou opened; burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required.

Then said I, Lo, I am come; in the roll of the book it is written of me:

I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have proclaimed glad tidings of righteousness in the great assembly; Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Jehovah, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great assembly.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Jehovah; let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about; mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head; and my heart hath failed me.

Be pleased, O Jehovah, to deliver me: make haste to help me, O Jehovah.

Let them be put to shame and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it: let them be turned backward and brought to dishonor that delight in my hurt.

Let them be desolate by reason of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: Let such as love thy salvation say continually, Jehovah be magnified.

But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

343 Psalm 42

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my food day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me, how I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me; therefore do I remember thee from the land of the Jordan, and the Hermons, from the hill of Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet Jehovah will command his lovingingkindness in the day time; and in the night his song shall be with me, even a prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God, my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the the help of my countenance, and my God.

344 Psalm 46

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God will help her, and that right early.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved: He uttered his voice, the earth melted.

Jehovah of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of Jehovah, What desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariots in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.

Jehovah of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Great is Jehovah, and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, in his holy mountain.

Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

God hath made himself known in her palaces for a refuge.

For, lo the kings assembled themselves, they passed by together.

They saw it, then were they amazed; they were dismayed, they hasted away.

Trembling took hold of them there, pain as of a woman in travail.

With the east wind thou breakest the ships of Tarshish.

As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of Jehovah of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it forever.

We have thought on thy loving kindness O God, in the midst of thy temple.

As is thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let Mount Zion be glad, let the daughters of Judah rejoice, because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her; number the towers thereof;

Mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces: that ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death.

345 Psalm 90

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed in thine anger, and in they wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we bring our years to an end as a sigh.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years; yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger, and thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?

So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

Return, O Jehovah; how long? And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

Oh satisfy us in the morning with thy lovingkindness, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory upon their children.

And let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

346 Psalm 91

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust.

For he will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the deadly pestilence.

He will cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge: his truth is a shield and a buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked.

For thou, O Jehovah, art my refuge! Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.

For he will give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample underfoot.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

347 Psalm 103

Bless Jehovah, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy desire with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

Jehovah executeth righteous acts, and judgments for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his doings unto the children of Israel.

Jehovah is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is his lovingkindness toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so Jehovah pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his precepts to do them.

Jehovah hath established his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless Jehovah, ye his angels, that are mighty in strength, that fulfil his word, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless Jehovah, all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless Jehovah, all ye his works, in all places of his dominion: Bless Jehovah, O my soul.

348 Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: From whence shall my help come?

My help cometh from Jehovah, who made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.

Jehovah is thy keeper: Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

Jehovah will keep thee from all evil; He will keep thy soul.

Jehovah will keep thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and for evermore.

349 Psalm 125

They that trust in Jehovah are as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so Jehovah is round about his people. From this time forth and for evermore.

For the sceptre of wickedness shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous; that the righteous put not forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O Jehovah, unto those that are good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

But as for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, Jehovah will lead them forth with the workers of iniquity. Peace be upon Israel.

350 Psalm 127

Except Jehovah build the house, they labor in vain that build it: Except Jehovah keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

It is vain for you to rise up early, to take rest late, to eat the bread of toil; for so he giveth unto his beloved sleep.

Lo, children are a heritage of Jehovah; and the fruit of the womb is his reward.

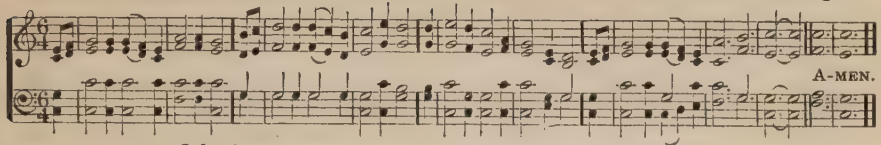
As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children of youth.

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be put to shame, when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

Communion Hymns.

351 *Retreat. L. M.*

Thomas Hastings.



Selection 1.

We who to-day this bread do break
Commune together with our Lord,
And so one bread, one body make,
And to the world become His word.

The cup of blessing which we bless—
Communion of the blood of Christ—
Brings joy our tongues can ne'er express,
And leaves our hearts with peace sufficed.

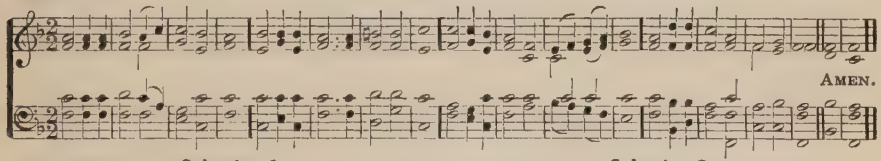
Selection 2.

When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

Give us an ever-living faith,
To gaze beyond the things we see,
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

352 *Federal Street. L. M.*

Henry K. Oliver.



Selection 1.

We kneel around no sculptured stone,
Marking the place where Jesus lay;
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
The stone forever rolled away.

Thus round Thy table, not Thy tomb,
We keep the sacred feast with Thee,
Until within the Father's home
Our endless gath'ring place shall be.

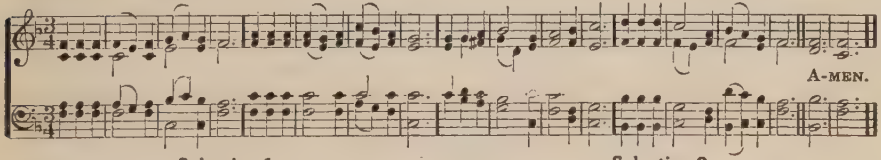
Selection 2.

O Christ, withdrawn in depth divine,
Beyond the reach of eye or ear,
We seek Thee; come, and be Thou here
To break the bread and bless the wine.

Bless Thou the bread and bless the cup,
And bless the hearts we lift to Thee;
Bless Thou our eyes that we may see
And make us meet with Thee to sup.

353 *Hursley. L. M.*

Peter Ritter. Arr. by W. H. Monk.



Selection 1.

O Christ, thro' changeful years my Guide,
My Comforter in sorrow's night,
My Friend, when friendless, still abide,
My Lord, my Counselor, my Light.

My time, my powers, I give to Thee;
My inmost soul 'tis Thine to move;
I wait for Thy eternity,
I wait in peace, in prayer, in love.

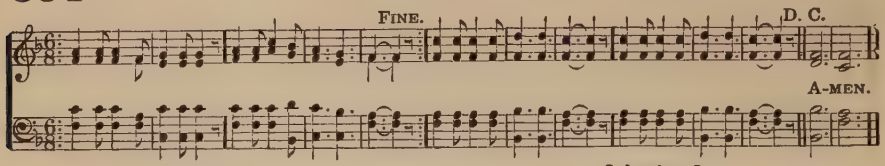
Selection 2.

To-day, as in the Upper Room
With those in far Jerusalem,
Be to my soul the Living Friend,
As long ago Thou wast to them.

Forgive me all my worldliness,
My eyes are blind, I do not see;
If I forget Thee in life's stress,
O Master, still forget not me!

354 *Martyn. 7s. D.*

Simeon B. Marsh.



Selection 1.

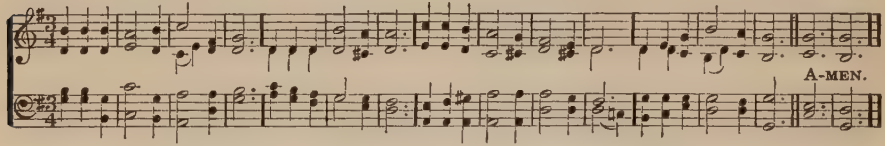
Jesus, full of every grace,
Let us come before Thy face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of Heaven.
All my guilt to Thee is known,
Thou art righteous, Thou alone;
All my help is from Thy cross;
All besides I count as loss.

Selection 2.

Bread of Heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread.
Vine of Heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live.

355 *St. Agnes. C. M.*

John B. Dykes.



Selection 1.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

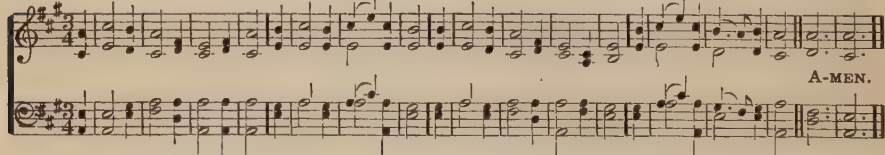
Selection 2.

Dear Lord, what wondrous memories crowd
Around this loaf and cup;
The Upper Room—Gethsemane—
Thy foes—Thy lifting up!

O sacred scenes of suffering love,
Enough our souls to win,
Enough to melt our hearts and prove
The antidote to sin.

356 *Balerma. C. M.*

Arr. by Robert Simpson.



Selection 1.

When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from Heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

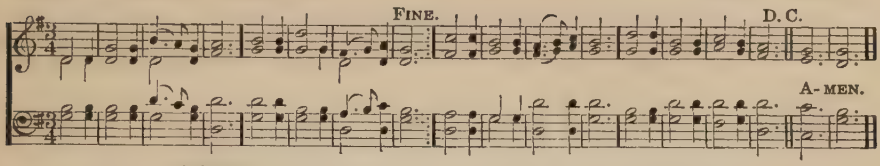
Selection 2.

Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.

Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

357 *Faithful Guide. 7s. D.*

M. M. Wells.



Selection 1.

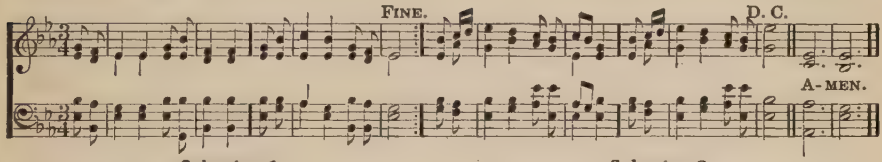
Jesus, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record Thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.
And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there for me!

Selection 2.

Jesus, Savior, unto Thee,
Who endured Gethsemane,
Needy, hungry, do I come,
Like a tired child coming home.
Jesus, Lover of my soul,
By Thy cross now make me whole;
From my sins I flee to Thee,
Pardon, love, and chasten me.

358 *Nettleton. 8. 7. D.*

Unknown.



Selection 1.

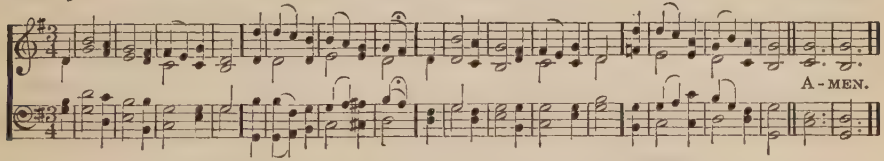
In Thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang Thy birth,
In Thy fasting and temptation,
In Thy labors on the earth,—
In Thy trial and rejection,
In Thy sufferings on the tree,
In Thy glorious resurrection,
May we, Lord, remember Thee.

Selection 2.

Jesus spreads His banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us
Of His mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet, bread of heaven,
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of Thee.

359 *Belmont. C. M.*

Samuel Webbe.



Selection 1.

The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe
This is the lightest part;
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
And breaks Thy sacred heart.

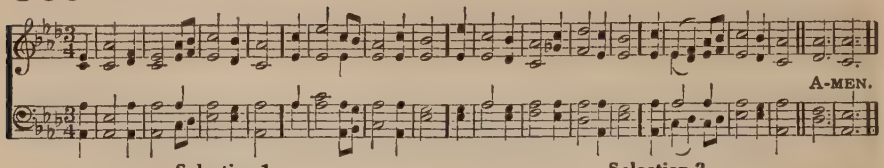
Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross,
Will truest, Lord, abide;
Make Thou that cross our only hope,
O Jesus crucified.

Selection 2.

Lord, at Thy table we behold
The wonders of Thy grace;
But, most of all, admire that we
Should find a welcome place.

What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room?
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

360 *Avon. C. M.* Hugh Wilson.



Selection 1.

Here at Thy table, Lord, we meet
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

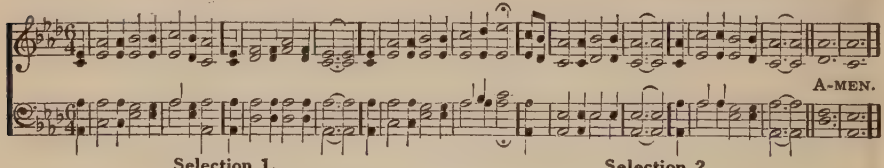
Oh, there was never love so free,
Dear Savior, so divine!
Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to Thine.

Selection 2.

O Christ, our Lord Immanuel,
Gift of the Father's heart,
No more a star burns in the sky,
To guide us where Thou art;

But by Thy life and death on earth
The purple day dawns here—
The day-star shines within each breast,
And tells us Thou art near.

361 *Ortonville. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.



Selection 1.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart:
Savior, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

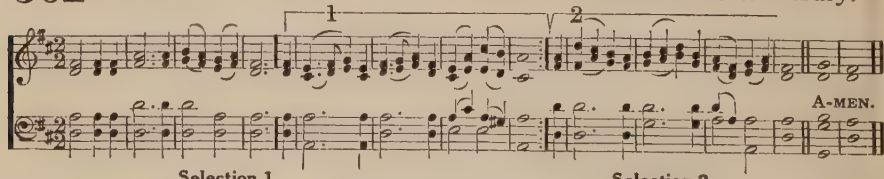
There sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood—
That living bread, that heavenly wine
Be our immortal food.

Selection 2.

O Jesus, when I think of Thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In Thee, and Thee alone.

For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die,
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

362 *Eucharist. L. M.* Isaac B. Woodbury.



Selection 1.

We kneel around no sculptured stone,
Marking the place where Jesus lay;
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
The stone forever rolled away.

Thus round Thy table, not Thy tomb,
We keep the sacred feast with Thee;
Until within the Father's home
Our endless gathering place shall be.

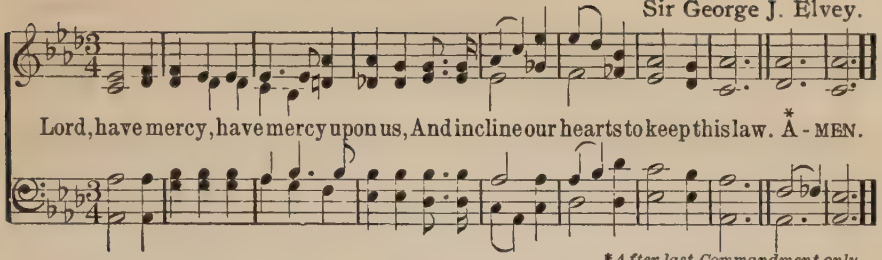
Selection 2.

We gather here for His dear sake—
True brothers with a common Lord,
And in His name this loaf we break
According to His precious Word.

The cup of blessing which we bless,—
Communion of the blood of Christ,—
Gives peace and joy and righteousness,
Our souls are with His good sufficed.

363 Response.

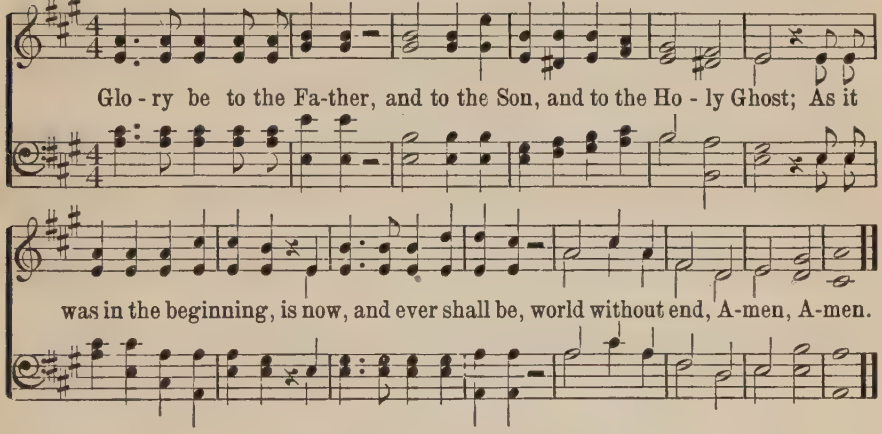
Sir George J. Elvey.



*After last Commandment only.

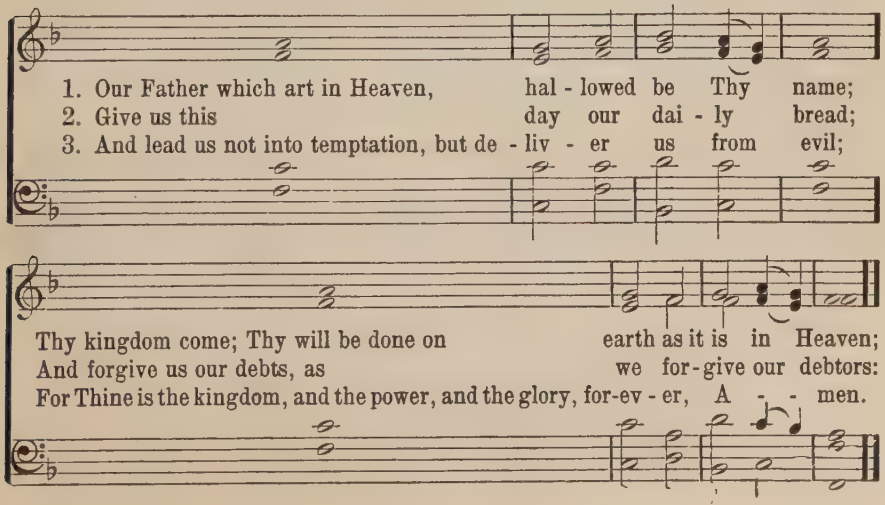
364 Gloria Patri.

Charles Meineke.


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A-men, A-men.

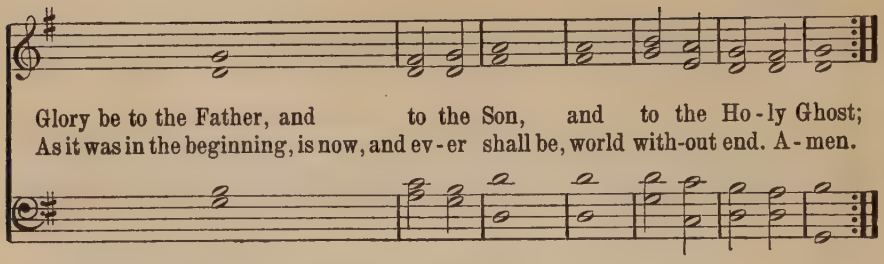
365 The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian Chant.


1. Our Father which art in Heaven, hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for-give our debtors:
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ev - er, A - - men.

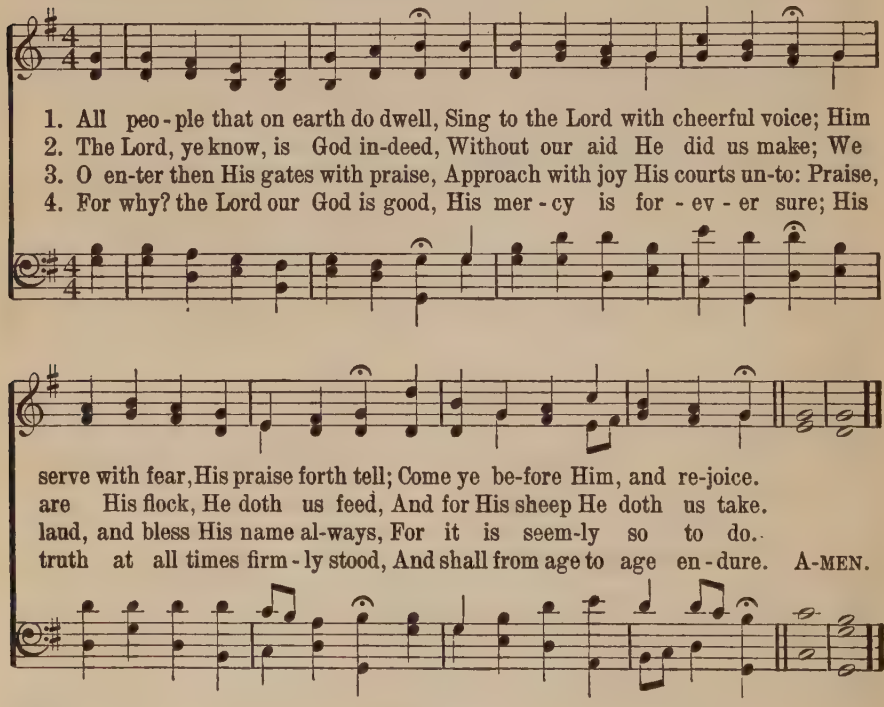
366 Gloria Patri.

Gregorian.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.

367 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

William Kethe. *The Hundredth Psalm.* Genevan Psalter.


1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, Without our aid He did us make; We
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to: Praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His
serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him, and re-joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.

368 Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
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Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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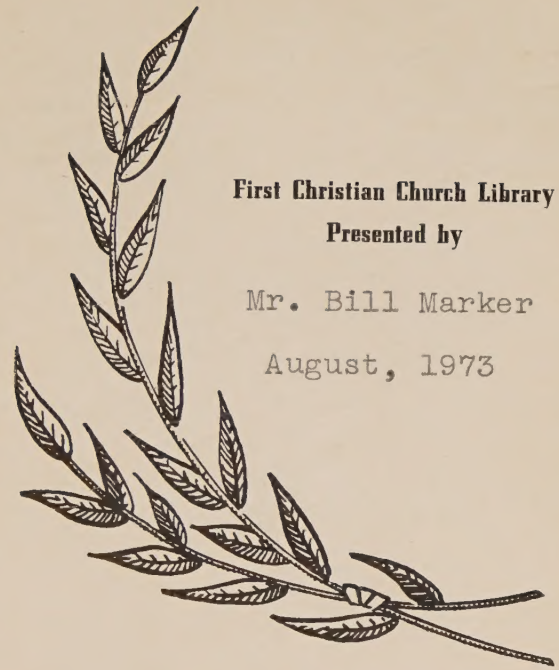

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